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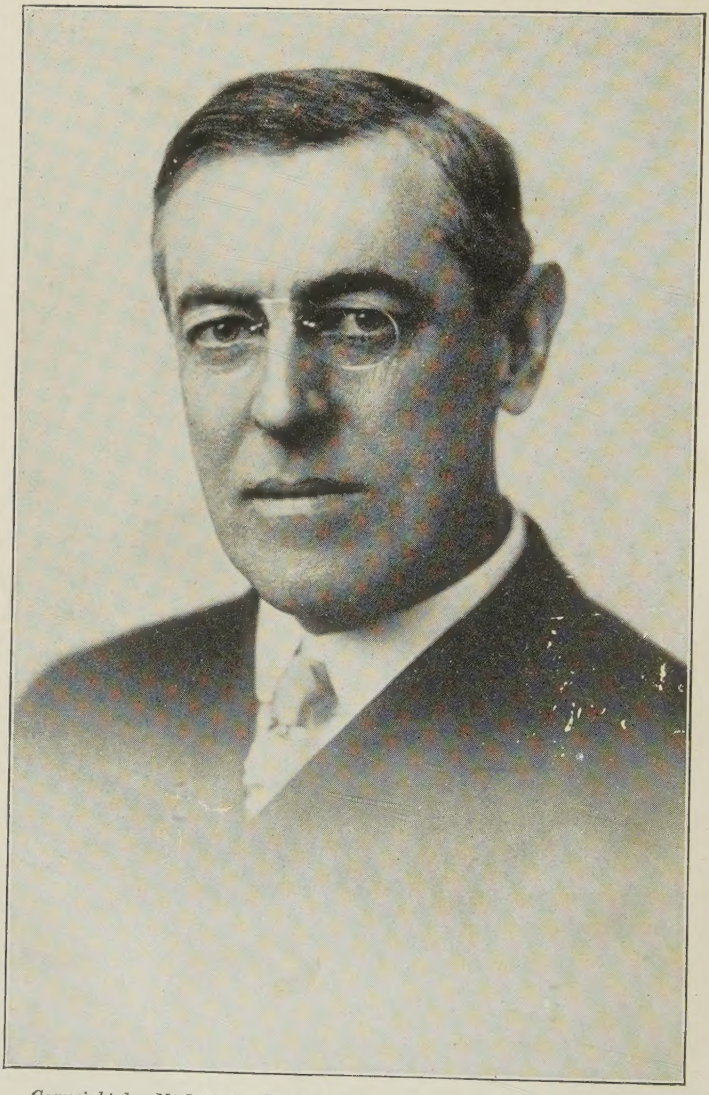

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Woodrow Wilson

FAMOUS LIVING AMERICANS

WITH PORTRAITS

EDITED BY
MARY GRIFFIN WEBB
EDNA LENORE WEBB

manchester college

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INTRODUCTION

IN the preparation of this work two purposes have been kept in view:

First, to supply the general reader in compact form the biographies of a considerable number of the most prominent present-day Americans. This volume gives the main facts about each character down to the present in an appreciative and interpretive sketch such as seldom appears during the life-time of an individual. Although fragmentary material on most of our great leaders may be secured from widely scattered publications, articles having the particular aim and scope of these biographies are rarely if ever found in current literature.[1] The present work meets a need of the reader by providing within a single volume the life stories of forty-three representative living Americans.

Because of its inspirational value, biography is generally given an important place in education. Nevertheless, while the illustrious characters of earlier days — largely heroes of war — are held before us for emulation, all too little attention is paid the men and women — almost exclusively heroes of peace — now making American history. Must the achievements of our present-day leaders be reserved wholly for posthumous eulogies? Surely the perspective of the future is not needed for a due appreciation of their contributions to the progress of mankind. It is thought that a service will be rendered in making accessible now the helpful record of the struggles and successes of eminent Americans belonging to our own time.

Second, to provide inspirational and authoritative

[1] The article on Colonel George W. Goethals by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker in the *American Magazine*, October, 1913, seemed so well suited to the purposes of this volume, that it has been republished here, with the kind permission of Mr. Baker and the Phillips Publishing Co.

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source material for use as the basis of papers and speeches, and to give practical directions for the composition and presentation of biographical and other addresses. In addition to the subject-matter in the articles, further material on particular phases of the lives of the characters is cited in the bibliographies.

Especially practicable subjects for orations are furnished by this volume, since great personalities embody concretely the principle or "theme" essential to the structure of the oration. While, for instance, *the necessity for persistent effort*, in the abstract, is relatively difficult to use as a subject, the biography, say of Edison, gives in the indefatigable industry of the famous electrician, a tangible "theme." It is confidently expected, moreover, that the greater inspiration of the living, the keen interest attaching to persons even now engaged in important undertakings, will stimulate to worthy efforts in oratorical work.

The chapter entitled, *Suggestions on the Preparation and Delivery of Biographical Speeches*, besides being of value to those not in academic work, is particularly adapted to the use of students in colleges and secondary schools for Oral English exercises and oratorical contests. The author, Professor Harry Bainbridge Gough, head of the department of Public Speaking and Debate in De Pauw University, is well qualified to give expert help on the subject. His material is very much condensed, the chapter being, as a result, a brief but comprehensive manual on biographical orations. It is believed that the article is a unique contribution to the literature of Public Speaking.

THE EDITORS

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SUGGESTIONS ON THE PREPARATION AND DELIVERY OF BIOGRAPHICAL SPEECHES

By Harry Bainbridge Gough

I. To Teachers

1. Some values

It is believed that the following are some values attending the preparation and delivery of the biographical speeches herein planned:

First, a keener appreciation of some of the famous Americans of our own time.

Second, an increased power of initiative on the part of the student. It would seem that the careful composition and public presentation of a message, caught up from the facts given in these sketches yet made universal in its application, should call into play the "creative resources."

Third, some training in the careful analysis of data and in the sifting out from the relatively insignificant the more important: and what is of more worth still, some intelligent training in seeking the causes back of facts or effects.

Fourth, some inspiration to the careful composition of *Oral English.* Probably the student will use Oral English one hundred times, possibly a thousand times, more than "Written English." While we have never emphasized unduly the latter, "Spoken English" as such is receiving justly more and more attention. Moreover, these biographical speeches in connection with the contests planned, will afford the student an *immediate and worthy purpose* for his efforts at composition. The great mass of what he writes is rarely, if ever, read outside the classroom. *Here is afforded an opportunity for him to prepare for a very definite, practical, and apparent end, a vital message, and to secure for it a respectful hearing.*

Fifth, some training in the oral presentation of his message. Surely if some of our "very intellectual" or "unusually bright," not to mention our "ordinary," students are

before an audience stammering dolts or downright dunces, it is not to the credit of our educational methods. And this suggestion is the more significant in the light of the fact that eminent students of our people and government ascribe so much power to public discussion and appeal. This volume is published in the firm conviction that the appreciation of the relation of practical public speech to the well-being of the state and nation, is growing rapidly.

2. Particular directions here impossible

To treat fairly of this subject within the limits of a single chapter is manifestly impossible. For the speeches herein planned should be orations in miniature; and of all types of literature, the oration is most complex. The composition, not to mention the delivery, involves an art quite beyond communication through the medium of the printed page. Skill in any art, indeed, is vastly more than instruction and knowledge: it represents usually long-continued practice under the direction of one skilled in that art: it is attained through repeated revisions based on intelligent criticism. For illustration, it is generally considered impossible, through the medium of a book, adequately to instruct in the art of vocal or instrumental music. Just so probably no satisfactory "text," however long or learned, will ever be written on the preparation and delivery of public appeals.

It is believed, however, that the following general suggestions will prove helpful. They are based upon some years of experience in teaching the Composition and Delivery of Public Address.

3. Sympathetic criticism necessary

Now it is assumed that the student will be made to feel free to seek sympathetic and legitimate criticism from his teachers: and it is further assumed that he will not be satisfied with one writing of his speech, nor even with two; but that he will pursue persistently the suggestions made and that he will embody in his final production his very best thought and skill.

Courtesy Cammack Studio, Greencastle, Ind.

Harry Fairbridge Baugh

Similarly, it is assumed that his delivery of the message will represent patient practice under competent criticism.

4. Lack of confidence an obstacle

Lack of confidence on the part of the student prompts this appeal to teachers. The beginner has heard much fun made of "fire-eating orators"; and he feels that his productions, especially of the more formal kind, will be looked upon patronizingly, if not scornfully. It surely is not too much to hope that in his efforts toward the careful composition and public presentation of a vital message, the student will receive the same generous consideration accorded him in his other endeavors.

II. The Composition of the Biographical Speech

1. Kind

The form of Oral Discourse herein treated may be called the Biographical Speech. To this class of appeals belong various kinds of public discourse, notably commemorative speeches delivered for the most part on anniversary occasions, as on Washington's Birthday or on Decoration Day. These biographical addresses, then, are typical of a very large class of speeches gathering about the inspiration of mighty characters or of epochal events.

2. Oral discourse peculiar

From the first it must be borne in mind that composition for oral delivery is different from that intended for reading. "A speech is to be written as in the presence of an audience and for an audience." It is not prepared for private reading, but for *public hearing.* To write something *to be read* by another at his pleasure again and again, if he desires, is one thing: to compose a vital message *to be acted upon* after a mere *collective hearing*, is quite another thing. Serious public speech aims, then, not at *being* something merely, but at *doing* something. It must *do* something with the hearer. It aims at some decision on his part; and so while addressed more immediately to the mind, it is prepared and presented for the purpose of moving the will. Let no one think, then, that the speeches herein considered are

for entertainment merely. So far from that, they are serious and solid. Of course formal speech must entertain in the sense of arousing, sustaining, and satisfying interest; but it must do vastly more: it must appeal for action and yield action, although the action be no more than is involved in changing a mental attitude.

These speeches, then, are to be prepared, not for private reading, but for *public hearing*: they are to be carefully constructed and written, not for the purpose of *being* something, but for the purpose of actually *doing* something. All serious speech-making must have as an object *action on the part of the hearer.*

Three of the limitations attending the composition of formal public address should be kept in mind:

3. Limitations making necessary the THEME

First, while it must gather about facts, oral discourse must contain more than facts. The sketches in this volume consist largely of facts, and intentionally so: but merely to recite them to any great extent in public speech would deprive the speaker and audience of the larger purposes and profits involved. These mere details for the most part are remote and of little significance relatively to the hearer. The important business for the speaker is to dig beneath and to peer behind these facts and to discover their reason, their explanation. To be told that a man achieved certain things through courage in time of great stress is interesting: but far more important is it to be informed as to the cause behind that courage. Putting the matter another way, these facts concerning famous living Americans largely pertain to the past. The speaker must give them a vital meaning for the present and the future. The worth of these biographical addresses under consideration must be measured, indeed, by the interpretation of facts into thought and action for the hearer. The speaker does not, then, ignore facts; but he states them briefly or else assumes that they are known. His task is rather to show an eternal principle as a dominating, guiding force and to make clear the obligation of the hearer as to that principle.

Second, the effective speech must gather about *one* truth, *one* great, central thought. Formal address has no place for "strings of glittering generalities." The spoken message must be strictly a unity. Every illustration used or fact cited, every sentence, indeed, must relate clearly to the one big idea to be enforced. A single and immediate purpose on the part of the speaker must be manifest throughout his message. Psychic qualities peculiar to the audience impose this second limitation.

Third, public speech must at the same time be simple in thought: it "moves among common thoughts, motives, and principles."[1] Speculative, or abstract, or involved ideas are exceedingly difficult to treat through public speech. To appeal to the hearer's "tendency toward perfection" in duty fulfilled, in virtue practiced, and in happiness attained, is the object of the oration according to Professor Robinson. These ideas, he shows, are old and universal; but the primary aim of public speech is not the impartation of new ideas: it is rather the *enforcement* of ideas, *often very old ones*, with a view to getting the hearer to act upon them.

These three limitations, then, demand: first, that some means be found for interpreting the facts of a life into thought and action for the hearer; second, that there be set forth and enforced throughout the production, one great unifying truth or principle: and third, that this truth or principle be not abstract nor involved but vitally human through appeal to personal duty, virtue, or happiness.

4. The Theme

Now as a means of meeting the demand of these three limitations upon oral address, we employ what we call the THEME. For illustration, a student desires to interpret the life of Brutus. He does not recite facts about that hero, but begins his address with a statement of his theme in this thought: The first task of life is service: service is through sacrifice. He attempts to show that this idea always

[1] *Forensic Oratory*, by William C. Robinson, LL. D. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1893). In Chapter III especially, the author sets forth very clearly this matter.

guided Brutus, even when he became a conspirator against Caesar. Although the address may have denunciation as an object, that is, when the aim is to hold before an audience a character not for emulation, but for condemnation, the great principle should be stated clearly and followed closely with a view to enforcement as above suggested. In his address on *Aaron Burr*, the Honorable Champ Clark almost immediately sets forth his theme by stating that while Burr was the most brilliant and fascinating of the Vice-Presidents except Jefferson, "the one thing he [Burr] needed" was "moral sense." He points out at once that "*for this fatal deficiency nothing can compensate*"; and the entire address enforces this universal idea.[2] He has taken facts, explained them with one thought, made that one idea the unifier of the entire speech, shown that it is vital, and has so enforced it. True, it is an old idea, generally assented to, but it deserves repeated enforcement and personal application, probably, to many. This commonly accepted but enforced idea, we call the THEME.

Yet another illustration of the use of the theme in the biographical address is found in the production by Mr. Flynn, referred to later on, *The Redemption of Jean Valjean.* He opens the way immediately for his translation of the facts gathering about the story of Valjean, through the statement of the commonly conceded truth, perhaps worthy the name principle, "Men fall and rise again and the world may remember them forever as her heroes." He shows, too, the three subjective processes in every genuine redemption.

The speech should begin with a statement of the theme, as in the illustrations given above. But it is fair to state in this connection that very many famous speeches do not immediately set forth the theme. In some instances the principle to be enforced is at first withheld because public speech ofttimes involves a peculiar quality we may call "personal accommodation" on the part of the speaker. He may, for illustration, be utterly unacquainted with the audience and he finds that

[2] *Modern Eloquence*, vol. vii, George L. Shuman & Company, Chicago, 1903.

the formal statement of the principle he means to enforce can be introduced best through an informal word of personal or of local adaptation. Sometimes courtesy requires that the speaker at the very beginning acknowledge an expression of greeting or of appreciation on the part of the presiding officer or of the audience. Often, too, while the theme is not definitely stated at the outset, it is implied quite clearly in a description, narration, or perhaps an historical summary, or a weighty quotation from some eminent authority.

But in connection with the addresses under consideration it is apparent that no word of personal accommodation is necessary. Usually, indeed, the very occasion is introduction enough for the speaker: and usually the formal address has no place for any reference whatever by the speaker to himself. The implication is that by mutual agreement he has prepared carefully a practical, vital message and the people have assembled to hear it and to act on it. Experience in teaching Public Address dictates that it is best to begin with a statement of the truth or principle to be enforced.

Yet another reason for the Theme is found in the fact that the speaker must immediately "get on common ground" with the audience. If any are neutral or indifferent toward his cause, their interest must be aroused: if they are opposed, their attention must be won. The statement of a principle commonly accepted, but perhaps needing a new application, tends to arouse curiosity in the indifferent: in the opposed it tends to allay prejudice and to bring them mentally at least one step toward final accord with the appeal.

Because, then, the purpose of public appeal is to secure action and because of the severe limitations upon the subject-matter and its treatment, the Theme is necessary.

5. The Outline

One of the outstanding criticisms made concerning biographical speeches is that they are not unities, but "a little of this and a little of that." It would seem well, then, to provide the beginner with some thoroughly tried general outline and to show the relation of the Theme to it. The following Structure is therefore suggested:

I. **Introduction.**
   1. Statement of the THEME.
   2. Expansion of the truth or principle and illustration of it in the character under consideration.

II. **The Problem, i. e., The Difficulties.**
   A brief statement of the conditions, the discouragements with which the subject met, perhaps his limitations in endowments or opportunities. These facts should be stated as briefly as possible.

III. **Solution: How He Overcame These Difficulties.**
   1. The means he employed, briefly stated. It should be shown that a single great cause — that suggested in the Theme — accounts for the inspiration the subject affords.
   2. The results, briefly, of his efforts. The permanent results of a life should be accounted for through the Theme.

IV. **Conclusion: Appeal.**
   1. The significance of the principle to the hearer.
   2. The significance of the principle, illustrated by the life of the subject, to the country at large.
   3. The appeal for the personal embodiment by the hearer of the principle or Theme illustrated in the life of the subject.

This outline follows that suggested by the ancient and modern writers on the subject. The words "Theme," "Problem," and "Solution" are not original. A very good treatment of the development of oratorical themes, in which practically this same outline or structure is suggested, will be found in Professor Maynard Lee Daggy's *The Principles of Public Speaking* (Row, Peterson & Company, Chicago, 1909).

6. USE OF OUTLINE ILLUSTRATED

The practical application and clearness of such an outline are shown in the oration, *The Redemption of Jean Valjean*, by Mr. Clarence E. Flynn, DePauw University, 1911. In the latter part of the following short paragraph he gives the theme:

"Men fall, and the world may remember them for a day as

her sinners; men stand, and the world may remember them for an age as her saints; men fall and rise again, and the world may remember them forever as her heroes. A colossal type of this heroism is outlined in the character of Jean Valjean."

The Problem division of the oration treats of the various influences contributing to the downfall of Valjean which we need not consider here. Then the Solution division treats of his "redemption" thus:

First, *through the struggle for self-recovery*: ". . . Musing in the prison or toiling in the chain gang he saw himself a martyr; but standing between wistful childhood and tranquil age, both wronged by his hand, he sees himself a wretch. . ."

Second, *through the struggle for self-mastery*: ". . . The self within him is strong. But a persistent voice — the voice of his awakened conscience — bids him lay down his freedom and again receive the shackles of bondage, bids him surrender his official title and reassume the old name of infamy and reproach. . ."

Third, *through the influence of suffering*: ". . . His life-long penance reaches its climax in the hour when the memory of Cosette, estranged and gone, rises up to mock him as he sits alone beside the broken shrine where she has been his idol. . ."

Thus Mr. Flynn throughout his production enforces the idea of heroism as shown in Valjean's redemption — the universal method of redemption. All the facts of his later life are explained in the analysis of these processes.

7. Length — If the productions be limited say to one thousand words, the length of the divisions indicated should approximate the following:

Introduction	100 words
Problem	300 words
Solution	500 words
Conclusion	100 words

In connection with the Style and Diction, the greatest danger to public address is triteness, commonplaceness. Inasmuch as the aim is to enforce an important but ofttimes old

thought, it is necessary that sane but forceful sentences should be employed. Of course, in these formal speeches there is no place for either "picturesque slang" or coarseness. But the most apparent and the most blameworthy weakness in formal public address to-day is a kind of vapid prating, mere twaddle, suggestive of absence of downright hard thinking. Now it is assumed that the student will observe carefully the general rules usually given in his English course concerning Clearness, Force, Dignity, and so on. But because of the peculiarities of oral discourse, it is recommended especially that the following rhetorical devices be much employed in these speeches: *Antithesis* often enables the speaker to make perfectly plain through contrast what otherwise probably would be obscure; the *Rhetorical Question* and *Answer* afford variety not merely to the style, but to voice and action in the presentation; *Rhetorical Imagery* is a great aid to Public Address; e. g., for the use of *Metaphor* Professor Clark ascribes the following reasons:

8. Style and Diction

"First, to aid the memory; second, to aid the understanding; third, to impress the feelings; fourth, to excite surprise or curiosity; fifth, to secure brevity and smoothness."[3] The writer does not know just now of another work more brief and clear covering the whole matter of style than that referred to. Part II of that text will be peculiarly significant to the student because written by a man at once a most effective speaker, a successful teacher of the art of Composition for Oral Delivery, and a rhetorician of rare scholarship.

Because of the limitations of this article it is impossible to mention in detail further qualities of style. It is assumed, as has been suggested, that the student will bring to bear his best skill looking especially toward Clearness, Force, Dignity, etc., as developed in his English Composition training. It is to be emphasized, all the while, that the object of the public appeal is to *do*, not merely to *be* something: that the object is to get the hearer *to act*.

[3] *A Practical Rhetoric*, by J. Scott Clark, New York (Henry Holt & Company, 1886).

Thus we have suggested briefly:

Some of the Values attending the preparation and presentation of these Biographical Speeches.

Some of the Peculiarities of Oral Discourse.

The Three Chief Limitations upon it, necessitating the Theme.

The Practical Use of the Theme.

The Use of the Outline.

Some of the more Helpful Qualities of Style.

Many incorrect notions about instruction in delivery obtain. Teaching Public Speaking is not giving instruction in mimicry — not with sincere folk; nor is it instruction in the ventriloquism employed by the "Punch and Judy" performer in the side-show; nor is it prattle about saying things this way or that, or "splitting 'twixt the north and northwest side" the manner of "making" a gesture. Again, some oppose a careful study of public discourse on the alleged ground that the study is unnecessary. They urge that if one has something to say that is worth saying, all he has to do is to rise to his feet before an audience and say it. Surely, then, those holding this view must go a little further, if consistent, and urge that if one has something to write worth the writing, all he has to do is to write it — without any instruction whatever save that afforded by "innate common sense"; and that if someone has something to paint worth the painting, all in the world he has to do is to paint that something, without contact with a master; and that if somebody has a song worth the singing, he need only "ope his mouth" and sing — to take instruction in singing would be so silly withal! Now native ability, "sheer genius," oft-times achieves relative success in an art; but that fact is not sufficient ground for cavalierly disdaining as unnecessary instruction in Public Speaking. It is but fair to state that some of the greatest figures of history, and many of the mighty characters of our own times, by example and by testimony give the unanswerable answer to such nonsense.

III. The Delivery

1. Incorrect notions about the Delivery

Now, let it be recalled again that the public address is to be heard, rarely, if ever, read; and that it is to accomplish something in the hearer — *to move his will.* Just as in the communication of thought through writing, certain elements such as Force and Unity should be observed, so in the presentation of thought through oral address, certain perfectly reasonable qualities or principles should be observed. And so far from involving mimicry, or ventriloquism, or trifling distinctions, intelligent instruction in delivery aims simply at clearness, force, unity, and dignity in the presentation of the message: aims at helping the student to get away from oddities and habits tending to detract from the thought; and seeks to aid him in giving the message the impress of his own personality.

Oral Discourse, it should be remembered, is always more than mere thought: it is the communication of ideas *plus* the speaker's impress — a life he imparts to it. The message intended for private reading comes for the most part cold, uninterpreted, without the throb of personality. This personal impress, this life given to it by the speaker, accounts largely for the striking results of the oral appeal through all the years in the great realms of politics, social reform, and religion. Just as in the composition of public discourse the speaker gives not merely facts but the significance of the facts, so in the presentation of a great message he gives not merely thought, but his reactions — the response from the very depths of his being — fairly and sincerely accompanying the thought. A great speech is necessarily more than mere thought. Men who actually have studied Public Speech realize full well this "spiritual content." Here, then, if nowhere else, is found abundant reason for training in actual delivery of public discourse.

2. Oral Discourse more than mere thought

In connection with the delivery one thing may be stated with certainty: that public speech is essentially away beyond private speech usually as to occasion, aim, and certain outstanding qualities. What might be said or done with propriety in private speech might be ridiculous in public speech. In so

far as they are alike, however, public speech is private speech magnified many-fold. This enlargement is due to the fact that primarily public speech employs so extensively *hint, suggestion.* If in some rather insignificant way the speaker is timid, he may seem to the audience not sure of the truth, or possibly he may seem deceitful. Again, if in manner he seems even a little defiant, he may suggest bombast, egotism, possibly he may give out the hint that he is "bluffing." And so a repellent voice is likely to arouse opposition to the speaker and to his cause: on the other hand, an attractive voice, a persuasive one, tends toward a receptive and favorable attitude on the part of the hearer. And so a "slouching" or a precise enunciation, grotesque or graceful gestures, intense feeling or colorless mumbling — every quality in serious public speaking is thrown, as it were, before the audience as a hint or suggestion to be enlarged many-fold.

3. Public Speech like private speech enlarged

Now like every other art, Public Speaking is made up of many seemingly unimportant details. It is thought best to call attention to the most important of these so-called "small matters" of which effective public speech is made. The mastery (always, of course, the relative mastery) of these "small matters" is the road to effective speaking. Now there is no other way to effective delivery known to the serious men who are teaching Public Speaking in our universities and colleges to-day than this: to direct the student in the development and most effective use of his own powers in Voice, Word-making or Enunciation, Physical Expression, and Intensity or Feeling. These are the qualities in delivery.

4. Made up of details

It seems well, therefore, to treat briefly of each of these fundamentals, these "small matters," upon which the presentation of the speech depends. No other element in the delivery is more deserving of the attention of the student than the voice. The qualities of the voice are (a) Purity, (b) Strength, and (c) Flexibility.

5. The Voice

(a) The voice should be *pure*: e. g., free from rasping "throatiness," nasal twangings, and whimpering. Obstructions, or rather, impurities of voice of this sort are due largely to sheer habit. We tend to lose our appreciation of the things with which we are most familiarly associated: so, many persons never listen to their own voices; and so they never know their vocal defects. In order to correct these faults, one must be made conscious of them. Intelligent criticism, then, becomes almost an absolute necessity; and it must be followed with patient practice.

(a) Purity

(b) The voice should have *strength*. He who speaks must be heard. If he is not heard, what is the use of his speaking? In this connection it must be borne in mind that the voice of the speaker must overcome the distracting hacking and coughing usually accompanying any coming together of a large number of people. Even above the attentive audience rises a subdued but almost ceaseless din more or less opposing the voice of the speaker. But he simply *must be heard*. To demand that the speaker be heard easily is not a whit more than to demand clearness in the composition to be read. In this connection it should be remembered that public discourse must be "caught on the wing." No opportunity is afforded the hearer mentally to go back over a part he did not hear distinctly. He must "keep up" with the speaker all the while. On the other hand, composition for private reading may be retraced again and again with a view to understanding it.

(b) Strength

(c) The third quality in the voice is *flexibility*, or perhaps better, variety. Public speech, like every other art, should have no place for monotony. The use of one note over and over again, the constant repetition of a series of notes, "the pounding along humdrum fashion" through an address — these "singsongs" are to the audience very conducive to sleep. One of the best ways to secure variety is to shift the voice between sentences; i. e., *to change the pitch*. A sentence is a thought more or less complete. In writing we separate

(c) Flexibility

sentences, and even parts of sentences, with various marks referred to as "punctuation." It is even more necessary in public speaking to separate thoughts and modifications of them with vocal "shifts." The greatest single aid to variety is this change in pitch, between sentences especially. This demand upon the speaker for flexibility or variety in voice is in no sense finical, just as the demand for punctuation in written English is not finical.

Another very important element of public speech is enunciation, or vocal *word-manufacture*. Evidently we utter words by "joining elementary sounds." Careless enunciation is to public speech very much as misspelling is to written composition. To say, for illustration, "The Gen'ral advise' the Gover'men' t'yiel'," for "The General advised the Government to yield," is to suggest slovenliness of speech, and worse yet, dullness of mind. Think what we may of it, enunciation bespeaks mental habit.

6. Word-making or Enunciation

Now the points at which we have most difficulty in word-manufacture are the following:

(1) Final -d and -t sounds, as "ha*d*," "aboun*d*," enlis*t*."

(2) Final -p and -b sounds, as in "develo*p*," "absor*b*."

(3) Final -s and -z sounds, as in "frien*ds*," "aboun*ds*."

(4) Words of many syllables are likely to be slurred by the speaker and correspondingly "blurred" in the mind of the hearer. Lists of long words may be made and practiced to great advantage.

For the habit of misspelling we prescribe, "Consult your dictionary"; and for indistinct enunciation we prescribe "Consult your dictionary and give to every sound in the word distinct utterance." The seemingly trifling matter of precise enunciation is worthy a place among our habits. It is an index of mentality and even of character. To demand distinct enunciation is no more than to demand correct spelling. The arguments for either apply with equal force to the other.

The object of Physical Expression is the enforcement of thought and accompanying feeling. Language alone is not sufficient even for private conversation; and so words are sup-

plemented with various forms of what might be called "modified sign language." But physical expression must be based upon thought and feeling; and since everything the speaker does is enlarged, magnified as it were, before the audience, this form of communication, if bungling, is likely to attract attention to itself, and so to hinder rather than to help the message. The test of all physical expression then becomes: First, does it *strengthen the thought and the accompanying reaction* on the part of the speaker? And second, does it in the slightest degree attract attention to itself? This is but stating in another way that physical expression must be based upon thought and thought-reaction, and is entirely secondary to them.

7. Physical Expression

(a) Object

But the phrase "Physical Expression" is very comprehensive and includes many different forms of hint, or suggestion. For illustration, the normal position is usually about three feet from the front of the platform. If too far forward, the speaker suggests undue familiarity, lack of caution. On the other hand, if he stands more than three or four feet back from the edge of the platform, he will suggest timidity, lack of confidence in his own message, possibly an effort to deceive.

(b) Position on Platform

The head should be up, the body erect, the shoulders square and at right angles to the audience, the arms and hands hanging at rest.

(c) Posture or Attitude

Arm gesture is made from the shoulder, not from the elbow or wrist. The significance of the different positions of the hands is so varied as to preclude even a brief treatment here. The "language of the hands" is most complex. Intelligent criticism is the only safe guide. In case of doubt as to whether a gesture should be used, it is best to omit it, probably.

(d) Gesture

The intensity of the delivery depends fundamentally upon

the impression which the speaker compels the thought in the message to make upon *himself*. Public speakers have long realized that impression depends largely upon the vividness of the imagination of the speaker, his keenness of insight. We say, and say very truly, that if the speaker does not "think and see and hear and feel" in connection with a mighty message, — if he is not somehow stirred to his very depths, — he will not move his hearers to action. Of all the criticisms uttered by Public Speaking instructors, the most repeated probably are these: "You do not appreciate the import of the thought"; "You do not catch the deeper spirit of the message"; "You do not do your composition justice." *Long-continued brooding over a speech is the road to adequate impression.* This process is absolutely essential. The object of the orator is to convince of truth and persuade hearers to act thereon: and if he has intense but thoroughly controlled passion for his cause, he will in large measure allay opposition. On the other hand, "the saying a piece," the mechanical reciting of words and sentences, is not worthy the serious student.

8. Intensity or "Feeling"

In the treatment of the Composition of Oral Discourse we found that while public appeal is based upon facts, it is vastly more than a statement of facts: that it must aim at the enforcement upon the hearer of a vital principle. And to that end some general directions, especially as to the THEME and OUTLINE, were offered.

And now we have found that while the presentation of the public appeal is based upon thought, it is always more than the mere thought: that the oral message bears the reactions, the peculiarly personal responses of the speaker to his thought: and that *suggestion* plays an important part. And so with a view to the adequate expression of the thought and the accompanying "spiritual content," attention has been called briefly to the four elements of delivery: VOICE, ENUNCIATION or WORDMAKING, PHYSICAL EXPRESSION, and INTENSITY or FEELING.

JANE ADDAMS

By Herman O. Makey

ONE day a little girl, not yet seven years of age, drove with her father through the poor district of a small city. Till then the city had always meant splendid shops and luxurious houses and this was her first introduction to real poverty.

"Father," she exclaimed, "why do people live in such horrid little houses so close together?"

Her father explained as best he could to his daughter why such a condition existed. But the explanation did not satisfy her.

"When I get big," she replied, "I am going to live in a great big house right among horrid little houses like these."

This youthful promise Miss Addams has literally fulfilled; and Hull House, perhaps the best expression of the spirit of "Chicago's foremost citizen," has since 1889 been ministering to needs which even childhood's eyes can see.

To understand Miss Addams's life one must know her childhood and no record of her childhood is clear without an insight into the relation of the motherless child to her father. Mr. Addams had early begun life as a miller's apprentice. Rising at three in the morning to begin work, he had taken advantage of the dull morning hours to read through the entire village library. With the same intense earnestness he had worked his way through life. During the sixteen years following 1854 he was a member of the Illinois State Senate. In those uneasy times there were few men whose position could absolutely be relied upon. But Lincoln, still an obscure member of the legislature, writing concerning his stand on a measure then before the Senate, expressed his assurance that Mr. Addams "would vote according to his conscience." Upon the death of Mr. Addams in 1881 the editor of a Chicago daily wrote that he knew of but one man in the Illinois legislature to whom in the now incomprehensible days of reconstruction

a bribe had never been offered — and that man was John H. Addams.

With this father the young child was in most happy accord. He was her ideal man and her pride in him was a source of some of her most poignant childish suffering. Afflicted, as she was, with a slight curvature of the spine, it was an unbearable thought that visitors to their church should think that the dignified Mr. Addams was the father of such an ugly, gawky girl. On days when there were visitors at the church she always managed to walk home with her uncle, sacrificing the walk with her father — which was to her the chief event of the week — to preserve his dignity. This oversensitiveness lasted until a day when she met him on a crowded street and he lifted his hat to her. This voluntary public recognition put an end to her morbid sensitiveness to her personal appearance.

But John Addams was no stern father to be only respected and feared. After a day in which Jane had committed the sin of lying she would find sleep impossible until she had confessed her sin to her father. His only comment would be that he was glad that she "felt too bad to go to sleep afterwards." Comforted by the fact that she no longer bore her sin alone and by her confidence in his parental understanding, she would soon be asleep.

From her father she learned that honesty to self was more important than an understanding of deep theological doctrine. The admission that he was as unable as she to understand the doctrine of foreordination served as balm to her childish unrest at being unable to comprehend what her friends "understood perfectly."

It is not to be imagined, however, that Miss Addams's childhood was in any way abnormal. If she were more thoughtful and more concerned with her inner life than are most children it was only because she saw in her father's daily life greater depths than it is the usual lot of childhood to see. The buzz and activity of her father's sawmill had for her the same charm it has for other children. Her father's flour mill furnished great empty bins filled with the smell of

flour and the enchantment of dusky light. The country about the little village was filled with spots of beauty and charm for her and her stepbrother. Summer after summer they explored the surrounding neighborhood and found many spots which called forth their childish but poetic fancies. Flowers and trees and birds, evening sounds, and the splendor of the rainbow roused in them the spirit of joy and reverence. Upon an altar which they had erected they placed all the snakes which they killed and sometimes brought a share of their spoils of nuts or a favorite book as an offering to the God of the Universe. To repeat the Lord's Prayer in English lacked the decidedly religious flavor; so they learned it in Latin and repeated it every night. Thus does natural childhood ever long for some ceremonial to express its inherent religiousness.

In emulation of her father she attempted to read through his library, beginning with Pope's *Iliad.* This proved unsatisfactory and she compromised by reading a bulky *History of the World.* About this time, perhaps, she began reading Plutarch's *Lives* (under the stimulus of the reward of five cents for each "Life" which she could intelligently report to her father), and Irving's *Life of Washington* (at the rate of twenty-five cents per volume). This introductory reading in history developed into a real liking, so that while she was in boarding school she spent one summer in reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, not only reading it but successfully withstanding the bombardment of test questions given by her skeptical schoolmates.

The year 1877 found Miss Addams at Rockford Seminary, and she was one of the first four young women to receive a degree upon its becoming Rockford College. Here she found the spirit of earnestness which is characteristic of pioneer institutions and into which she entered with eager intensity. Illustrative of her effort to understand and appreciate the opening world of human experience is the effort which she and four other students made to understand DeQuincey's *Dreams.* This was nothing less than an attempt to drug themselves with opium. Not only did they fail to experience any exhilaration from the numerous opium powders, but the

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Jane Addams

high excitement even prevented sleep. The only reward of this heroic study was an emetic and a reprimand.

Even at that early date Miss Addams took for granted the justice of the franchise for women, merely following, at first, her father's conviction. That this belief has not grown less strong is evidenced by her election in 1912 to the vice-presidency of the National Woman's Suffrage Association and by the prominent part which she played in the first convention of the Progressive Party in the same year. "Government," she holds, "is in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the diseases that enter into our homes. It has to do with the education of our children and the living conditions of our men and women." That women can successfully deal with such subjects of government no one who is acquainted with the work of Miss Addams and her colleagues at Hull House can deny.

When Rockford Seminary was allowed to compete in the intercollegiate oratorical contest of Illinois, she was elected to represent her school. Her schoolmates looked upon her, as she looked upon herself, as the champion of Woman's Cause. When the contest was over she found that she ranked fifth and, although she concurred with the judges in their decision, it was no easy matter to meet her disappointed schoolmates who had, perhaps, expected too much and could not readily forgive this blow to the cause of woman. Doubtless any bitterness at the decision has been wiped away by the after-career of the winner of that contest — William Jennings Bryan.

During the four years at Rockford, Miss Addams did not escape many emotional appeals to join herself to the church. She was one of the few girls in the school who were not avowed Christians. With a strong sense of personal integrity she refused to yield to the pressure because she could not subscribe to the dogmas of the church. Personal piety she had, and a strong sense of the presence and power of a living God. But it was not till several years afterward that she became a member of the Presbyterian Church of her native village of Cedarville, Illinois. It was not that she had

felt any emotional conversion, nor was it that she wished to conform with the views of those about her. She simply took the step as the outward expression of her inner religious sincerity. Her pastor was wise enough to recognize her real Christian spirit and required no profession of belief in creed or dogma. It was the longing for a visible fellowship with the saints of the church and a devotion to the ideals of democracy, which seemed to her most perfectly exemplified in the Christian Church, that had drawn her; for her childhood faith was little changed.

It was in resisting these appeals of those whom she knew to be her true friends that she gained the poise which she has found necessary to keep her later work from being diverted into a merely secular or partisan movement. She learned to select what was reasonable from the confusion of dogmas in the world and to stand fast in the midst of all the attacks of partisanship. She has been able to keep Hull House alike out of the hands of capital and of labor and has made it stand for raw humanity in whatever dress it may appear.

As the end of the four years' course drew near, the question of the future loomed large. Miss Addams had picked upon medicine as her profession and the poor as her especial clientage. That she should choose the field of science was inevitable in a day when Darwin's *Origin of Species* was the subject of so much bitter controversy. Trained from infancy to look at matters of opinion from a detached point of view, and unbound by the sense that she must defend any creed with which evolution might seem to conflict, the prejudiced arguments which she heard against evolution could not but turn her toward it. Perhaps a touch of bravado was in her acceptance of this theory, now a commonplace, but then a thing anathema.

The next winter was spent in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. Early in the spring, however, the spinal trouble which had threatened her from childhood put her in the hospital. Four years in college and a year's strenuous professional study had left her weary, and it was a relief, after a few weeks, to turn from anatomy to Carlyle. Upon

her doctor's advice she left America for a two years' stay in Europe.

There is a tendency today to frown upon the individual who drifts. He who has no settled purpose is, in the opinion of the times, wasting his life. But he who reads biography with open mind will find that no inconsiderable number of the earth's great have drifted into their own. They have, it is true, been earnest and serious, but few things are more misleading than the notion that one's life endeavor is necessarily best spent where first inclination may lead. It is, of course, impossible to tell what Miss Addams might have done as a physician to the poor; but is it presumptuous to say that she has done a far greater work than she could ever have hoped to do professionally?

Be that as it may, her experience for the next six years led her unconsciously, step by step, to the work for which she seems to have been most peculiarly fitted. "There is a destiny which shapes our ends," and often it does not ask our consent. One of her first experiences on her European trip was a visit to East London Market on Saturday night. Nervous and morbid after her sickness, the impression of the starving, poverty-ridden crowd bidding their scanty coins for decaying vegetables and fruit was not to be eradicated. The midnight hour, the shadows, the upturned hands, the animal hunger of these human beings — all this came to her with the force of a vision. In Italy, in Austria, wherever she went on the continent, the memory of that hideous scene drew her to the haunts of poverty. Knowing little of the efforts even then being made to lighten the burden of the poor, she was weighed down by the vision.

When yet a small child she had suffered from one of those recurring dreams which sensitive children sometimes endure in silence. It seemed that the whole future of the world depended upon her making a wagon wheel. Day after day she would watch the village blacksmith, questioning him, and learning how to make a wagon wheel. Something of this same sense of responsibility and helplessness came to her as she suffered over the poverty of the world. Books seemed

foolish bubbles, education a delusion. With so much to be done, with throbbing life all about her being ground down to the level of the brute, what could excuse her self-centered life, how could one spend time on culture when *life* called? But even yet she found no call to work.

Between trips to Europe she went, one summer, to visit in a western state where she held mortgages on some farms. It was after a long drought. The farmers were in a most desperate condition. Their farms, their homes, and their families bore every trace of extreme poverty. That human beings could live under such conditions was almost beyond belief. Yielding to the horror which this revelation inspired, she withdrew her investments rather than receive interest from men likely to be reduced to such conditions as these — doubtless only adding to their wretchedness by her ill-timed act.

Finally came a day in April, 1888, which was to be the turning point in the aimless career which had now gone on for almost six years. With the other members of her party, which was then in Madrid, Spain, Miss Addams attended a bull fight. As she looked upon the combat, all the splendor of the imagined Roman arena, all the historic glory of the medieval tournament threw a glamour over the scene. It was not a bull fight she was witnessing — it was a dramatic representation of all the vanished splendor of historic combat. Meanwhile five bulls and several horses were killed as she looked on without a tremor. The spectacle had inspired her friends with only a sense of nausea, and they expressed no little displeasure at her insensibility.

A reaction came in the evening, and she was filled with self-disgust as she realized that she had witnessed this revolting scene without a qualm. It was quite clearly borne in upon her that although she had pretended such a deep interest in life she had really been drifting to the point where she could look on suffering with esthetic pleasure. The hope that all this period of preparation was leading to some real purposeful end suddenly cleared itself to her as mere pampering selfishness. The moral revulsion following the fight compelled

her to action. Hopes for the future were well, but without some definite purpose and effort to fulfil these hopes, they were but an opiate to her conscience.

Just what turned her mind in the direction of settlement work is difficult to say. Perhaps her childish thought of living in a big house among "horrid, little houses" had never left her. Without a doubt the misery and suffering of the poor, which she had been morbidly seeking for the past few years, had impressed her with the real need of these people. Be that as it may, she had for some time been revolving in her mind the plan of a settlement house. In the present crisis Miss Addams resolved to make her escape from the insensibility into which she was sinking, and with many misgivings she broached the subject to her fellow-traveler and former schoolmate, Miss Starr.

To her surprised delight Miss Starr entered heartily into the plan and the scheme rapidly assumed tangibility. Miss Starr continued her European journey and Miss Addams returned to London to visit Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace that she might gather suggestions from these forerunners in the settlement movement. January, 1889, found Miss Addams and Miss Starr in Chicago looking for a site for their experiment.

From this time on Miss Addams's life is so closely bound up with the progress of Hull House that it is almost impossible to separate her acts from those of the other residents of Hull House. That her influence has been responsible for many steps in which she has taken no active part is certain; that she has been the prime mover in Hull House activity is no less certain. But it must never be forgotten that there were others — many others — who devoted their energies to the success of this movement, and no one is more ready than Miss Addams to give them due credit. If other names are here omitted or neglected it is not because their part is forgotten but because only a single thread is being followed through the mazes of a life which touched untold others.

After a long search a house, built in 1856 by Mr. Hull, one of the early settlers of Chicago, was rented. It had been used

as a home, the office of a factory, a second-hand furniture store, and a home for the aged. In addition to this its attic was supposed to be haunted. In spite of its varied career the house was still in good condition and was soon repaired. Miss Helen Culver, the owner of the house, gave, on the following spring, a free leasehold of the entire building. The thirteen buildings now under the management of Hull House stand on property which is almost entirely the gift of this generous woman.

"To provide a center for a higher civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago": This, says their charter, is the object of Hull House. But it is more intensely human than this cold statement indicates. It was also the intention of Hull House to enter into the lives of the poor and the ignorant and to keep alive that spark of humanity which all too often becomes sodden under the ceaseless dropping of poverty.

Accordingly, Hull House was furnished as the residents would have furnished their own homes in any other part of the city. Perhaps a knowledge of the neighborhood of Hull House will make evident the high audacity of this. On one side was a colony of some ten thousand Italians; to the south were as many Germans, with Polish and Russian Jews occupying the side streets; further south was a vast Bohemian colony; to the northwest were many Canadian French; and to the north was an Irish colony. Thus Hull House was in the midst of six nations. The conditions of the neighborhood may be understood from a single incident. When, aroused by the inactivity of the garbage inspector, Miss Addams as a last resort entered a bid for the contract to remove the garbage from her ward, her bid was thrown out on technicalities. The incident resulted, however, in her appointment as garbage inspector of the nineteenth ward. It was no light task for an already busy woman, but with the help of fellow-residents results began to appear. As a crowning achievement, a pavement was discovered eighteen inches underground in a narrow street which no one remembered ever to have been paved.

That an American city would allow such an accumulation of garbage on its streets is almost unbelievable. This and kindred activities reduced the death rate of the ward from third to seventh among Chicago wards.

The whole attitude of Hull House is exemplified by Miss Addams's reply to the manufacturers who offered to give Hull House $50,000, enabling it to become "the largest institution on the West Side," if the residents would cease their agitation for sweat shop reform. It must have caused these manufacturers no little embarrassment to hear her declaration that she and her friends were not interested in exalting Hull House but that they were interested in protecting their neighbors from undesirable working conditions. It is this attitude which has kept Hull House alive.

It is easy to record visible material results such as the above, but almost impossible to make clear the larger, personal, human results of the movement. To record the influence of Hull House in sweat shop and labor legislation, repression of the sale of morphine and opium to minors, and the amelioration of conditions in poor houses — this would be an easy task, but would give no real insight into the work of Miss Addams. To give her personal part as a member of the Board of Education, as arbitrator in the Pullman Strike, as member of the university extension staff of the University of Chicago, as a member of the committee to investigate poor-house conditions — to review these personal honors and efforts would tell little of her work save the esteem in which she is held. To know her real work one must get an insight into the changed environments, the uplifted lives and the redirected careers of the thousands whom she has touched.

That old age finds itself not abandoned, that youth finds itself appreciated, that the sorrowful find comfort, that the discouraged find inspiration, that the weak find strength, that the sick find health, that the misunderstood find toleration, that the immigrant finds his place in the new world — these are the real achievements of Hull House. And all this is achieved through the devotion, the sympathy, and the real love for mankind that inspires Miss Addams and her co-workers.

Perhaps there could be found no better expression of the attitude of Chicago toward Miss Addams than the banquet held at the Hotel La Salle the latter part of February, 1913, just before her departure for a four months' vacation trip to Egypt and Italy. Twelve hundred guests met at the call of the Progressive Club of Chicago. From varied walks of life came expressions of esteem. Bainbridge Colby, of New York, but expressed what all felt as he summed up the career of this woman whom Graham Taylor in an editorial in the Chicago *Daily News* calls "Chicago's foremost citizen":

"What an extraordinary mission of life is hers," he said, "and how wondrously her life has preached the sermon of the deed! Refusing to lull her conscience by a dreamer's scheme, unbeguiled by paper reforms, she set out early in life — and I use her words — 'to make social intercourse express the growing sense of the economic unity of society and to add the social function to democracy.' Proceeding upon the sober theory that the dependence of classes upon each other is reciprocal, she determined to deal directly with the simplest human wants.

"Abounding in achievement as her life has been, I venture the assertion that the year just closed is the richest and most fruitful of her life thus far. This year she has sown broadcast the seeds of ripened purpose, of experience and deep reflection. She has scattered wide the accumulations of the past. To a waiting and famished people, who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, she has thrown the rich spoils of her life."

And then to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" twelve hundred voices sang:

"Jane Addams sails over the ocean,
Jane Addams sails over the sea,
We're glad she's to have a vacation,
But bring back Jane Addams to me.

"We'll lend her to Greece and to Egypt,
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,

We'll lend her to Europe and Asia,
So long as we get her back home.

"The Peace Dove will perch on her shoulder,
All Europe will dwell in accord,
The Turks will go back to rug-making,
The Balkans will put up the sword."

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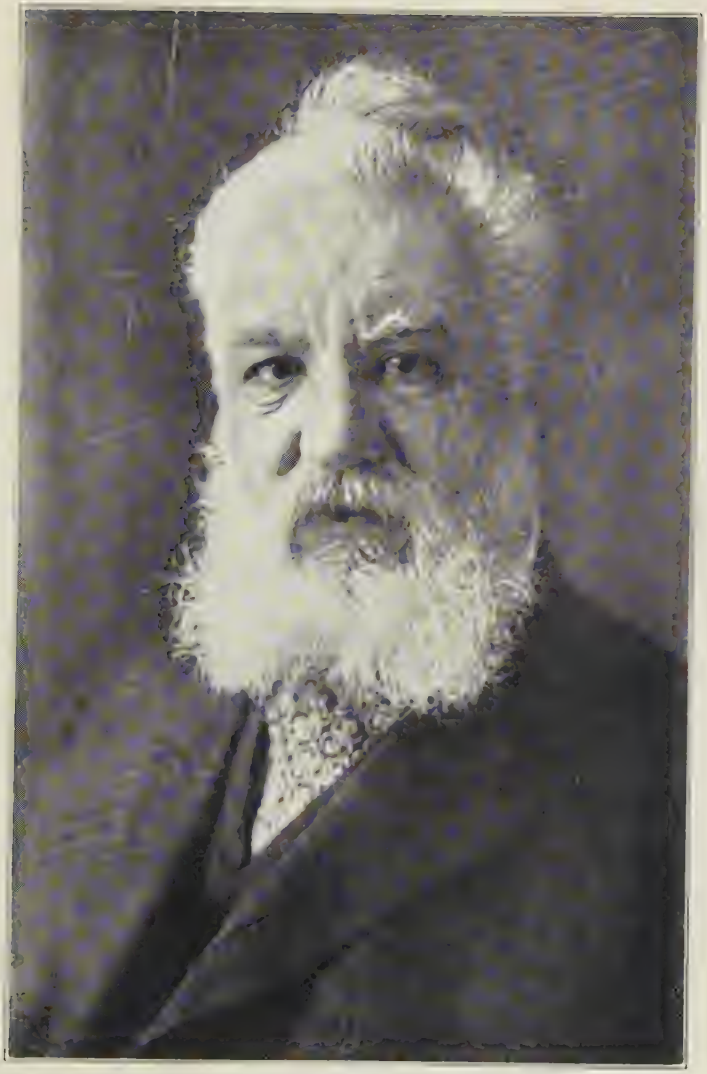
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

By Hillary Asbury Gobin

WHEN I was a small boy a fine old gentleman came to my father's house one day to talk about a machine for making brick. The old man was working hard on his invention — a means of making brick by steam power rather than by hand labor. In his talk he said: "I would rather leave a useful invention to my fellowmen than to be President of the United States." The small boy listening in silence was deeply impressed by this remark. He never heard the result of the experiment with the brick machine but he never forgot the old man's remark.

To appreciate the value of this saying we do not need to disparage the high character or vast importance of this great office, but the comparison suggests the value to society of a wonderful invention. The decisions of the President may not be known or felt by vast multitudes of the people, while the efforts of some ingenious and persistent thinker may result in such an improvement in certain commodities or utilities as to bless every home in the land.

Among the greatest inventions, if not the very greatest, in point of service to all kinds of people, is the telephone. No other invention came into practical service so speedily. No other invention went so rapidly around the world and entered at once into every scene of human activity. It speaks in all languages and talks on all subjects. With equal facility it transmits the classic speech of the learned and the awkward dialect of the illiterate. By it we hear from afar the prattle of the babe, the counsel of the aged, the wail of the sorrowing, or the cheer of the victorious. It talks about money, danger, success, failure, playful jest, and loving devotion. One moment its voice is angry and insolent, in an instant it becomes apologetic, respectful, and assuring. It alarms, commands, relieves, and exults in breathless speed and forcefulness, through incredible distances. Wonderful, wonderful telephone!



Alexander Graham Bell

But the most marvelous thing of all about this wonderful achievement is that the chief inventor still lives to observe and enjoy the success of his invention. Recalling the remark of the old brickmaker, if it is such a joy to *leave* a useful invention to one's fellow men, how rare is the privilege of the inventor, after the struggle of its introduction is over, to live on to witness and assist in its improvement and world-wide adoption.

This fortunate personage is Alexander Graham Bell. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847. He belonged to a family of voice teachers. "His father, also his two brothers, his uncle, and his grandfather, had taught the laws of speech in the Universities of Edinburgh, Dublin, and London. For three generations the Bells had been professors of the science of talking."[1] Alexander Graham Bell was elected professor of vocal physiology in Boston University in 1873 in his twenty-fifth year. He was commonly known as a professor of elocution. At that time the studies in this subject were chiefly concerned with tones, pitch, modulation, and gesture. But Professor Bell closely investigated also the mechanism of the voice and the philosophy of sound. An element of philanthropy entered largely into these early studies. It was discovered that many mutes were dumb not because of deficiency in the vocal apparatus but simply because they could not hear. In such instances the professor of vocal physiology began to teach these students to make articulate sounds. Progress toward full and precise speech was slow and difficult. But by persistent effort great success was achieved. Doubtless he was stimulated in this work by the fact that his grandfather, Alexander Bell, had invented a cure for stammering, and his father, Alexander Melville Bell, had devised a sign language which he called "visible speech." The work of Professor Bell in this direction gave him great honor. He was for a time associated with Dr. Monroe in his famous School of Oratory in Boston. The writer of this sketch was present at an exhibition given in this school when a "dumb" boy eighteen years

[1] *History of the Telephone*, by Herbert Casson. A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910, p. 14.

old recited a poem of about twenty stanzas. The occasion was of so much interest that several distinguished scholars and philanthropists were present. Among them I remember A. Bronson Alcott, Theodore Weld and Colonel T. W. Higginson. A note was read from Ralph Waldo Emerson expressing his regret that he could not enjoy an occasion which he felt sure signified so much for the relief of a most deserving class of persons. When Dr. Monroe gave an account of the boy's training and proficiency he held a sheet of paper before his lips so that the boy could not *see* what he was saying. The student could not hear a word but he was an expert in reading "visible speech." Dr. Monroe stated that recently a bus-driver seeing this boy on the side walk and not knowing that he was deaf and dumb called out to him for the direction to a certain citizen's house. The boy chanced to be looking toward the driver and reading his lips knew what he wanted and in plain speech gave him the desired information. The teaching of mutes to speak is now an important department in every deaf and dumb institution.

One of the greatest rewards for original research is the opening of doors to new and higher problems. While the professor of vocal physiology was seeking relief for the speechless he was led to study how ordinary speech may become more serviceable in all human affairs. Other experimenters approached the telephone in the study of applied electricity. Professor Bell came to the telephone in the study of the vocal apparatus. The sound box in the voice suggested the possibility of a sound box similar to the voice which might emit vibrations not upon the vacant air but upon a transmitter which might convey articulate sounds in definite directions and distances. Professor Bell was not without knowledge of electrical phenomena. In former years he had been a close student and experimenter with this mysterious force. But it was his mastery of the science of the voice that gave him the chief basis for his great invention. He once stated,[2] "Had I

[2] Thirtieth Anniversary of a Great Invention. By John Vaughn, *Scribner's* 40:365.

known more about electricity and less about sound, I should never have invented the telephone."

There have been many romances in education. Has there ever been one equal to this — a teacher of public speaking not satisfied with the superficial and conventional instruction and seeking a scientific basis for his art discovers means whereby the dumb may learn to talk and invents an instrument which transmits the voice in all its characteristics of tone, modulation and emphasis, in any language, to hearers in endless varieties of conditions, and, so far as theory goes, to incredible distances?

On account of the similarity in words the telephone has been compared to the telescope (*tele scopein*, to see afar; *tele phonein*, to sound afar). But there is a vast inequality in the service of the two instruments. The telephone not only speaks afar but by means of intra-phones it speaks to the next room and the next desk. The mass of instruments in a single building is amazing. "No sooner is a new sky-scraper walled and roofed than the telephones are in place. In a single one of these monstrous buildings, the Hudson Terminal, there is a cable that runs from basement to roof and ravels out to reach three thousand desks. This mighty geyser of wires is more than fifty tons in weight and would, if straightened out into a single line, connect New York with Chicago." (*History of the Telephone*, p. 135.) This mass of invisible wires connects not only room with room and desk with desk, in this one towering structure, but penetrates into nearly all rooms and all desks in the nation. So the telephone is far more than both the telescope and the microscope combined. Comparatively few people have the need or the pleasure to use these great adjuncts of sight, while many millions have frequent and familiar use of the "speaking machine."

A more striking comparison exists between the telephone and its elder brother, the telegraph. The analogies between the invention, development, and success of these two great utilities are numerous and impressive. But the contrast between their present service and popularity is astounding.

"Ten years ago there were sent by the telephone in the United States forty-one times more messages than were sent by telegraph, although the latter method of communication was forty years older than the former."[3] At the present time such a comparison is impossible. Messages by telegraph can be computed but not those by telephone. One might as well try to count the words spoken in an hour by the entire human race.

The greatness of the success of the invention cannot be shown without some citations from statistics, although the figures are so large as to be incomprehensible. The annual report of the Bell System for 1913 states the value of the plant December 31, 1913, as $797,159,487, an increase since 1907 of $294,171,587. The gross earnings for 1913 were $215,572,822 and the total expenses, $156,883,299.

Let no one imagine that this transition from the toil of a modest and obscure teacher to the mastery of a colossal utility came with a sudden and easy ascension. The story of Professor Bell's discovery and development of the telephone contains the elements of romance — danger, courage, and persistency, terminating in exultant victory. Perhaps he never encountered danger in the sense of bodily harm, but he did incur the peril of missing the mark in his invention, and no small risk of his being deprived of his proper meed of honor for its success. Many students in electricity had devised instruments for conveying sounds and musical notes by electric currents. Some had even transmitted the voice in certain irregular and incoherent forms. But Professor Bell persisted beyond all these elementary stages and produced a mechanism for transmitting speech in a definite, practicable, and reliable manner. His accuracy in the use of language gave him the sure "cinch" on his patent. The chief sentence in his patent was: "The method of and apparatus for transmitting sounds telegraphically, as herein described, by causing electric undulations, similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds substantially as set forth." In subse-

[3] Thirtieth Anniversary, *Scribner's* 40:371.

quent years in the bitter contests in the courts this sentence became the citadel of the defense of the Bell patent, and great lawyers in the attacking force admitted that it could not be broken down.

The early history of the telephone is marked by an obstinate distrust by men in a situation to have become valuable promoters. Fortunately, their lack of faith and satirical comments, while depriving them of a golden opportunity for a rare investment, did not handicap the persistent inventor. His instrument was dubiously admitted to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. It was regarded as a toy and not the germ of a great utility. A few observers, among them Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, appreciated the instrument as interesting, but no one could see its possibilities. No capitalist approached the inventor with a proffer to finance its manufacture and introduction. Doubtless in subsequent years many men of means have been wont to say: "I might have been a millionaire many times over had I appreciated the Bell Telephone!" One of the first friends and co-workers with Professor Bell was Thomas A. Watson, who after a fine career as a telephone promoter became a great ship-builder in East Boston. In the *Scientific American Supplement* for April 5, 1913, in an article by Mr. Watson entitled, "Pioneers in Telephone Engineering," he says: "At that time, 1877, there was a tremendous need for cash. We had just been bitterly disappointed, we four who composed the telephone business, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Sanders, Dr. Bell, and a boy by the name of Watson. We had just received a terrible blow. The Western Union Telegraph Company had refused our offer to sell all the Bell patents for $100,000, and we were very much depressed over it. Just about that time Dr. Bell needed money, more, I think than he ever before needed money in his life. He wanted to get married. The need for money was so great that some of the ladies prominently connected with the original four, insisted that telephones be made and sold by the thousands, and as quickly as possible. This would have meant the flooding of the country with very imperfect telephones and also would

have blocked the plan for leasing them that has resulted in the present system of the unity and universality of the telephone service."

Another writer, speaking of the poverty of those early years, says: "Month after month the little Bell Company lived from hand to mouth. No salaries were paid in full. Often for weeks they were not paid at all. In Watson's note book there are such entries as, 'Lent Bell fifty cents, Lent Hubbard twenty cents.' More than once Hubbard would have gone hungry had not Devonshire, the only clerk, shared with him the contents of his dinner pail." (Casson, *History of the Telephone.*)

In the beginning the telephone was financed by the same art that produced it, the art of superior speaking. The first lectures of Mr. Bell were delivered without charge before the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts. The lectures were received with much enthusiasm, and many engagements were made for lectures and demonstrations in other cities. Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other men of like distinction, published an open letter inviting Bell to lecture in Boston. The people came by hundreds and thousands to hear and see. By his success in describing and illustrating the telephone the professor of Vocal Physiology established sufficient control over his invention so that in its world-wide growth and extension it should forever bear his name.

While the machine is known by the name of the chief inventor, the variety of instruments and new improvements is practically numberless. It would require more than a page of this book to give the list of inventors, without specifying their particular devices. The records of the United States patent office show "that there have been issued in Class No. 179, Telephony, to date (August, 1914) approximately sixty hundred and ninety-six (6,096) Patents." The intellectual energy displayed in securing over six thousand patents in one field of invention is amazing. We must not infer that this means so many inventors. Many of these patents belong to particular men, as for example over six hundred on the switch-board belong to Mr. Charles E. Scribner. On the other hand, thousands have

studied and toiled to the brink of insanity on general systems or minute parts for which they received neither patent nor recognition. Sometimes a "trick" in the elusive "juice" has been discovered by an obscure laborer whose mind was more active than his hands. All this army of thinkers, experts, and helpers, from such master minds as Edison, Blake, Carty, Pupin, Berliner, Doolittle, Vail and Barton, to the humblest operator, owe their chief incentive to Alexander Graham Bell.

The inventions in Telephony may be grouped into a few great classes, The Case, The Transmitter, The Wiring, and The Switchboard. The last is the greatest achievement of all. "A telephone switchboard is a pyramid of inventions. If it is full grown, it may have two million parts. It may be lit with fifteen thousand tiny electric lamps and served with as much wire as would reach from New York to Berlin. It may cost as much as a thousand pianos or as much as three square miles of farms in Indiana. The ten thousand wire hairs of its head are not only numbered, but enswathed in silk, and combed out in so marvelous a way that any one of them may be linked in a flash to any other." The glory of the switchboard is its merging into the modern Telephone Exchange. "This is the solar plexus of the telephone body. Bell himself was perhaps the first to see the future of the Telephone Exchange. In a letter written to some English capitalists in 1878 he said: 'It is possible to connect every man's house, office, or factory with a *Central Station*, so as to give him direct communication with his neighbors. . . It is conceivable that wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, connected by branch wires with private dwellings and shops, and uniting them with a main cable through a Central Office.'" (Casson, *History of the Telephone.*)

Turning again from the technical to the practical, the telephone is a great means of popular education. Why not? It was born in the private study of a teacher and has been studied in the laboratories of men of science everywhere. As a means of information in which one has a personal interest it far excels the daily newspaper, and the paper itself is made a hundred fold more valuable by its liberal use. Who can estimate what

distress would come to the world if some mysterious cataclysm of nature should deprive us of the telephone! It would be worse than the pall of darkness that came to ancient Egypt.

The telephone is a great agency for the promotion of higher civilization in foreign lands. Its mysteries arouse no prejudice but rather invite study. Its manifest convenience secures ready adoption. There is no region so remote or so dark that it has not been penetrated by this great instrument of enlightenment.

If it is a pleasure to see how rapidly this invention is received in all lands and adopted by all people, it is a greater pleasure to note its increasing popularity in our own country, the land of its birth. The ancients were wont to deify all the powers of nature and ascribe certain jurisdictions to particular gods and demigods. If we followed their example, our supreme deity would be electricity, and his three giant sons would be electric light, electric motor, and electric telephone. We leave to other writers the pleasure of describing the vast provinces of the light and the motor, also the extent to which our countrymen have contributed to the improvement of these two great utilities. Suffice it to say here, "The United States leads the world in the use of the telephone by a wide margin. There are in this country 64.7 per cent. of all the telephones, and only 25.3 in all Europe. France has 230,700, Great Britain nearly 649,000, Germany a little over 1,000,000, while the United States has 7,500,000!" (Bulletin New York Telephone and Telegraph Co.) In 1911 a French publication gave statistics of telephones in the seventeen chief cities of Europe. Paris is credited with 74,400, Berlin 122,500, London 172,000.[4] The same year New York City had 402,000. Chicago has more telephones than France, and Boston more than Austria. What the telephone will become in the future no one can predict. Enthusiasts tell fairy tales of its possibilities. Two years ago when an expert claimed that photographs could be transmitted by telephone the hearers were ready to hiss him off the stage. But in the *Scientific American*, December 21, 1912, p. 529, is given a portrait of a beautiful lady transmitted by "tele-pho-

[4] *L'Illustration.*

tography'' over a telephone line four hundred and fifty miles.

This showing verifies the claim made at the beginning of this sketch that no other inventor has lived to witness the amazing growth and popularity of the invention bearing his name. It is not claimed that all of this achievement has come by the work of one man. If such could be the case the invention would be a small affair. A chief part of its glory is that it has attracted more than ten thousand students, discoverers, and designers to its improvement. The greatest scientists of the age have pored over its problems. The promoters in the line of investors, stockholders, engineers, and superintendents, may be numbered as many more thousands. The operators, mechanics, and laborers must be numbered by the million.

It is not surprising that in an industry so vast, the legitimacy of the inventor's claim should be questioned. Contestants have gathered like an invading army. ''In all, the Bell Company fought out thirteen law suits that were of national interest, and five that were carried to the Supreme Court in Washington. It fought out five hundred and eighty-seven law suits of various natures and with the exception of two trivial contract suits, *it never lost a case.*'' At first sight this contest is an uncanny scene, but, while a dark cloud on the American escutcheon, it is a bright halo over the brow of Bell. The historian whom we have repeatedly quoted closes his chapter on the litigation with these emphatic words: ''But in the actual making of the telephone there was no one with Bell nor before him. He invented it first and alone.'' The undesigned but beneficent result of all this controversy in the courts and elsewhere has established for all time the fact that justice has been done in giving the chief honor of the invention of this wonderful instrument with all its collateral appliances to the student and teacher of public speaking, Alexander Graham Bell.

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Courtesy of Pach Bros, New York

Maud B. Booth

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

By Charles Brandon Booth

THE great prison chapel at Sing Sing was packed to the doors. Even in the aisles and windows gray garbed men crowded, eager and expectant. The low hum of whispered conversation held a suggestion of suppressed excitement. Suddenly a small door at the rear of the chapel opened and all attention was riveted as a little woman, dressed in a simple gray gown, stepped onto the rostrum. Her coming was the signal for a burst of applause which, in the genuineness of its welcome, told eloquently the place which the "Little Mother" holds in the hearts of those who live in the shadow of the prison bars.

As she stood before the cheering audience, her face alight with the joy of her mission, there could be no doubting the unchanging faith which she holds in this work of bringing a new realization of hope to so many tens of thousands of the imprisoned, for Maud Ballington Booth has not only been the bearer of good tidings within the walls, she has also carried to the outside world the story of the redeemability of the prisoner and shown that all men and women have a responsibility with regard to this phase of our social problem.

It is no sentimental or impractical religion that this little woman preaches to the thousands to whom she ministers; nor does she present any tangle of unproven theories to the public. Her efforts are based upon the foundation of a faith in the redeemability of every man through the Divine Power, provided that he will at all times second that Power by a determination to do what is right.

From a study of her life of almost constant travel, with its round of great public and prison meetings, and detailed office activity, we turn to view those years when she was preparing for the undertaking of the mission which has proved her crowning joy. In those early days of her life, spent in a quiet corner of England, we find no suggestion of the responsibili-

ties of the years which were to come. Nestled in the heart of Surrey, that garden land of the old country, the little village of Limpsfield must have proven a veritable fairyland of beauty to child minds and hearts. Here, a little way back from the shaded main street, stood the parish church. Across the way in the handsome old rectory Maud Elizabeth Charlesworth was born on the thirteenth of September, 1867. Her father, the Reverend Samuel Charlesworth, was rector of the parish. He possessed a wonderful personality which had won for him the respect and love of all those numbered among his little flock. It is a question whether to him or to her mother Mrs. Booth owes the personal qualities which make her so magnetic a public speaker.

Maud Elizabeth was the youngest of three children and the two older sisters were her constant playmates and boon companions. The favorite sister Florence, who was nearer to her because they were more of an age, shared with her many an adventure. Living in a country village it was natural that they should spend hours each day playing in the fields or roaming over the great commons. On the occasion of their numerous trips to the seaside both became expert swimmers and were holders of the long distance swimming records at several of the summer resorts they visited.

The eldest sister, Annie, was more advanced in her studies and specialized in botany. As a result she did not share so actively the adventures of the other children. Yet all of them were lovers of the out-of-doors and it is certain that in these years of child experience both Florence and Maud built up constitutions which have since aided them to withstand the stress of worry and taxing responsibility which have been their portion.

With these memories of happiness there is also the thought of the loss which came to the rector's family while they were still in Limpsfield. When Maud was fifteen years of age, the mother, who had given to that home such a beautiful example of loving devotion, was taken from them. Her last resting place was chosen in the little churchyard and is marked by a moss-covered gravestone upon which can be read

the words, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Who shall say what influence and inspiration for a life of devotion to the uplifting of fallen and broken humanity flowed from the calm, consecrated loving mother into the very soul of the youngest child, so soon destined to take up her life work?

Not long after this the family moved to London. The Reverend Charlesworth was made Vicar of the Limehouse parish, and the two eldest daughters married clergymen. Maud, left without their companionship, commenced to look for a field of endeavor in which she might be of service. When the opportunity was presented she was quick to grasp it and at the early age of sixteen commenced her public speaking.

In France there was great need for reformative influence. It was just at the time that in the great city of Paris "untamed revelry reaped a toll of shadow." To these impulsive yet sympathetic people the girl of faith carried a message of the higher ideals of life. Her knowledge of their own language, so thoroughly gained from the nurse of her baby days, gave to her appeal an added touch of personal understanding, and hundreds upon hundreds responded to her message.

From France she went to Switzerland, always working for the uplifting of others. Just before her return to England a call came to her from the great University at Upsala, Sweden. Here she realized her greatest successes and led the most inspiring and helpful of her services on the continent. Winning the attention of the students she commanded their respect and appreciation. It has been said that never before or since in the history of the University was such a powerful influence for good felt. Even to this day there are in all parts of the world those who still speak of the Upsala gatherings and look back to them as the turning point in a life experience.

It would be impossible to recount the rapidly varying events of the following years in so short a biography as this; to tell how she met Ballington Booth and of the courtship which followed; of the time of separation necessitated during

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Mr. Booth's travels in Australia and finally of their wedding before a vast audience of nearly six thousand people in the great Congress Hall, London.

After an all too short wedding trip they returned to the responsibilities of a great religious movement. Soon came the call to America which resulted in their trip across the Atlantic and the appointment to full charge of the Salvation Army work in the United States.

For the first years their efforts in this country were marked by hardships and at times fraught with dangers. As the pioneers of a religious organization they received much abuse, and were the target for scoffers' tongues and the skepticism of the unbelieving. They were actually stoned upon the streets and often were saved from rougher treatment only by intervention on the part of the police.

A few months after Mrs. Booth's arrival in America her son was born and during a long and serious illness which followed, she suffered from deprivations which almost resulted in the loss of her life. During these weeks her husband, with the burden of the work upon his shoulders and the ceaseless concern regarding her health, was threatened with a nervous breakdown, and for a time it seemed that the battle would be too difficult and that they would have to give up and return to England. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Booth are to be numbered among those who can complacently accept defeat, and little by little they turned the tide of opposition. Before many months had passed a small company of stanch friends had rallied to their aid and with this encouragement, giving them added incentive for their work, they started a campaign which swept the movement forward to its zenith of success during the the last years of their leadership.

When their son was five years of age a daughter came to add to the happiness of the little family. She was named Myrtle Theodora and her dedication was attended by hundreds of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Booth. Feeling that the country would be better for the children they decided to make their home in the suburbs of New York.

Just at this time came another experience of trial, for on

matters of principle and standards of Americanism Mr. and Mrs. Booth disagreed with the headquarters office of the Salvation Army in England. In the interchange of correspondence demands were made to which the American leaders could not accede without grave injustice to their subordinates and the endangering of the standing of the organization in America. Realizing at last that it was impossible to bring about a mutual agreement they tendered their resignation and in the year 1895 stepped out of the Salvation Army and retired to the seclusion of their home. In the meantime an interested American public had followed the story of the difficulty through the medium of the press and, although some of the reports were badly garbled, enough of the truth was revealed to arouse a strong sentiment in favor of the stand which Mr. and Mrs. Booth had taken. As a result they were approached by friends who urged that they start a new religious movement, thoroughly American in principle and entirely democratic in government. After much prayerful consideration they decided to yield to this new call of opportunity and organized the Volunteers of America, later being elected co-Presidents of the field council.

Some little time before Mrs. Booth had visited the great state prison at San Quentin, California, and as she considered the opening of the new work, the memory of this visit was fresh in her mind.

"Never shall I forget," she said, "the sea of upturned faces, many of them so plainly bearing the marring imprint of sorrow and sin — despair and misery — yet behind the scars and shadows there was such an eager longing — such a hungry appeal for a sight of hope's bright star, that one could but feel an intense inspiration while delivering the message. Never before had I seen the stripes, never heard the clang behind me of the iron gates, nor had I realized the hopelessness that enshrouds the prisoner. . . I did not attempt to preach. As far as possible in that brief hour I tried to carry them away from prison. . . The response I read in their faces — the grateful letters that reached me afterwards in the mail, and the constant memory of that scene as I witnessed it,

deepened into a determination to make their cause mine when the opportunity should offer."

Clear and unmistakable the call had come to Mrs. Booth to enter this field of endeavor and when the warden of Sing Sing wrote urging her to visit the prison she determined to take up the cause of the prisoner as her life work.

On May 24, 1896, the initial meeting was held at Sing Sing and from the thousand or more men in her audience the first members of the Volunteer Prison League were enrolled. So much a part of her life is this work that we may well note, in part, the concise account of the league given in Tighe Hopkins's splendid book entitled, *Wards of the State*:

"Let us seek to know what is the spirit of this crusade which has stirred so profoundly and affected so powerfully the whole under-world of America. 'From the very first,' says Mrs. Booth, 'I realized that to make the work effectual there must be the establishment of personal friendship, and that it was only as we recognized and helped the individual, that we could by degrees affect the whole population.' Her idea was, to meet the prisoners on the level, to get to know them man by man, to win their confidence, to put them gradually on their mettle, and then, in the end, to engage them to stand up in prison with her badge upon their breasts. There was to be no coddling, no going behind the prison rules. With the definite promise of help on release, the men were to be compelled to work out their own salvation.

"A beginning was made with the chapel services. Mrs. Booth's talk caused a sudden stir in the hearts of her listeners. She said she would correspond with those who had no friends to write to them. Letters poured in upon her. 'The many letters which reached me soon gave us an insight into the thoughts and feelings of the men, and we were then able to become familiar with the names and histories of many of them.' After the letters came interviews in the cells. As men began to take the decisive step, it became evident that organization would be needed to bind them together. The V. P. L., or Volunteer Prison League, was formed; and, to test him to the uttermost, every man who joined it must show his button boldly

in the prison. This button was a small white one with a blue star in the middle and the motto of the league, 'Look Up and Hope.' The prisoners banded in this league stood together for right living and good discipline. Each man was given a certificate of membership:

" 'This is to certify that.....is a member of the Volunteer Prison League, he having faithfully promised, with God's help, to conform to the following conditions of membership:

" 'First—To pray every morning and night.

" 'Second—To read the Day Book faithfully.

" 'Third—To refrain from the use of bad language.

" 'Fourth—To be faithful in the observance of prison rules and discipline, so as to become an example of good conduct.

" 'Fifth—To seek earnestly to cheer and encourage others in well doing and right living, trying, where it is possible, to make new members of the League.'

"This document hangs in the prison cell, and its owner dons forthwith the badge of the V. P. L. He is now, of course, a marked man. Officers and fellow-prisoners alike watch him closely, and, as may be imagined, it is in this hour that his trial begins. This, however, Mrs. Booth regards as of paramount importance; the man must go through the fire . . . alone.

"The thought that has made this league a strong foundation for the work and that has proved the most rousing inspiration to the men, is that the effort is not ours, but theirs. No philanthropist, preacher or teacher in the world can reform these men . . . it rests with the men themselves.

"The league obliges them to realize this very vividly; the responsibility is rolled back upon their own shoulders; they are made beholden to their own consciences. This would seem to be the root of the matter; this is that spirit we have been seeking. The prisoner sets to work to rebuild his character; and what that effort costs within the walls of prison may be but faintly guessed. . ."

At first the skeptics scoffed and even friends did not hesitate to warn Mrs. Booth that her efforts would only result in disappointments and heartbreak. As she went to the outside world with the story of the prisoner there came to her the

realization of how hard and long the battle would be. Almost single-handed she was championing the cause of those who were considered by the world, in its ignorance and blindness, as hopeless and worthless. The discouragements came, but not in such a way as to hide the wonderful successes, and as man after man proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him and put his shoulder to the wheel in the fight to make easier the path of the discharged prisoner, Mrs. Booth's task became less difficult. Slowly it dawned upon those who had doubted that the men themselves were proving that Mrs. Booth's arguments were upon a firm common sense basis. Through the homes which the organization established hundreds of men were returning to fill positions of trust and confidence in the business world, assume the responsibilities of home life, and faithfully fulfil their duty to loved ones. Every added day of experience only offered its quota of new proof that the prisoner can be reformed, and skepticism was changed to belief, and warnings to commendation. In the meantime the men themselves had come to realize Mrs. Booth's interest in them and appreciate her devotion to their cause. Some grateful and inspired "boy" had called her the "Little Mother," and by this name she is now known throughout the prisons of the land.

Not long after the establishment of the prison work there came from England the sad news of the death of Mrs. Booth's father. In the last years of his life he had taken a particular interest in his daughter's efforts for the prisoner and it was a great grief to his youngest child that she had not been able to visit him at the old home in England. In his will he left a certain amount to each of his daughters and by this inheritance Mrs. Booth was made freer to carry on her work and to devote her entire time and thought to it without taking any compensation in return.

When the work was well established and she could find a little spare time Mrs. Booth became interested in writing. Her book entitled, *After Prison, What?* is considered one of the best on this phase of our social life. She did not confine her ability with the pen, however, to this line of work. Her

fairy tales for children have brought her very close to the hearts of thousands of little ones all over the country.

In a general review of her life we find one thing which stands out above all other attributes which are hers. While she is gifted as an orator, well known as one of the pioneers of the best interests of the prisoner, and admired by many who have known her only through the medium of her books, it must still be acknowledged that her greatest power and attraction lies in her unchanging faith. In all that she has spoken or written we find it evidenced over and over again. No man has fallen so low that she will not believe in the possibility of his redemption; she has no plan for the best interests of those for whom she is working but that she has confidence in its ultimate success. Tirelessly, unceasingly she has battled to bring the world to see as she has seen and as she is confident the Divine Ruler of the Universe sees — not the failures, the wretchedness, the hopelessness, but the opportunities for success, the chance of happiness and the renewing of consecrated determination. To thousands she has brought this clearer understanding as with unfailing consecration she has pointed them onward and upward to the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood. Through the shadows of the prison bars, the trials of temporary failures and the doubting of the unbelieving, her faith has held firm and true, and she has seen shining clear the star of hope with its promise of the best which life may hold.

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

By Maynard Lee Daggy

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them.'' William Jennings Bryan was born great: he inherited a clean bill of physical, mental and moral health; he began life with no handicaps. He achieved greatness: the influence of environment gave emphasis to those ideals out of which the individual molds character and builds a career; he builded a character and dedicated its powers to the needs of his age. He had greatness thrust upon him: he entered public life during that period which required the leadership of one possessing his unique powers; his age demanded his services and with loyal devotion he met its demand.

William Jennings Bryan was born during the period when the struggle between North and South made public questions the one subject of daily conversation. March 19, 1860, was his birthday. He was born in a section where the union of Puritan and Cavalier gave a peculiar intensity to the ante-bellum and war-time debate. Salem, Illinois, was his birthplace.

His father was Silas Lillard Bryan, a man of sturdy ancestry, strong convictions, and the fine public spirit which blends patriotism with common sense. Mariah Elizabeth Jennings, his mother, was a gentle woman who was devoted to home and children, and at the same time was keenly alert to a wider circle of interests. She possessed a personality in which there was united womanly dignity with refinement of mind and nobility of bearing. Thus the future statesman passed the formative years of childhood under the influence of parents who regarded the home as the nursery of character.

The early life of Mr. Bryan has been duplicated in thousands of American communities. His boyhood days are devoid of the impossible traditions that surround the youthful

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W. J. Bryan

years of many famous men. The hero worship, the wildly extravagant play of the imagination, the fantastic pictures of dramatic incident, that make the first American biographies so delightfully inaccurate, have no place in the biography of to-day. In this practical age truth and science are synonymous, and the writer must paint his hero as he is.

Mr. Bryan attended the public school, but during this time exhibited no unusual precocity. Since his parents enjoyed average prosperity, the children grew up under the stimulating and wholesome influence of three good meals a day, and so knew nothing of poverty as a personal experience. From the public school young Bryan went to Jacksonville, Illinois, to enter Illinois College. Here he made an excellent record and was graduated with highest honors in 1881. Two years later he received his degree from the Chicago Union College of Law. The following year his alma mater conferred upon him the Master's degree.

In 1883 the traditional shingle was hung out in Jacksonville. The next year occurred the marriage of the young attorney to Mary Elizabeth Baird. She had been a student at Jacksonville Academy and was a young woman of exceptional mental power and of rare social graces. She proved a worthy companion and helpmeet, sharing the obscurity of these first years with the same womanly dignity with which she has since shared the distinctions of fame.

Mr. Bryan waited for clients. But there seemed to be no place for him among the hosts of old and established lawyers and the young and ambitious attorneys. Perhaps it was the old story of the prophet in his own country. However this may be, in 1888 he followed the historic advice of Horace Greeley and "went West" to Lincoln, Nebraska. Here he won both friends and clients, and soon was recognized as a man of unusual character, poise, and magnetic power. In 1890 he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress, an honor conferred because the district was overwhelmingly Republican and good politics dictated the nomination of a man strong enough to bring out the full party vote. To the surprise of everyone with the possible exception of the young

candidate himself and the loyal wife, who was his most trusted lieutenant, the "Boy Orator of the Platte" was elected. In 1893 he was reëlected. These four years gave the opportunity for effective service. As a result of his mastery of the new political issues, his courageous battles against predatory interests, Mr. Bryan rose to prominence as the apostle of radical democracy. In 1893 and again the following year his party showed their confidence in him by making him their nominee for United States senator. Later as editor of the Omaha *World-Herald* he carried on the battle for progressive principles with a vigor that aroused consternation in the ranks of the reactionary enemy.

To those who had followed Mr. Bryan's career his nomination to the presidency in 1896 caused no surprise. Indeed his selection for this high honor might well be denominated "logical." The bosses had endeavored to control the party with a view to the continuation of sham battles over ancient issues. Contrary to former customs the delegates refused to be controlled. They demanded a progressive platform and an aggressive candidate. The times called for a man of sincerity, and one whose youth would insure endurance. Mr. Bryan had frequently been mentioned as an available candidate for the presidency. His eloquent speech before the national convention, having much of the dramatic force with which Patrick Henry defied the Tory of revolutionary days, won for him the nomination and raised him to the position of a national leader whose credentials came straight from the people over the protests of Wall Street buccaneers. Concerning the bitterness of the ensuing campaign little need be said. The unthinking imagined the issue to be between "free silver" and the gold standard: thoughtful men, looking beneath the surface, recognized the fundamental differences rapidly dividing the people into hostile camps. Under such conditions defeat was inevitable. After the smoke of the first battle had cleared away, Mr. Bryan emerged as the undisputed leader of progressive Democracy. The campaigns of 1900 and 1908 served to strengthen him in the affections of the

people and confirmed their faith in the principles for which he stood.

The sources of leadership vary as widely as the form and spirit of governments. In a monarchy the authority of leadership is based upon the inherited prerogatives of birth and wealth. In a democracy this authority is granted by the people to those who have demonstrated their ability and who are able to offer a working program which seems to assure the realization of the public needs. It asks of its leader no badge of birth or wealth; it only asks for a guarantee of faith in the people.

The people have thrust upon Mr. Bryan the duties and honors of leadership. His creed, like that of all great men, is simple. He believes in the people. He prefers to grapple with and to set aright the mistakes of democracy rather than to trust to the strong government of the few. He knows that either democracy must be rejected as an impossible ideal or the faults of democracy must be eliminated through experience.

While Mr. Bryan is a man of exceptional intellectual powers with a thorough understanding of the complex problems of modern life, he is in no sense academic either in his point of view or in his methods. He does not possess the scholarship of a Disraeli, a Burke, or a Gladstone. Men, rather than books, have been his teachers. Ideas rather than things have given to his leadership something of the authority of "thus saith the Lord." He respects tradition only as it conserves the welfare and progress of mankind.

Instinctively the people recognize the safety of his leadership. He possesses a sort of divine recklessness which the time-server cannot understand. The people, however, prefer the courage of such a leadership to the more conservative leadership which fears to enter the untrodden paths. They know that Mr. Bryan sees clearly the problems which they themselves see vaguely. They realize that while he may make mistakes he will never lose sight of the supreme end of democracy: the perfection of the institutions that exist for the prosperity and happiness of humanity.

In the analysis of Bryan, the leader, we may anticipate Byran, the orator. The orator voices the inarticulate thought of the people. Inspired with a passion for righteousness he calls a nation to repentance. Thus the orator becomes the living embodiment of a great truth — the Voice that seeks to penetrate the wilderness of respectable wrong and intrenched injustice. He who has something to say that ought to be said, and who knows how to give this message with impelling power, has perfected the finest of all the arts, the art of eloquence.

Mr. Bryan has taken his place among the great orators. He has studied this nation, its history and its problems, and out of this study has grown his supreme theme — the future greatness of the nation. In the accomplishment of his purpose he has been generously aided by nature. Of commanding physique, with a face that frankly expresses every shade of emotion, he looks the part of the orator. His carefully trained voice can be heard with distinctness in the largest auditorium, and carries to the farthermost sections when he speaks from chautauqua platforms.

His oratory has the essential sincerity of all effective speech. In hearing him address an audience one realizes that oratory is conversation raised to its highest power. He illustrates the definition of an orator given by George William Curtis who described Wendell Phillips on the platform as "a gentleman conversing." Mr. Bryan voices what he believes to be true and clothes his thought in language that cannot be misunderstood. His vocabulary, though of wide range, is simple. He never uses a classical derivative when a homely Saxon word will suffice. He finds his illustrations in the commonplace experiences of life rather than in the exceptional events of history. From the Bible, which in its essence all men understand, he draws a wealth of illustration, quotation, and incident. Like Mark Antony he speaks "right on" in the straightforward prose of every day.

Measured by the extent of his influence upon the thought and ideals of his time, Mr. Bryan's preëminence is undisputed. As a political speaker he has raised stump speaking

to the dignity of deliberative oratory. Through the chautauqua and the lyceum he has awakened sluggish citizenship, and weakened the bonds of party slavery. He is more than the spokesman of a party; he is an evangelist of national righteousness.

Mr. Bryan is not only an orator, agitating the murky waters of injustice, but a constructive statesman, translating theory into accomplished fact. Although long identified with the minority party he has lived to see many of his most cherished principles enacted into law. During the four years in Congress he was an advocate of tariff reform. The recent law is largely the expression of the tariff policy which he has upheld for more than twenty years. When the income tax was forced upon Congress by the Farmers' Alliance wedge, the Nebraska statesman was one of its sponsors and delivered one of the strongest speeches made in Congress in its behalf. It, too, is an endorsement of his practical statesmanship.

It is impossible to speak with certainty as to Mr. Bryan's comparative place among those who have held the first position in the president's cabinet. In the short time that he has been Secretary of State, he has made the larger interests of humanity paramount to the sordid claims of commerce and five percent.

The character of every man, whatever his rank, has somewhere its source of strength or weakness. The foundation of the character of William Jennings Bryan is his faith in Christianity. Religious by inheritance and training, these convictions have been fortified by contact with the world. An active member of the church, and a sincere subscriber to its creed, he expresses his religion very earnestly through his everyday life. On numerous occasions Mr. Bryan has testified that Christianity has been the source of whatever good he has been able to accomplish.

Mr. Bryan declares that as a result of early religious influence, he has always hated the vices of intemperance, gambling and profanity. May not this explain his uncompromising attitude toward certain present-day questions? He has been

the foe of intemperance in private life, and has recognized the necessity of legislation designed to promote temperance. His hatred of gambling has likewise had a potent influence in shaping his economic doctrines. This hostility underlies his opposition to the system of private monopoly, which closes the door of equal opportunity and leaves the masses little more than a gambler's chance in the struggle for prosperity. His faith in the divine is reflected in his reverence for and his belief in the sacredness of humanity. It is this faith which, in the last analysis, furnishes the key to his social philosophy. Out of the deep springs of character has issued the remarkable power that has placed Mr. Bryan among the great, and given him an abiding place in the hearts of his countrymen.

William Jennings Bryan has given this generation a new ideal of citizenshp. He has defined patriotism not in the language of war but in the terms of peaceful service. He has caught the new spirit of an awakened social conscience, and has taught that to live for one's country is nobler than to die for one's country. He has found the measure of national greatness not in the evidences of material grandeur, but in the sublime manifestations of spiritual worth. By the eloquence of example he is calling men and women to lay aside the contentions of party strife that they may unite in a nobler army as soldiers of the common good. As never before in the long march from monad to man, from savagery to civilization, men are revising their outworn creeds and doctrines; as never before they are learning that there is nothing so impractical as wrong, nothing so practical as right. In another century when the impartial decrees of truth are recorded, the historian will speak in grateful praise of the service rendered his country by the leader, the orator, the statesman, William Jennings Bryan.

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LUTHER BURBANK

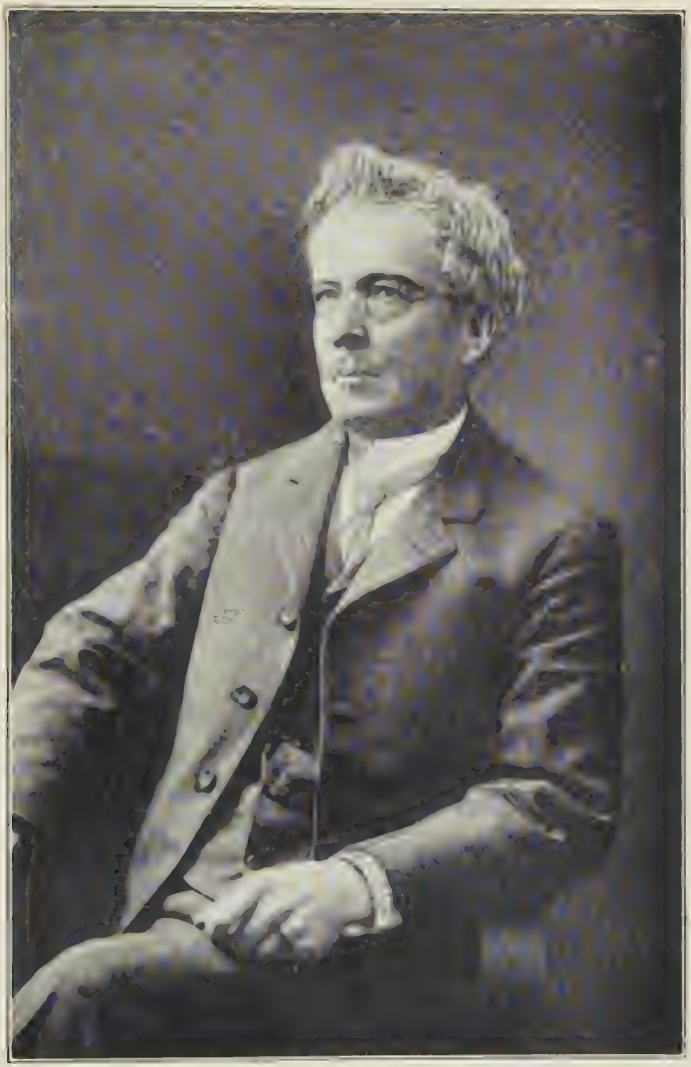
By Robert John

LUTHER BURBANK, "whose contributions to human comfort are greater in value than all the gold taken from the mines of California" — so says Dean Brink, of the Kansas State Agricultural College — was born in the town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849. Although a "49er," his face was yet to be turned toward that land "where every day is a suggestion of May, and winter never lingers."

Luther Burbank was born almost within the shadow of Bunker Hill, where stands our monument to American independence, and seems to have been much influenced by this environment, this spirt of independence. In all his work he has shown a natural inclination toward unharnessed thought — a turning away from the old paths of science and of dead things, to delve into nature's secrets as shown in living, growing nature. "He is a citizen of the Celestial City of Free Minds," someone has said.

His father was of English stock; his mother of Scotch ancestry. From his father he inherited his love for books, for investigation, and for untiring research. From his mother came the friendly, kindly, generous nature — "his willing heart of love" — and his love for the beauties of nature. It was the fusing of these two natures, developed by his California environment — the glories of perpetual sunshine, and the influences of energetic, generous, and optimistic people — that has helped to give the world this unique genius, Luther Burbank.

When only a toddling infant, so his sister says, Mr. Burbank showed an intense love for plant life. In amusing him flowers took the place of the baby rattle. He tenderly treasured them until the bloom had faded and the fragrance had gone. He is said to have preferred plants to animals as pets and had as a plaything what our New England mothers call



Courtesy of Gabriel Moulin, San Francisco

LUTHER BURBANK

the "lobster" cactus. And it is a coincidence that one of Mr. Burbank's greatest achievements has been the "making over" of the spine-protected cactus, ridding it of its needle-like thorns, compelling it to give mankind and animals food instead of poison, and making it earn for its growers fifteen times what they formerly made out of alfalfa.

As the boy grew he showed more and more, a love for the beautiful things in the world around him. His teachers say he was an apt scholar. But even as a boy of twelve, nature's lessons were to him more interesting than any culled from books. To this nature-teaching he added the information of all the books within his command that would give any additional nature-knowledge. The trend of his mind could have been forecast from the fact that among his favorite authors was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Even in his teens Mr. Burbank showed those tendencies whose development in after years led to the hundreds of plant, fruit, and flower inventions — concerning most of which the world has never even heard. After young Luther had finished common school he was sent to the academy at Lancaster.

Nothing in Luther Burbank's nature stands out more strongly than his singleness of purpose, his never-wavering aim to make practical his ideal, and his wonderful capacity for work — persistent, never-tiring work! One of the editors of *Luther Burbank, His Methods and Discoveries and Their Practical Application* has said in reference to this:

"Some of us do one thing at a time and feel content if we manage to do that one thing well: some of us count eight hours a working day, and limit our labor to that. Luther Burbank is in the habit of doing things by the thousand: his work days average fourteen hours; and he has kept up this steady pace throughout four decades.

"During these forty years he has made a hundred thousand definite experiments in plant life, involving in all the planting, observation, selection, pollenation, and propagation or destruction of more than a billion individual plants. A hundred thousand experiments, so well done that the practical

successes wrought run well into the thousands — how vast it seems to those of us who are content to do one thing at a time!"[1]

Is not humanity, therefore, to be congratulated that Luther Burbank, early in life, selected his work and turned a deaf ear to the wishes of his people that he direct his talents to mechanical invention? If he had developed into an Edison, a Morse, a Howe, or a Marconi, the world would have been robbed of the Burbank potato which has added more than seventeen million dollars a year to the farm incomes of America alone. It would have been robbed of Mr. Burbank's discoveries in prunes, which have made the United States a three hundred million pound exporter of prunes, instead of a fifty million pound importer as before. It would have been robbed of the thirty or forty Burbank creations that are adding millions to the wealth of the nation; and it would have been robbed of the hundreds of other equally important Burbank inventions that will be generally known as soon as Mr. Burbank's books, now about completed, are given to the reading public. And notwithstanding the fact that young Burbank constructed a machine in the factory in which he had found temporary employment that did the work of a half dozen men, and because of which his delighted employers doubled his pay, he was still true to his ideal — true to the call of nature to come and coöperate in making new plants and improving old ones.

So young Burbank left the whirl and grind of the factory and went out into the green fields to begin the creation of his wonders. His first creation, when he was but a young boy, was the Burbank potato. Every man, woman and child in a large part of the entire world has personally benefited by this development. We quote from the first volume of *Luther Burbank, His Methods and Discoveries and Their Practical Application*:

"Luther Burbank found a seed-ball on one of the plants of

[1] *Luther Burbank, His Methods and Discoveries and Their Practical Application.* Three volumes of this series have already been issued and the remaining nine volumes will appear in rapid succession.

his mother's potato patch. Who knows what little thing will change a career? Or what accident will transform an ideal? Or what triviality, out of the ordinary, will lead to the discovery of a new truth? The potato seed-ball was a little thing, almost an accident, a triviality; at least, so any practical farmer would say. Away back in the history of the potato, when it had to depend upon its seed for reproduction, every healthy potato plant bore one or more seed-balls. But long-continued cultivation has made unnecessary the bearing of seeds for the preservation of its kind. The potato plant, now so reliant on man for its propagation, has little use for the seed upon which its ancestors had to depend for perpetuation. Luther Burbank saw the seed-ball on his mother's potato patch. If he did not realize its possibilities, at least he scented an adventure. How the youthful experimenter lost his potato-ball, how he found it again, and then nearly spoiled the outcome by not knowing how to plant the seed, and the practical lessons in method which he learned even at this early date in his career'' are as interesting as a fairy tale.

To-day, when more pounds of potatoes are grown than of any other food crop of the world, the increase made by the help of the Burbank discovery in a single year's crop, and gained without any corresponding increase in capital invested or cost of production, amounts to an astounding number of millions.

Another one of Mr. Burbank's boyhood achievements was to have roasting ears ready for the Fitchburg market two weeks ahead of his neighbors. Let Mr. Burbank himself tell how he accomplished this successful experiment, the forerunner of the thousands which were to follow:

''The whole secret of my plan was to *germinate* the corn *before* planting it. Before my neighbors, or I, could begin spring plowing, I obtained fresh stable manure which I mixed with leaf-mould from the woods — about half and half. While this mixture was moist and hot I placed the seed corn in it, mixing the whole mass together lightly. Thus I allowed it to stand until the seed had thrown out roots ranging from two to six, or even eight inches in length, while the tops had grown

about one-half an inch. In the meantime, as soon as possible, the land was prepared to receive this sprouted corn by making drills about four feet apart. Along these drills this corn was dropped liberally, no attention being paid as to whether it was right side up or otherwise. I then covered it about one-half inch in depth. It was nothing unusual to find the corn *up and growing the next morning.* This method, alone, insured me a crop at least a week in advance of all other planters who could reach the Fitchburg market.

"But this was not all. As I said before, the kernels were planted quite liberally along the drills. Some would show a very strong growth and some a very weak growth. The weaker ones were pulled out after a few days and the stronger ones left at a distance of about twelve to eighteen inches apart. Thus, by selecting the strong from the weak, and giving the best fitted the best opportunity to grow, I gained a total advance of nearly two weeks over my competitors." [2]

It was in 1871 that Luther Burbank produced his new potato. In 1875 he started for California with a very lean purse, a hand-bag full of his *own* potatoes, and a surplus stock of vitality and endurance. Except in years he was not much different from the Luther Burbank of to-day. His friend Elbert Hubbard describes him thus: "A modest man, with face of tan, blue eyes that would be weary and sad were it not for the smiling mouth, whose corners do not turn down; a gentle gentleman, low-voiced, quiet and kindly. On Broadway no one would turn and look. His form is slender, and smart folks, sudden and quick in conclusion, might glance at the slender form and say the man is sickly. But the discerning behold that he is the type that lives long, because he lives well. His is the strength of the silken cord that bound the god Thor when all the chains were broken. He is always at work, always busy; always thinking, planning, doing; dissatisfied with the past, facing the East with an eager hope. He is curious as a child, sensitive as a girl in love, strong as a man, persistent as gravitation, and gifted like a god."

This was Luther Burbank's equipment as he traveled up the

[2] *Luther Burbank, His Methods and Discoveries and Their Practical Application.*

fertile but unimproved valley lying between two spurs of the Coast Range Mountains in California before he settled in Santa Rosa. The country was new, the settlers few, and Mr. Burbank had hard work in getting an occasional odd job. The story is told of his spending the last of his money for a shingling hatchet on the strength of a promised job that did not materialize. His first steady employment was on a chicken ranch. The work was not to his liking, and the pay very small, but he was willing to do anything that would help him to the realization of his ideal. Even then Mr. Burbank saw the wonderful possibilities of this land of everlasting sunshine. After suffering nearly all the hardships that can be heaped on man without forcing him across the Great Divide, he succeeded, by superhuman work and by saving every penny earned, in securing a small plot of ground. Here he established the nursery which was to become famous throughout the world — the Luther Burbank Experiment Farm of to-day, and the present home of The Luther Burbank Society.

One of Mr. Burbank's first achievements after he was settled on his own "little half-acre" was to fill an order for twenty thousand plum trees to set out. It was a hurry-up order. The customer was going to start a prune ranch and did not want to wait two and a half years for the trees to grow; so the order must be filled in nine months. Luther Burbank filled the order; and to-day one of the finest prune orchards in the world stands as a monument to this Burbank achievement.

But Luther Burbank's is not a commercial mind. No man could put his hours, his enthusiasm, and his almost infinite patience into any work which produced only money. His passing years have not been spent in gathering wealth for himself, but in opening up nature's vast store-houses for humanity. While he worked in his garden with hoe and spade he worked with Darwin and other scientists in the quiet of the living-room at the homestead: so that now his recorded work at the close of a busy life of deep thought and never-tiring investigation is a "rare combination," as an admirer has said, "of the great truths observed by Darwin, Mendel, and De

Vries, told in story form by the greatest breeder of plants the world has ever known, told not only with a view to plant application, but to human application as well."

Mr. Burbank's efforts have covered the working out of a hundred thousand definite experiments resulting in complete transformations in practically every sort of plant life: in tree fruits, and in small fruits; in flowers, thousands of them; in grains, vegetables, and in forage crops; in grasses to grow on our lawns, in shrubs to adorn them; in shade trees to give us cover from the sun; in nuts and nut trees that produce valuable lumber; in wild mountain plants; in field plants; in desert plants; and in plants which can yield us useful substances, either by reason of their chemical content or their fiber in manufacture.

He has given us the Spineless Cactus, and tells us how he bred out the spines and made it produce a fruit which is used for canning and is delicious when eaten raw. He has turned a troublesome weed into the beautiful Shasta Daisy; has made the blackberry white; created the scented calla; made the Stoneless Plum; speeded the growth of the walnut tree; produced winter rhubarb, and the Sugar Prune; taught us the practical application of pollenation; shown us his method of grafting and budding — and all this without cost or price. He tells the world how he has doubled the productiveness of the cherry; how he has transformed the quince; about his forty years' work in search of a perfect plum; about his plums and prunes without stones and seeds; and about the way he created the Plumcot — a cross which man said could never be made. He has created the Thornless Blackberry; designed a strawberry to bear the year round; introduced a new food, the Sunberry, a product from the wild. He is even changing the poisonous barberry into an edible fruit. He has made a plant that bears potatoes below and tomatoes above; turned green chives pink; shown us how to get the most out of grains; manufactured food for live stock; and told us how we can reclaim the deserts with cactus. He tells us how the Burbank and many other roses were produced; how he accomplished the impossible with the amaryllis; how he changed the pop-

py's color; how he made the chrysanthemum-like daisy; how he taught the gladiolus new habits; and how he made an *everlasting* flower. He tells us about the business side of nut growing; the paper shelled walnut; growing the almond inside of peaches; making the chestnut bear in six months; and a quick way of growing trees for lumber. And all this is just a "suspicion" of the good that will come from the work Burbank has done for humanity.

Yet, much as they mean, it is not the Burbank creations, themselves, which mean most to the world. What the world most needs to have is a *definite working knowledge* of the *methods* used by Mr. Burbank to produce his new creations. For by the broad-spread dissemination of these methods the world will come to enjoy and profit by the creations of a thousand new Burbanks, producing new fruits, flowers, vegetables, grains, trees and forage crops, of which even Mr. Burbank has never dreamed. And this broadcast dissemination of his methods has been, in fact, Luther Burbank's *life-ideal.* To bring this about was the motive which actuated the organization of The Luther Burbank Society.

The Carnegie Institution, at Washington, appropriated a large sum of money for the promulgation of Mr. Burbank's discoveries. After several years of effort, however, this project was abandoned, because it was the purpose of the Carnegie Institution to limit its activities to the production of works on pure science. In order, therefore, that this message of the world's foremost plant breeder might go forth to the world with fitting sponsorship, The Luther Burbank Society was formed. Chartered by the State of California, the society has no capital stock, no power to incur debts or earn profits. Its sole purpose is to assist in the final preparation of Mr. Burbank's writings and to aid in the spread of his teachings, so that the greatest number may profit to the greatest degree. The Luther Burbank Society numbers among its members many of the foremost men and women of America. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Thomas A. Edison, W. C. Brown, John D. Archbold, Frederick D. Underwood, these and many other public-spirited citizens became identified with the movement

and contributed of their funds for its maintenance and spread. The entire mass of Mr. Burbank's records, together with much that has been written by other workers in this field, has been assimilated, classified, and rewritten. The Society has gone to the great expense of perfecting a new process of color photography for the purpose of demonstrating the exact methods employed, so that one sees before him, as it were, the actual plant in the hands of this wizard-like workman. More than two hundred thousand dollars have been expended in the distribution of several million bulletins, pamphlets and other printed documents, in this and other countries, among those interested in plant breeding and in the improvement of agriculture and horticulture.

The United States government protects the man who makes an invention: it protects the man who improves some other man's inventions, and says that he is entitled to all the profits that can be made out of the invention or the improvement. The patent laws of all countries protect him to the exclusion of all others. But the creator of new plants or the improver of old ones gets no protection from any country. The secretary of The Luther Burbank Society has pointed out the fact that if Mr. Burbank had devoted his inventive genius to the perfection of new machinery (as his early days gave evidence that he might), he could be worth millions from his legally protected royalties. But having been guided only by his ideal, without thought of profit or reward, and becoming an inventor of new forms of plant life, he gets no permanent, material benefit — is entitled, by law, to none.

The United States government, through William H. Seward, bought Alaska for $7,200,000. Some people say that next to the Louisiana Purchase, Seward's purchase of Alaska stands as the greatest land acquisition of the century. Alaska produced in the year 1911, $19,000,000 in gold. Yet how insignificant is this $7,200,000 compared with Luther Burbank's sale for $175 of one small potato that the United States Department of Agriculture says is adding $17,500,000 a year to the farm incomes of America. Other creations, through their sale to nurserymen and seedsmen, have enabled him to enjoy

a comfortable living, but some of the most important of his creations, more important from a money standpoint than the Burbank potato, have brought, and will bring him, nothing.

The value of Mr. Burbank's work to the youth of the world is inestimable. No set of figures can give an adequate idea of the worth to our youth of Mr. Burbank's methods and discoveries and their practical application. During the past hundred years, and particularly the past two decades, we have been devoting all our energy toward bringing conveniences within the reach of all, toward making luxuries so cheap that none could afford to refuse them. Meanwhile the actual necessities of life, the things we eat, the things we wear, and all those other things which depend upon the soil for their production, have grown dearer and dearer. It is this state of things that gives our young people of to-day the biggest opportunity that young people have ever had.

A hundred years ago it was the railroads which opened an opportunity to the young Vanderbilts. Fifty years ago it was steel — steel needed in other fast growing lines of industry — which opened an opportunity to the young Carnegies. Forty years ago it was electricity which opened up its opportunities to the young Edisons and Westinghouses. To-day every forty acre tract of land that will bear a crop is begging our youth to come and take *their* opportunity. To the boy who has a bent for the work it offers a thousand-fold more reward than has ever before been offered a genius. To the boy who has merely intelligence and persistence it opens up the way to escape from mediocrity. Mr. Burbank will live to see the day when his practical manual of plant breeding will be in the hands of every young gardener. It will bring him the satisfaction of knowing that a thousand young Burbanks are taking up his work where he will leave off.

Luther Burbank stands absolutely unique among men in his knowledge of nature and his manipulation and interpretation of her forces. He is a philosopher, scientist, plant-breeder, and horticulturist all in one. Guided by an adherence to scientific truth, he has aimed to give the widest possible service to the world. A friend of Mr. Burbank says, "He is pre-

eminently an observer as well as a man of rare intuition and wonderful memory. He not only notes those essentially obvious characteristics which the average man may see, and assigns them unerringly to their proper place, but he looks farther on and deeper into the subtler life of nature, and as unerringly assorts and eliminates and assigns. He adds all these manifestations of nature to the sum of all his experiences and from them all he draws for his material for his own mental furnishing and equipment."

Mr. Burbank is a member of the California Academy of Sciences; was elected the first honorary member of the Plant and Animal Breeder's Association of the United States and Canada; and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The degree of Doctor of Science has been conferred upon him by Tufts College. He is a lecturer on scientific plant-evolution in Leland Stanford University.

Dr. Hugo de Vries, of the University of Amsterdam, Holland, says that Mr. Burbank is the greatest breeder of plants the world has ever known. The magnitude of his work excels everything that has ever been done before. Dean Brink of the Kansas State Agricultural College declares that he is entitled to be counted not only one of the geniuses of our time, but one of the benefactors of the race. Ex-Governor Pardee of California says that Burbank, like Columbus, has shown us the way to new continents, new forms of life, new sources of wealth, and we, following in his footsteps, will profit by his genius. March 6, Mr. Burbank's birthday, has been set apart by the State of California as *Burbank Day.*

To-day, at the age of sixty-five, Luther Burbank "has bestowed upon the world a greater increment of values, in things done and things inevitable, which are for the permanent betterment of civilization, than any score of celebrities in this decade or in any previous decade or century, and this will clearly appear when the facts are submitted to ultimate analysis. . . Is it too much to say that among the great benefactors of the race Luther Burbank will be unique in the splen-

dor of his monument — a monument that can never crumble while sunshine, air, and soil carry on their chemistry?''

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JOHN BURROUGHS

By Edward Barrett

THERE is a difference between the naturalist and the scientist. Or rather, there is a difference between the naturalist and most scientists. A naturalist must needs be a scientist, but not all scientists are naturalists.

Most naturalists eschew the laboratory and cling to the field. Most scientists eschew the field and cling to the laboratory.

The naturalist studies nature in all its relations in its own habitat — the woods, the field, the water, the air. The scientist removes nature from its own realm and studies it in the laboratory under the microscope. The naturalist would study the bird in all its relations to the things about it — its habits, its food, its adaptability, its color, its migration, its song, its instinct, its limitations, and delimitations. The scientist would study the bird under the knife and microscope — its cells and the nuclei of its protoplasm; its classification in some established faunal system, with its unpronounceable scientific nomenclature.

These are the two fields for thought that spread out before John Burroughs, one of which he must choose in which to glean, and he chose the field of the naturalist. He determined to live a life — "Exempt from public haunt, to find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

John Burroughs is a born naturalist. He communes with nature, and to him she speaks a varied language. If close discrimination and fine interpretation are marks of a true naturalist and scientist, then John Burroughs is a true disciple of nature, for he possesses these faculties, preëminently.

No student of nature has, by his work, more clearly set out, and more clearly defined the limits of the two fields of endeavor described above, than Mr. Burroughs. A study of his *Summit of the Years* and his *Ways of Nature* lifts one out of the realm of the purely technical up into the plane of the practical, the real, the natural.

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John Burroughs

To Burroughs, "the call of the wild" does not mean that he shall live in seclusion, and adopt the idiosyncrasies of the hermit, but that to study nature intelligently he must go where nature is; out in the open; out in God's golden sunlight; in the deep, dark shade of the forest; out on the great, silent prairie; up on the great, lordly mountains, or down in the beautiful valleys between.

Burroughs has accomplished great things in his nature study; but if he had accomplished nothing more than the differentiation of the field of endeavor of the true naturalist from the realm of the technical scientist, his work would stand for ages. I look in vain through all his writings for a single technical term; but in, and through, and over all I find his descriptions and interpretations clothed in the plain, simple language of every day. He may have a vocabulary of thousands of technical terms, for aught I know, but in the message he brings to us, he studiously avoids using a single one of them.

The writer would not disparage the anchorage of the names of orders, families, species and genera in fixed and changeless foreign nomenclature. This must needs be. But he who can interpret the life habits of plants and animals in terms so plain and simple that a child can understand, is a benefactor indeed to ninety-nine out of every hundred people.

But there is another phase of scientific inquiry that permeates the work of Burroughs more deeply than it does the work of most naturalists and scientists. In all his delineations, in all of his deductions, throughout all of his messages to the world there breathes a pure spirit of Christianity, and the recognition of a merciful, purposeful, and All-Wise Creator. Too often the smattering technologist permits the deductions of the chemical laboratory and the microscope to lead him into agnosticism, and atheism; but not so with John Burroughs; with Tennyson he thinks:

> "Yet I doubt not through the Ages
> One increasing purpose runs
> And the thoughts of men are widened
> With the process of the suns."

Speaking of this world and his relations to it, Burroughs

says: "It has been my point of outlook into the Universe. . . I have tilled its soil, gathered its harvests, waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead; while I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul."

In Roxbury, Delaware County, New York, in a house that stood near the old ancestral home, John Burroughs was born April 3, 1837.

His earlier years were spent in various pursuits — farming, teaching and fruit raising. About twenty years of his life were spent in the service of the government as a clerk in the treasury department and as a national bank examiner, but during these twenty years each day some of his waking hours were spent in nature study, and in laying up a great store of intellectual capital that in later years blossomed into the fruitage and harvest of descriptions and delineations that have made him the real nature student of the age.

Of the several occupations mentioned above, farming was the most congenial to him, because it put him nearest nature. "The thing which a man's nature calls him to do — what else so well worth doing" asks this writer. One's first impression after glancing about his well-built cabin, with the necessities of body and soul close at hand, is a vicarious satisfaction that here at least is one who knew what he wanted to do and has done it.

Clara Barrus has well said, "The readers of Mr. Burroughs crave the personal relation to him. They feel a sense of deep gratitude to one who has shown them how divine is the soil under foot — veritable star-dust from the gardens of the Eternal. He has made us to feel as one with the whole cosmos, not only with birds and trees, and rocks and flowers, but also with the elemental forces, powers which are friendly or unfriendly according as we put ourselves in right or wrong relations with them. He has shown us the Divine in the common and near at hand; that Heaven lies about us here in this world; that the glorious and the miraculous are not to be sought afar off, but are here and now; and that love of the

earth-mother is in the truest sense love of the Divine. One who speaks thus of the things of such import to every human soul is bound to win responses; he deals with things that come home to us all; we want to know him."

Continuing, the same writer says, "We are coming more and more to like the savor of the wild and the unconventional; perhaps it is just this savor or suggestion of free fields and woods both in his life and in his books that causes so many persons to seek out John Burroughs in his retreat among the trees and rocks on the hills that skirt the western bank of the Hudson. To Mr. Burroughs, more perhaps than to any other living American, might be applied these words in Genesis: 'See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed' — so redolent of the soil and of the hardiness and plenitude of rural things is the influence that emanates from him. His works are as the raiment of the man, and to them adheres something as racy and wholesome as is yielded by the fertile soil."

Mr. Burroughs's residence since 1874 has been at Riverby, West Park, Ulster County, New York. Here he combines farming, or rather horticulture, with his achievements as a literary naturalist. However, most of his observations, his thinking and writing are done at his cabin home farther up on the slope of the mountains, which home he has designated as "Slabsides."

Of his life here, his most noted biographer says, "Business life, he had long known, could never be congenial to him. Literary pursuits alone were insufficient; the long line of yeoman ancestry back of him cried out for recognition; he felt the need of closer contact with the soil; of having land to till and cultivate; this need, an ancestral one, was as imperative as his need of literary expression, an individual one."

To him it seems that the town is better than the city, the improved farm better than the town, and the primitive forest better than the improved farm. Intense love of home and home scenes are characteristic of Mr. Burroughs. In his autobiographical sketches he evinces these characteristics: "When I think of the storied lands across the Atlantic — Eng-

land, France, Germany, Italy — so rich in historical association, steeped in legend and poetry, the very look of the fields redolent of the past — and then turn to my own native hills, how poor and barren they seem! — not one touch anywhere of that which makes the charm of the old world — no architecture, no great names; in fact, no past. They look naked and prosy, yet how I love them and cling to them! They are written over with the lives of the first settlers that cleared the fields and built the stone walls — simple, commonplace lives, worthy and interesting, but without the appeal of heroism or adventure.

"Oh, the old farm days! how the fragrance of them still lingers in my heart! the spring with its sugar-making and the general awakening about the farm, the returning birds, and the full, lucid trout-stream; the summer with its wild berries, its haying, its cool, fragrant woods; the fall with its nuts, its game, its apple-gathering, its holidays; the winter with its school, its sport on ice and snow, its apple bins in the cellar, its long nights by the fireside, its voice of fox-hounds on the mountains, its sound of flails in the barn — how much I still dream about these things."

Probably sixty years of the seventy-seven that John Burroughs has lived have been spent in the study of birds and flowers; and this study, too, out in the open, the natural environment of birds and flowers. The result of this study and observation is his nature books, so fraught with delightful originalities.

His own life has been so free of unnatural restraint that he cannot brook restraint toward any of God's creatures. He says: "The songs of caged birds are always disappointing because such birds have nothing but their musical qualities to recommend them. We have separated them from that which gives quality and meaning to their songs. I have never yet seen a caged bird that I wanted — at least, not on account of its song — or a wild flower that I wished to transfer to my garden. The caged skylark will sing its song sitting on a bit of turf in the bottom of the cage; but you want to stop your ears, it is so harsh and sibilant and penetrating. But up and

against the morning sky, and above the wide expanse of fields, what delight we have in it. It is not the concord of sweet sounds, it is the soaring spirit of gladness and ecstasy raining down upon us from Heaven's gates."

To properly hear and appreciate bird songs, one must hear with "that inward ear that gives beauty and meaning to the note. Bird songs are a part of nature that lies about us entirely occupied with her own affairs, and quite regardless of our presence. Hence it is with them as it is with so many other things in nature — they are what we make them; the ear that hears them must be half creative."

What heart so unresponsive as not to appreciate his inimitable description of the bluebird? "And yonder bluebird with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back — did he come down out of Heaven on that bright March morning when he told us softly and plaintively that, 'If we pleased, spring had come'? Indeed, there is nothing in the return of the birds more curious and suggestive than in the first appearance or rumors of appearance of this little blue coat. The bird at first seems a mere wandering voice in the air; one hears the call or carol on some bright March morning but is uncertain of its source or direction; it falls like a drop of rain when no cloud is visible; one looks and listens but to no purpose. The weather changes, perhaps a cold snap with snow comes on, and it may be a week before I hear the note again, and this time, or the next perchance, see the bird sitting on a stake or a fence, lifting his wing as he calls cheerily to his mate. Its notes come now daily more frequently. The birds multiply and flitting from point to point call and warble more confidently and gleefully. . . But as the season advances, they drift more and more into the background. Schemes of conquest which they had at first seemed bent upon are abandoned, and they settle down very quietly in their old quarters in remote stumpy fields."

At the age of more than three score years and ten, we find John Burroughs writing in his *Summit of the Years*:

"There is no other joy in life like mental and bodily activity, like keeping up a live interest in the world of thought and

things. Old age is practically held at bay so long as one can keep the currents of his life moving. The vital currents, like mountain streams, tend to rejuvenate themselves as they flow. . . Nature is always young, and there is no greater felicity than to share in her youth. I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see."

Someone has said that poets are born, not made. We have already said that Mr. Burroughs is a born naturalist. Poetry is worth while only as it expresses a universal principle; that is, the theme possesses an element that strikes a universal chord; something that threads its way through human activity and human life and connects it with the universal. That the realm of nature possesses this primal and universal element cannot be contradicted. Bird hues run the entire scale through prismatic and secondary; bird songs ring the entire gamut of note and tone. Every naturalist possesses in high degree, or should possess, the poetic instinct. That the poetry of Mr. Burroughs touches a universal chord in the human breast is exemplified in two of his best-known poems, the first of which, entitled *The Return*, is given below:

THE RETURN

He sought the old scenes with eager feet —
  The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet,
  And a taste of that vanquished joy!"

He roamed the fields, he wooed the streams,
  His school-boy paths essayed to trace;
The orchard ways recalled his dreams,
  The hills were like his mother's face.

Oh, sad, sad hills! Oh, cold, cold hearth!
  In sorrow he learned this truth —
One may return to the place of his birth,
  He cannot go back to his youth.

His other poem, *Waiting*, perhaps best known, is here given:

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid th' eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

[Republished by courtesy of John Burroughs.]

The bulk of all that Burroughs has written is contained in about sixteen volumes, almost entirely prose. In his early writing he evinced a tendency toward the philosophic and psychologic, a field that had already been occupied by such a master as Emerson, and of whom Burroughs would be a disciple.

In addition to his Nature study work, his thinking and writing were along the lines of literary criticism and philosophical and religious discussion.

Wake Robin appeared in 1871, followed by *Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers*, and *Winter Sunshine* in 1875; *Birds and*

Poets, 1877; *Locusts and Wild Honey*, 1879; *Signs and Seasons*, 1886; followed by *Indoor Studies*, 1889.

Riverby appeared in 1894, and *Light of Day* in 1900. In 1905, *Ways of Nature* was added, and in 1908 came *Leaf and Tendril.*

Burroughs has always held that Nature is the same wherever you find her, and in the volumes *Far and Near*, 1904, and *Fresh Fields*, 1884, he proves this statement.

He early evinced an intense fondness for Walt Whitman. His first volume, *Whitman,* 1896, and the later counterpart, *Whitman — A Study*, are an analysis and defense of his life-long friend.

In *Pepacton*, he expresses his filial love for his childhood scenes and parental memories.

The climax of his work to date is *The Summit of Years*, written with as much freshness and vigor and originality as the works of his younger years. It contains touches of the philosophy of life, vivid descriptions of nature in tree and animal life, and an effort to draw the line clearly between the animal and the human mind.

John Burroughs has found himself. An unplowed field lay stretched out before him and he possessed himself of it. It had not been occupied by White, or Thoreau, or Audubon, or Isaac Brown. They had furrowed the edges and made incursions into it but they had not fully possessed it. He attuned his ear, his eye, his feelings, his sympathies and sentiments to the sweet harmonies he found therein, to bird, and bee, and blossom.

Viewed from every angle, he is fitted to observe, to interpret, and to reveal to his fellow beings the meaning of the life about him; gentle, serene, sympathetic; yet of temper to rebuke imposition and incongruity; clean in thought and habit, never passion's slave to sound what stop she pleases. Hence "he sees divine things under-foot as well as over-head."

"His writing has the fertility of a well-cultivated, pastoral region, the limpidness of a mountain brook, the music of our unstudied songsters, the elusive charm of the blue beyond the summer clouds; it has at times the ruggedness of a shelving rock, combined with the grace of its nodding columbines."

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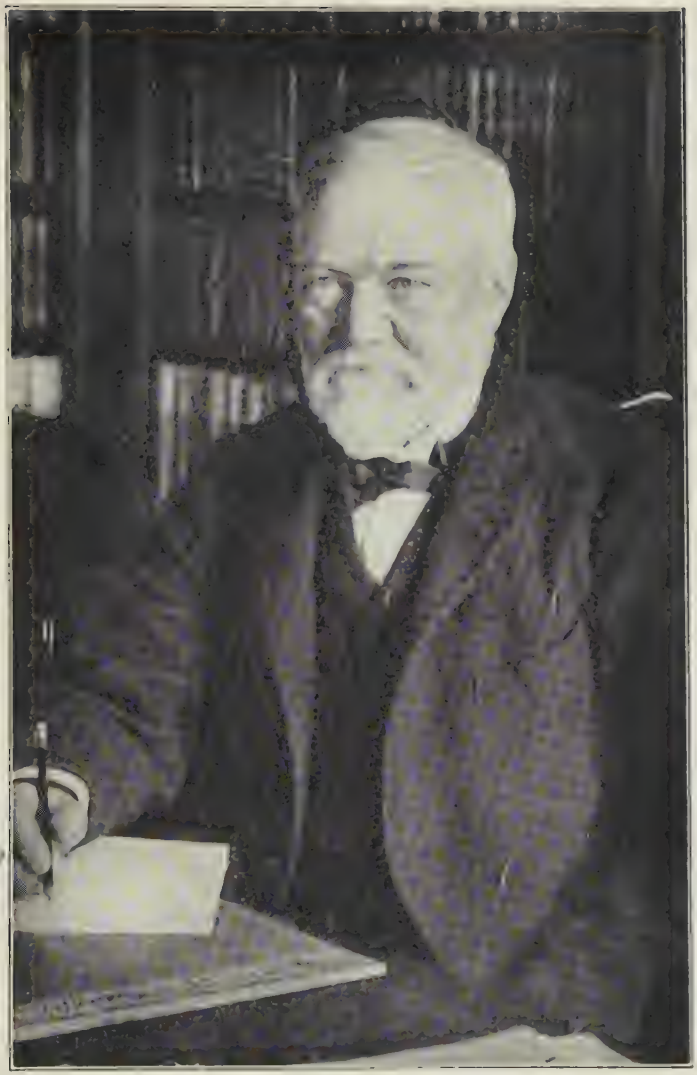
ANDREW CARNEGIE

By James Casey

ANDREW CARNEGIE is one of the most typical, and, let it be added, one of the most impressive representatives of what will hereafter assuredly be known as a great and strenuous age. We do not intend to present him here as a perfect man; for if he were perfect he would not be typical either of the species to which he belongs or of the times. No man or age is perfect. Man must be weighed by the standards of the eternally human, and, in a particular sense, by the special standards of his time. If Mr. Carnegie be weighed by either of these standards — or by them conjointly, as is the better and juster way — he will certainly not be found wanting.

Mr. Carnegie with all his defects — and no man has more frankly admitted his deficiencies — is emphatically a great man. The world is agreed in so proclaiming him. He is a self-made man. Behind his successes lie character, judgment, resolution, and persistency. A poor lad, a new arrival in a strange land, he never allowed himself to become discouraged. He had confidence in himself. To begin with, he had a sound body and a sound mind. This young Carnegie knew, and that was enough for him. With time, all else would come.

Andrew Carnegie started out in life with a definite purpose; he steadfastly pursued that purpose, and, so far, he has accomplished it in ample and full measure. We say "so far" advisedly, for as the old Greek philosopher was careful to remind his followers: "No man can be called happy until he has fulfilled his days." So no man, in the fuller sense, can be said to have accomplished his mission — and Mr. Carnegie believes he has one — until he has passed away, and in passing away left behind him a completed and well-rounded career — a career commenced in purpose, pursued with unfaltering persistency, and perfected so far as human endeavor can be perfected in any direction.



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ANDREW CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie was born November 25, 1837, in Dunfermline, Scotland, the elder son of William and Margaret Carnegie. His father was a master weaver, a man of sturdy character, a speaker and writer on behalf of those political reforms which were being agitated in those early days. Young "Andie" acquired thus, at the feet of his father, the democratic principles which have influenced his entire life. He was equally blessed in his mother, a thrifty woman of much common sense, sparing of words, but sound of counsel. It may here be added that, by the time the future Iron King became possessed of great wealth, his father was dead, but his mother was his constant companion, accompanying him in all his holidays, both at home and abroad.

In 1848 the Carnegies came to the United States and settled in Allegheny City, opposite Pittsburgh. At the age of twelve "Andie" entered a cotton factory as a bobbin boy, at a dollar and twenty cents a week. His progress was steady. He spent his evenings in study and otherwise improved himself.

At fourteen the lad became a telegraph boy. The clicking over the wires interested the quick-witted youngster, who somehow seemed to feel that he now stood in the midst of the busy world. Mr. J. D. Reed, in his *History of the Telegraph*, referring to this period of Andrew Carnegie's life, says, "I liked the boy's looks, and it was very easy to see that though he was little he was full of spirit. He had not been with me a month when he began to ask whether I would teach him to telegraph." As boy and man Andrew Carnegie was never backward. According to circumstances he asked and received, listened and gave, with equal facility. In other words, he was an out-and-out man of affairs at every stage of the business game.

Young Carnegie attracted the attention of Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad, who offered him a situation as an operator. Thus commenced a friendship that was to develop to the material benefit of both parties.

One day Mr. Scott called the young operator aside and sug-

gested that he could acquire ten shares in the Adams' Express Company for $600, and that if he could raise $500, he (Mr. Scott) would advance the remaining $100. Andrew Carnegie consulted his parents.

"It must be done," decided his resolute mother, "we must mortgage the house."

The thing was settled. Andrew Carnegie owned his first shares. What was of more importance, he had learned his first lesson in finance, which he was later to turn to such advantage.

One of Mr. Carnegie's noblest traits is gratitude. He never forgets a service. "One good turn deserves another" is an aphorism he has ever believed in and lived up to. This he was soon to show. In the course of a railway trip he chanced to meet Thomas T. Woodruff, who showed him the model of a sleeping-car. Recognizing the value of the invention the young man introduced the inventor to Mr. Scott. The outcome was the organization of the Woodruff Sleeping-Car Co. Mr. Carnegie, greatly daring, decided to take up as many shares as he thought he could handle, borrowing the money from a local bank and signing his first note for that purpose. He was not afraid. He was not made that way. He knew his men, he knew what he was getting, and he knew himself; in all three, particularly in himself, he had ample confidence.

Other investments followed, and Mr. Carnegie was fairly launched upon his golden career. Meanwhile, however, he prudently continued to associate himself with his proven friends, men of experience and worth.

In 1860 Andrew Carnegie persuaded President Scott and Superintendent Woodruff to join him in acquiring the Storey Farm, on Oil Creek, Pa., where petroleum had been located. The purchase price was $40,000. The enterprise developed until the company's shares aggregated $5,000,000 value, and $1,000,000 cash dividends were declared in a single year. All this time, the young man's interest in railroad work remained unabated. Here we have a good instance of another of Mr. Carnegie's chief characteristics, constancy of purpose. Reach-

ing out to new and larger things, he continued to hold on to the old.

On the outbreak of the Civil War, Colonel Scott was appointed Assistant Secretary of War and invited young Carnegie to Washington. The outcome was that Carnegie was put in control of the military railroad and government telegraphs. He had just entered his twenty-fourth year.

Those were stirring times, such as rouse vigorous men. Andrew Carnegie was preëminently a man of this type. He saw the opportunities before him; he foresaw what was surely coming as soon as peace once more prevailed; namely, a great outburst of industrial activity in every direction.

To a man of Mr. Carnegie's deep perceptions and large outlook, already possessed of experience in railroading matters, it was evident that there was an immense and immediate future before the iron business, more particularly along the line of manufacturing. As quick in action as in perception, he at once set to work to organize — and no greater organizer ever lived in the business world — the Keystone Bridge Co. Such was his indomitable pluck, industry, and sweep of outlook that, within a comparatively short space of time, he controlled seven great plants, all operating within five miles of Pittsburgh: the Homestead, the Edgar Thomson, and the Duquesne steel works and furnaces, the Lucy furnaces, the Keystone Bridge Works, the Upper Union Rolling Mills, and the Lower Union Rolling Mills.

Pittsburgh! Yes, Pittsburgh, the city in which the "wee laddie" first settled when he arrived in this country, is the same city in which he served his apprenticeship, made his vast fortune, and ended by munificently endowing. Andrew Carnegie never was a "rolling stone" — he did not accumulate "moss," but he acquired wealth beyond the dream of avarice. Nobly he earned it, and right nobly has he spent it in the cause of mankind, to serve which has ever been, from youth to venerable age, the highest ambition of his life.

Mr. Carnegie never missed an opportunity. He seized it in flight and made the most of it before others well realized its

presence. A visit to England in 1868 was an epoch in his life. What is known as the Bessemer Process of steel production was then agitating the business world. Mr. Carnegie, recognizing that steel was rapidly supplanting iron in the old country, promptly returned to the United States, and introduced the new methods into his mills. He thereby entirely revolutionized the iron industry in the western hemisphere, and secured for a time what was practically a monopoly.

Vast as were his commitments, the big manufacturer continued to expand. Alarmed interests threatened to combine against what they were pleased to call his "encroachments": they would isolate him. Little did they know the man with whom they had to deal. So far from being intimidated, Carnegie's fighting blood was stirred. If the mine-owners would not sell him iron ore and coal at the right prices he would buy and work iron and coal fields of his own: and, further, if the railroads discriminated against him, he would build and operate railroads of his own. He did not threaten in vain. He followed up his words with immediate action.

In 1889 Mr. Carnegie invited Henry Clay Frick, who at that time dominated the coke-making industry, to join forces with him. Mr. Frick consented. The outcome was that the Carnegie concern soon owned and controlled mines producing 6,000,000 tons of ore annually; 40,000 acres of coal land, and 12,000 coke ovens; steamship lines for transporting ore to Lake Erie ports; docks for handling ore and coal, and a railroad from Lake Erie to Pittsburgh; 70,000 acres of natural gas territory, with 200 miles of pipe line; nineteen blast furnaces and five steel mills, producing and finishing 3,250,000 tons of steel annually. The pay roll of the year exceeded $18,000,000. In 1890 was formed the Carnegie Co., with a paid-up capital of $160,000,000. The parent company included over twenty subsidiary companies.

To trace the growth of the Carnegie Co., and to follow it up to its present development into the United States Steel Corporation, would fill a big volume. Suffice it here to state that according to Poor's *Manual of Industries, 1913*, the returns for the United States Steel Corporation, December 31,

1912, make the following showing: "Total capitalization, $1,512,305,073, consisting of $869,175,142 stocks (common and preferred) and $643,129,931 bonds; number of employes, 221,025; pay-roll, $189,351,602; net earnings for year, or profits, $108,174,673."

Andrew Carnegie's dominant position in the steel and iron industry, his comprehensive grasp of the situation, and his masterful character made successful competition almost impossible in the trade. He must be bought out and retired. The more powerful competitors induced J. Pierpont Morgan to approach the great ironmaster. Mr. Carnegie named his price. The master of money considered the terms excessive and retired; the master of the iron situation smiled grimly and waited. The men met again. Mr. Morgan had reconsidered the matter; but so had Mr. Carnegie. The latter raised his price. The big banker had met his match, and he knew it: he ended by accepting everything.

Mr. Carnegie received for his interest $250,000,000 of bonds on the Trust's properties (capitalized at $1,100,000,000), bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum. These terms were better than cash, for the security was ample, and he was in position to see that it remained so.

In an address delivered at Pittsburgh, he gave his reasons for retiring from business in the following words: "An opportunity to retire from business came to me unsought, which I considered it my duty to accept. My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have seen around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course, although the change is great, even serious, and seldom brings happiness. But this is because so many, having abundance to retire upon, have so little to retire to. I have always felt that old age should be spent, not as the Scotch say, in 'makin' mickle mair', but in making good use of what has been acquired, and I hope my friends at Pittsburgh will approve of my action in retiring while still in full health and vigor, and I can reasonably expect many years of usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims."

As a big manufacturer, Carnegie believed in concentration

and in being surrounded by enthusiastic and competent men. He says: "Concentration is my motto — first honesty, then industry, then concentration." Again, referring to his own methods, he makes them clear in the following words: "I do not think that any one man can make a success of a business nowadays. I am sure I never could have done so without partners, of whom I had thirty-two — the brightest and cleverest young fellows in the world. All are equal to each other, as the members of the Cabinet are equal. The chief must only be first among equals. I know that every one of my partners would have smiled at the idea of my being his superior, although the principal stockholder. The way they differed from me, and beat me many a time, was delightful to behold."

In his book, *The Empire of Business*, he calls the industrial world a partnership of three equals, Capital, Business Ability, and Labor; which he likens to a three-legged stool. He concludes that capital, business ability and labor must be united; and that he who seeks to sow seeds of disunion among them is the enemy of all three.

Mr. Carnegie's retirement from business was final. Having possessed himself of wealth, he became the prophet of wealth; not in the sense of further acquisition but the disposal of it — the "dross," as he calls it rather comtemptuously.

Despite his rugged and somewhat aggressive bearing, Andrew Carnegie has a tender heart. Impulsive by nature and sometimes in speech, he never acts impulsively. Indeed, he is much of a thinker and philosopher. If he occasionally explodes, it is because he feels that he has a gospel to preach, real things to do, and he wants results. He is a man with a reserved soul and passionate convictions. Hence his occasional outbursts.

From youth up he has been, in the deep recesses of his heart, a dreamer of dreams and a builder of "castles in the air." To bring these airy creations to earth, and root them there somehow, has been his steadfast purpose throughout his long and eventful life. In 1895 he bought Skibo Castle

at the extreme north end of Scotland, and since then has lived there with his family — his wife, Louise (Whitfield) Carnegie, whom he married in 1887; and his daughter, an only child, who is her father's constant companion. Back in his native land, once more treading the free heather, Andrew Carnegie has matured, and is now further maturing his plans.

As is usually the case with truly noble characters, Mr. Carnegie's vision has enlarged, and many of his views have correspondingly mellowed, as he has advanced in years. What the final outcome, the completed whole, will be, none know; but those who have studied the man's career can form a shrewd opinion. Mr. Carnegie will, indeed he has already said as much, follow his original purpose — build upon foundations already set and guarded. He will leave nothing to accident. In his *Gospel of Wealth* he says most clearly:

"Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still sharers in great enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and which is left at death chiefly for public uses; yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him available wealth which was free to him to administer during life, will pass away 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' no matter to what use he leaves the dross that he cannot take away with him. Of such as these the public verdict will be: 'The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced.'"

If Andrew Carnegie is not to "die disgraced," to use his own words, and he assuredly has no such intention, it is manifest that he will leave behind him little or no "available wealth." All will be hypothecated, left in charge of trustees, appointed by himself during lifetime, to administer. Thus the spirit of the great benefactor will rule beyond the grave, and bless countless generations. It is an immense scheme, and worthy of the man; for, though his past and present gifts are many and generous, it is doubtful whether they have outrun his income, which upon his retirement from business was estimated at about $15,000,000 a year.

The total amount of the great ironmaster's gifts up to the present has been computed at over $180,000,000. Among his

endowments are: Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C., $22,000,000; Carnegie Institution, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, $10,000,000; Scotch universities, $10,000,000; Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, Scotland, $2,500,000; College Professors' Pension Fund in United States, Canada and Newfoundland, $15,000,000; Peace Temple at the Hague, $1,750,000; Pan-American Union (buildings and funds), $850,000; for benefit of Employes of Carnegie Steel Co., $5,000,000; Allied Engineers' Society, $1,500,000. In addition he has given over $5,000,000 to endow libraries, etc., etc. The list is too long to exhaust; of libraries alone there are some two thousand.

It is safe to say that behind all of Mr. Carnegie's gifts there is a definite purpose. In his libraries he invites the thoughtful, more particularly the young, to "read, learn, and inwardly digest" the best that has been written; though whether the average frequenter of public libraries does that has been cynically questioned. In his endowments of college professors, an insufficiently paid calling, he releases many a great and generous soul from financial bondage — thus setting it free to pursue the higher course, the pioneering work that leads onward and upward; the goal of which no man knows, but which is assuredly there and well worth striving for. His endowments of the Carnegie Institution and of the Scotch universities belong to the same order. His gifts to Dunfermline, where he was born; to Pittsburgh, where he grew up to great things; to the Allied Engineers' Societies, intimately associated with the industry in which he made his fortune — these are gifts personal, and of the heart. About his "Hero Fund" opinions differ. Some hold that the true reward of heroism is "the iron cross, not the golden guerdon." Be that as it may, all admit the motive — idealism.

Andrew Carnegie is, and has always been, a good deal of an idealist, though he would doubtless hotly deny the statement, as he has already denied that he is a philanthropist. Well, anyhow, he is a "guid laddie." To that we know he will agree, for "our Andie" — and he is ours and the world's — is very human. He does not believe that any man should hide his light under a bushel. And he is right. If there were no bea-

cons in the world, how drab and drear this world of ours would be.

Mr. Carnegie is a veteran in the cause of peace; and he regards the subject in all its phases — industrial, social, and international. No man has realized more fully than he that humanity is fundamentally a unity; that all classes, as well as nations and races, are indissolubly bound together, for ill or for good. His sympathies are in this sense universal. With another eminent American he can truly say: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion."

Addressing the Annual Meeting of the Peace Society in the Guildhall, London, May 10, 1910, he proclaimed his faith and his hopes in the future in the following words: "If all civilized people now regard these former atrocities of war as disgraceful to humanity, how soon must their successors regard the root of these barbarities, war itself, as unworthy of civilized men, and discard them as intolerable? We are marching fast to that day, the reign of law under which civilized peoples are bound to live — nations being only aggregates of individuals, why should they be permitted to wage war against other nations, when, if we were all classed as one nation, they would be denied this right of war, and would have to subject themselves to the reign of law?"

Without claims to any special personal magnetism or brilliancy, Mr. Carnegie is one of those rare men who have achieved all they set out to accomplish. His successes in carrying through his ideals and in popularizing them, as well as in his business enterprises, he owes mainly to the fact that he has always been intensely practical. He saw very clearly all that was within his horizon — an extensive one, truly — but he never sought to fathom what was beyond.

He has traveled much, seen much, reflected much; and has made many acquaintances, both at home and abroad. He has counseled with statesmen, and has been consulted by monarchs. Among his friends may be mentioned the late Mr. Gladstone, whom he regarded as his political leader and loved as a man; John Morley, the distinguished and philosophic

statesman; James Bryce, the eminent writer, and jurist; and others of like distinction and character.

Andrew Carnegie, his works and what he represents, are known to-day throughout the world. No man has been more talked and written about. The newspapers and the periodical press are full of him and his doings. The real man can be best studied, however, by the perusal of his own books and speeches. He is the author of: *An American Four-in-hand in Britain*, 1883; *Round the World*, 1884; *Triumphant Democracy*, 1886; *The Gospel of Wealth*, 1901; *The Empire of Business*, 1902; *Life of James Watt*, 1905; *Problems of To-day*, 1908.

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CHAMP CLARK

By Wallace D. Bassford

ON the seventh day of March, 1850, Webster — "Daniel the Godlike" — rose in his place in the Senate and delivered a great oration, destined to live in history, in literature, and on the tongues of men. That surpassing effort has always been and ever will be known as "the seventh of March speech." On that same eventful day was born down in the hill-country in Kentucky a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired man child destined to play a great part in the history of his country and to hold an abiding place in the hearts of his countrymen, loved by millions, trusted by his most active opponents, respected even by his enemies. This child was named James Beauchamp Clark, for his grandfather, Judge James Beauchamp. One of the first marked evidences of the fine decision and vigor of his character occurred when he was but a youth, when, with the remark that "one's name is his personal property, and he has as much right to change it as he has to have his hair cut," he sliced off the first part, leaving it plain Champ Clark.

As full of character and human interest as an egg is of meat, it is unfortunate that no modern Boswell has lingered lovingly at Clark's heels, with pencil and note-book ready to jot down each *mot*, each characteristic utterance or anecdote that might give future generations a true insight into this big man's real character.

The parent stock from England, transplanted in turn from Virginia to Kentucky, found there a fertile field for its perfect development. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no spot in the western hemisphere of like population that has produced as many public men of equal eminence and attainments as the section of which Lexington, Kentucky, is the center. The mention of a few names will call to mind many others of equal or approaching calibre. This region produced Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis — the rival presidents

of our Civil War period — Henry Clay, Brutus J. Clay, and Cassius M. Clay, Old Dick Johnson, Ben Hardin, Tom Marshall, Prentice, the Breckinridges, the Blairs, the Prestons, Morgan the raider, George Vest, William J. Stone, Joe Blackburn, Oscar Underwood, and Champ Clark. No more remarkable instance of this prolific output of men of genius for public affairs could ever be found than now exists in the National House of Representatives, where the Speaker, the Majority Leader, Mr. Underwood, and the Minority Leader, Mr. Mann, all trace their families to the same county in Kentucky! At one time the grandfathers of Mr. Clark and Mr. Underwood were law partners, which partnership was followed by one between Judge Beauchamp and Mr. Mann's uncle, Judge Jones. And these three men have not risen by accident to their high places in the councils of the nation. Nowhere does a man more certainly gravitate to the place which of right belongs to him than in the House. In that close daily association each man soon becomes known for what he is, and the niche into which he falls is the one in which he fits. In the last twenty years there has been in the Capitol no triumvirate of leaders equal in capacity to that of Clark, Underwood, and Mann.

The climate and the limestone soil of great fertility and productive power were well suited to the further development of a strong and self-reliant race. The blood was mainly English, with an intermixture of Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Young Clark grew up in an environment and under circumstances well calculated to develop all the qualities of mind and strength of body which he inherited from a long line of right-living ancestors. When he was a youth, farm work brought part of the money necessary for his sustenance in college; and breaking hemp, cradling wheat, and cultivating corn with a double-shovel plow from daylight until dark made a physical giant of him who could stand up under it. That was before the day of self-binders and riding plows. Each farmer kept his flock of sheep, for wool and meat; the wool was scoured and carded by the women folks, spun during the long winter evenings by the light of the open fire, and woven into homespun or linsey-woolsey on the old hand loom, which also

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Champ Clark

made the rag carpets, the linen sheets and the bedspreads. The farmer of that day sent his wheat and corn to the near-by water mill for grinding; he likewise grew his tobacco and practically all that went on his table, itself covered with a cloth the product of his own hemp patch. His need for money was mainly for the purchase of pepper, salt, needles, buttons, and for the payment of taxes. Most farmers made the family shoes. In the sections outside the growing cities, the purchase of a chicken, a ham, a dozen eggs or a quart of milk, was unknown. Even whiskey, uncolored from a charred barrel, was home-made and placed before the guest without thought of evil. It was the simple life, a life of the greatest measure of independence.

Clark's father, Dr. John Hampton Clark, who was born where Atlantic City now stands, had been compelled to forego the benefits of a schooling by reason of his father's business failure and had had to work to support his widowed mother. After leaving home he had worked as a carriage maker, and tradition says he was a good one. Though denied schooling he could not be deprived of an education. He got it from everything he touched; he read omnivorously and formed vigorous opinions. He picked up dentistry, and rode about the country with one end of his saddle bags filled with the instruments of his profession, while the other contained a Bible, Macaulay's *Essays* and copies of the speeches of Douglas and Breckinridge. He delighted in disputation and could easily hold his own. Many political opponents have learned to their sorrow that the son inherited this characteristic in Scriptural measure. Champ Clark's mother died when he was but a small child. While the father was riding the surrounding counties, young Clark and his little sister were cared for in the neighborhood around Lawrenceburg, where they were born. In the winter they went to the old field schools, where the boy soon outstripped all of his fellows. Ambition found him early. I once heard him say that at fifteen he would gladly have walked to West Point for the privilege of taking the entrance examination there. He added that he believed almost any of his classmates could have

passed the examination — surely a testimonial to the efficiency of the schools of that day and kind.

When the boy was about twelve, his father secured a place for him on the farm of John Call. John, on account of trouble with his eyes, could not read, but he took a great interest in politics, and agreed to subscribe for Prentice's daily paper, the old *Louisville Journal* (now the famous *Courier-Journal*, edited by Colonel Henry Watterson), provided young Clark would read it to him.

While Clark was working for Call, Morgan and his men came through that region and Call put the boy on the back of a magnificent chestnut mare and told him to take the horses to the woods, for Morgan had a fine eye for a good saddler. He had just started when the vanguard of that daring body of cavalry burst into view at a turn in the road, the evening sun shining on their equipment. The boy paused. At that moment seven home-guards dashed out of the village and charged the whole of Morgan's cavalry! It was all over in a moment. But the incident of the charge fired the fighting blood of the boy and he stole away the next day to enlist in a company being raised in the county. He stood on his tiptoes and swelled out his chest, but they would not take him. Later he tried to get into a regiment that came through the region where he lived, but he was still too young.

But he was growing and learning, reading newspapers, novels, histories, slipping away to attend political meetings and to hear the country lawyers in the Circuit Court room at the county seat. He saw his father occasionally, and one day he admiringly read aloud to his father a copy of Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses. One line that struck the boy's poetic fancy ran: "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." His father said: "That is from the Bible; if you want to learn the use of terse English, why don't you get it at first hand?" From that day young Clark buried his nose in the Bible, learning Job and St. Paul by heart. He lingered long over the splendid rhapsody beginning: "Though I speak with the tongues

of men and of angels and have not charity, I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Before he was fifteen Clark was teaching a country school in order to get funds for college, and at sixteen had in his school grown men who had been in both armies and had come home with a desire to learn the three R's. Birch, stout birch, well-wielded birch, was the prime requisite there. One youth was separated (to use the polite term devised by the Civil Service Commission) from the school for indulging in the playful diversion of throwing a handful of Enfield rifle cartridges into the stove that heated the one room of the schoolhouse. In six weeks Clark had whipped that school from ninety down to two, for every time a student got a trouncing for his misdeeds he would promptly quit school. But peace reigned — of the sort that reigned in Warsaw on a celebrated occasion.

But such experiences served a double purpose — they developed stern traits of self-reliance and made the pot boil during the years at Kentucky University, which he entered at the age of seventeen. Teaching school, working as a hired hand on a farm, clerking in a country store and parting his hair in the middle to attract trade, he managed to make buckle and tongue meet. He spent three years in Kentucky University and was about to be graduated with honor when an unfortunate circumstance occurred. Young Clark became engaged in a college fight. The president of the faculty was absent. The remainder of the faculty took action and, by a majority of one vote, expelled Clark. He packed up his few belongings and left. A day or two later the president returned, promptly rescinded the faculty's action and urged Clark's return. But he was gone and gone to stay; he refused to come back.

From Lexington, the seat of the University, he walked home, a distance of sixty miles, carrying on his back all his earthly possessions, including a dozen volumes which he had bought with the last money he had. He still treasures these old friends of the days of his greatest poverty.

That fall found him at Bethany, West Virginia, attending

the school founded by Alexander Campbell, the founder of the church variously known as the Disciples, the Church of Christ, and the Campbellites. There he took the junior and senior courses in one year and on the senior year's work made the remarkable average grade of ninety-nine and eight-ninths. When it is known that Clark arrived at Bethany with one hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, and that on that sum he managed to eke out an existence through the entire year, I believe few will dispute the statement that this high-water mark in scholarship constitutes one of the greatest single achievements of an individual within our times. Two of his classmates there related to me how Clark would begin study at daylight or earlier and work steadily until midnight. To save time for his studies he absented himself from chapel until ordered to attend, whereupon he appeared with shaved head. This disturbed the services to such an extent that he was excused thereafter and he went back victoriously to his garret and his crust and his desperate battle to secure an education. But to him it was, withal, a cheerful battle. He learned to do logarithms and figure eclipses and became proficient in the languages. He sang Greek songs while cooking his cornbeef and cabbage, wearing a gunny sack in lieu of an apron, and wrote odes in imitation of Horace.

The remarkable scholarship shown by Clark at Bethany secured for him at the age of twenty-three the presidency of Marshall College, the State Normal School at Huntington, West Virginia. For many years after that he held the record as the youngest college president in the country, if not in the world. In making application for the presidency of Marshall College, Clark wrote this description of himself: "I am twenty-two years old, a Kentuckian by birth, a Democrat in politics, a Campbellite in religion, unmarried, a master mason, six feet two in height and weigh 170 pounds." He now weighs 235, but all the changes of forty years that have passed have not altered his habit of direct, forceful, unevasive statement. After having fought his way up in politics from the lowly position of city attorney in a small town

to the second office in the greatest government in the world, he is still as frank as a schoolboy.

Clark spent one year at Marshall College, a year of profit to him, for it gave him the money for a course in the Cincinnati Law School; it was also a year of great benefit to the college, for Clark possessed unusual talent for instruction, was full of human sympathy and labored day and night with the students, many of whom were older than he. From this work he proceeded to Cincinnati where he finished the law course and went thence to Wichita, Kansas, hung out his sign and awaited the first client — a vain wait of eleven weeks. The grasshoppers had invaded the State the previous year, eaten up all the crops, and left a great depression in their wake: times were bitterly hard. To get enough money to get out of the State, Clark went out in the fields and worked as a hired hand cutting corn. From Kansas he went to Missouri, stopped at Louisiana, an old and historic town on the Mississippi, and formed a law partnership with David A. Ball.

He was still a youth when he landed in the town of Louisiana, past which, up and down the long river, Mark Twain had but recently been casting the lead on the big side-wheel floating palaces that bore the commerce of the Great Valley. William Merritt Chase was going to school in the next county, dreaming even then of artistic conquests to come. John B. Henderson, who lived in the town of Louisiana, had just been driven from his place in the United States Senate because he had voted with Lyman Trumbull and Edmund G. Ross to save Andrew Johnson from conviction at the bar of the Senate. James O. Broadhead and Col. D. Pat Dyer, since world-famous, were members of the Pike County bar, and the song of "Joe Bowers, who had a brother Ike," was a popular ballad.

Clark's first Sunday saw him at the little church where worshiped the followers of the great Alexander Campbell. There he put in his letter from the Christian Church at Cincinnati and was received into full fellowship. Within a few days a steamboat trip was arranged by the young men of the town; the old steamer War Eagle, towing the barge Mamie, brass

band, lemonade stand and all, steamed slowly up the broad river, while the full June moon rose over the picturesque bluffs of Pike county, Illinois. The music, the perfect night, the pretty girls, the odor of a thousand roses, the enthusiasm of youth — all else was forgot, and the young churchman danced all the way up the river to the turning-around point, and then danced all the way back to the landing at Louisiana, at two o'clock in the morning.

The next Sunday he took his way to church, all unconscious of the gathering storm. Before the service began the young Kentuckian was called before the bar of the Church and expelled from its membership for dancing in violation of the laws of the church. Clark, crestfallen but not discouraged, walked out and cooled his brow in the shade of the long rows of maples on Georgia street. He looked at the cobblestones and thought of De Quincey's "Oxford street, thou stony-hearted stepmother, that drinkest the tears of the children, and hearest the cries of the fatherless." It was depressing, discouraging. But soon his brain cleared; he walked resolutely back to the church and took a seat on the last bench in the rear, observed by none. There he sat and heard a sermon on backsliding that seemed to be directed at him alone.

In the Christian Church it is the unfailing custom, at the close of the service, to offer an invitation to all repentant sinners to come forward and take a place on the front seat while the congregation sings a hymn. It is a goodly custom. When the usual invitation was given, up rose a tall, blonde, and blue-eyed young man with a square jaw — the young Kentucky lawyer who, according to *The Riverside Press*, had "settled in our midst." He stalked straight to that front bench and sat resolutely down, the only repentant sinner to make the good confession. The pastor was nonplussed; the presiding elder gasped. The book containing the rules of the church was hastily consulted; there was only one thing to do, a repentant sinner could not be turned away, so Clark went back into the fold and there abideth to this day.

The practice of law in the town was very slim picking. Clark saw an opportunity to become principal of the high

school and seized it. Shortly thereafter he bought the most important county newspaper of that day, and conducted it for eleven months, selling it to a friend, but placing this friend under contract to run only a strictly Democratic paper!

About this time Mr. Clark was married to Miss Genevieve Bennett, of Callaway county, a stately young woman of fine mind and attainments. She was graduated from Missouri University at the early age of eighteen. Of their children, little Champ and Ann Hamilton died early. Bennett and Genevieve have just reached manhood and womanhood.

During these first few years in Pike county, Mr. Clark was elected City Attorney, appointed Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for the county, then elected Prosecuting Attorney and Presidential Elector. He was chosen vice-president of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress which met in Denver, and was elected to the Missouri legislature, serving in 1889-90. There he showed himself to be a "progressive" before that word came into use in a political sense. He was the author of the Australian ballot law of Missouri and also of the anti-trust statute of that State, which has proved to be the most effective law of the kind on any statute book in America. Under its provisions the Harvester Trust has very recently been expelled from Missouri. In 1892 he was elected to Congress to represent the Ninth Missouri district, which seat he still holds. He was permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in 1904 and chairman of the committee which notified Judge Parker of his nomination to the presidency. In December, 1908, he was chosen his party's leader in the House of Representatives without a dissenting voice. In 1909 this was repeated. Following this came the long and bitter struggle against Cannonism in the House, which Clark led in masterful fashion. The result is known to everyone. His leadership brought about the great victory of 1910, which gave the Democrats a large majority in the House and elected Clark to the Speakership by the unanimous vote of his party. He secured in the party councils a state of peace which the Democracy had not known for many years. He was the Great Pacificator of his party. No one

envied him the place he had won; no one sought to take power from him, for he pushed it away with his own hand. He thought the attributes which had so long gone with the Speakership were too great for any one man, even though that man be himself. Those powers which he had snatched from the hand of Cannon he returned to the people and their representatives. In his view such concentration of power in the Speaker of the House as had been built up under Republican rule was both unsafe and undemocratic.

In his address on taking the chair Speaker Clark said: "No man is fit to be a law-giver for a great people who yields to the demands and solicitations of the few having access to his ear, but is forgetful of the vast multitude who may never hear his voice or look into his face."

In that speech Clark repeated all the promises made in order to win the last election, and specifically promised their fulfilment through legislation in the ensuing session. How unique in politics!

The campaign for the presidential nomination of 1912 came on while Clark was occupying the Speakership. His own State had, in a convention called for another purpose, passed a resolution endorsing the candidacy of Governor Folk, of Missouri, for the presidency. So long as that condition existed Clark would not enter the lists, but the people of Missouri wanted Clark, and grew so restive under the existing situation that the matter finally came to a head when the State Committee met and called a State Convention to settle the question as to who was really Missouri's choice. Clark carried 111 of the 114 counties in the State, thus securing nearly all of the delegates in the State Convention. This was on February 20th and the National Convention was but four months away. It was a late start, funds for campaigning were very scarce and Clark would not leave his post of duty at Washington to tour the country in the interest of his candidacy. In half the States he made no contest. Nevertheless, he entered the Baltimore Convention far in the lead of the nearest competitor and very soon secured a clear majority of votes over all his opponents, which should have entitled

him to the nomination. But in 1844, when Martin Van Buren was a candidate for the presidency, some of the party leaders put through a rule that required that the candidate receive two-thirds of the votes of the Convention; this was done solely to prevent Van Buren's nomination, because he was opposed to the annexation of Texas. It served; he was defeated. That rule has since been the rule of Democratic Conventions, but had remained a dead letter for seventy-eight years until it was invoked at Baltimore in 1912 to defeat Mr. Clark. For many years it had been the custom, when a candidate reached a majority vote, to withdraw the other candidates and give him the nomination. In this case when Mr. Clark had reached the majority William J. Bryan arose and charged an alliance between the Clark candidacy and the "reactionaries." There was no foundation for the charge, as Mr. Bryan admitted in a signed statement made a few months later, but it struck Clark down. In that statement Mr. Bryan said:

"If my language at Baltimore created any impression that I was charging Mr. Clark with being in sympathy with any reactionary forces I am glad of the opportunity to correct any such misrepresentation of my words or action."

Mr. Clark maintained his majority on nine ballots, and led the convention on twenty-nine ballots, but after the Bryan speech his strength gradually waned and Mr. Wilson received the nomination. If Mr. Bryan saw any unfitness in Mr. Clark, it was of short life, for within a few hours he tendered Mr. Clark, through Senator Stone, the vice-presidential nomination, which was refused.

The Speaker nevertheless entered the campaign and made a vigorous fight for the election of Mr. Wilson. When the newly elected president called the Sixty-third Congress in extraordinary session in the spring of 1913, Mr. Clark was again the unanimous choice of his party for the Speakership. In March, 1914, he led the spectacular fight against the repeal of the law which gave to American coastwise vessels the free use of the Panama canal.

In all his long career Mr. Clark has stood four-square to all the winds that blew, and it is safe to say that when the day

comes for him finally to quit public life, he will carry with him unimpaired that splendid mental integrity which has won him the confidence of all good men, regardless of party affiliations. To-day, in 1914, that time seems far in the future. The support of the common people, whom he has so faithfully served, and which enabled him to sweep all before him in the presidential primaries of 1912, is growing rather than diminishing. The years of unremitting toil rest lightly on his broad shoulders and he is strong, vigorous and in perfect health — "his eye is not dimmed nor his natural strength abated."

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FRANCIS E. CLARK

By Charles Eugene Underwood

FATHER ENDEAVOR CLARK all Christendom knows and loves as the founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. The orphan boy, Francis Edward Symmes, assumed the surname of his uncle and foster father, Rev. E. W. Clark. "Father Endeavor" constitutes an honorary degree conferred upon him by the young people who for more than a quarter of a century have accepted his fatherly counsel, and followed his spiritual leadership.

The future founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was born at Aylmer, Province of Quebec, on September 12, 1851. His parents had migrated thither from New England. Orphaned at eight years of age, Francis entered the home of his uncle, Rev. E. W. Clark. His New England inheritance, the inspiration of Christian associations, the atmosphere of a Christian home, and the influence and encouragement of his uncle, all conspired to make him a Christian minister. He prepared for his chosen career at Dartmouth college and Andover seminary.

Upon graduation Dr. Clark entered upon a modest mission pastorate in the Williston Congregational church at Portland, Maine. By earnest, capable effort he built the mission church into a strong, self-supporting, aggressive organization. In 1883 he removed to Boston, where he served the Phillips Congregational church for four years. Closing his pastorate at this church in 1887 he became actively engaged in directing the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor. Henceforth the biography of the man is merged in the history of the movement.

In the Williston church at Portland, Maine, on February 2, 1881, he organized the first Society of Christian Endeavor. He had found his young people interesting and interested, but with no clear lines of Christian work to awaken

their enthusiastic support of the church, and enlist their hearty service. After twenty-five years he wrote of his experience, as follows:[1]

"Its founder was one of the youngest and humblest pastors in the state of Maine, and its charter members were average boys and girls such as can be found in any New England church. The pastor was feeling about, in his youth and inexperience, for some way of training these boys and girls in Christian service, if haply he might find it. He tried many experiments, ran up many blind alleys, knocked at many closed doors; made many experiments along literary, musical and debating society lines; did not despise the seductive ice cream festival or the succulent oyster as a means of interesting the youth in things religious; but at last made the discovery that nothing but religion really appealed to the religious nature of young people; that a prayer meeting could be made more interesting than a debating society, and that what young men and women really desired, though they did not always know it themselves, was to do something for the church rather than have the church do something for them.

"As soon as he discovered for himself this old truth, which doubtless every wise man had discovered before him, he set to work on new lines, made the prayer meeting, and not the pink tea, the central feature of the Society, and service, not entertainment its watchword."

As Dr. Clark intimates, he discovered not a new truth, but an old one, which he applied to the practical problem of young people's service. At the time he organized the new society he did not dream of the great growth before the Christian Endeavor movement. He had grappled with the problem in his own congregation and found a solution. Others having the same problem gladly welcomed the efficient Society of Christian Endeavor into their church life. In a certain sense Dr. Clark interpreted the religious life of his own age, rather than turned its current into new channels. He saw this clearly, for he writes:

"The desire for a larger and more fruitful work among young people was felt everywhere. Pastors and people were thinking and talking and praying about this perennial subject — 'How shall we attract and hold our young people?'

[1] A Quarter Century of Christian Endeavor. *Outlook* 82: 80-86.

Francis E. Clark

The subject was in solution, as it were, the world over; and the experiment at Williston church, of Feb. 2, 1881, simply gave it shape."

If "the subject were in solution the world over," tremendous transitional forces should be discovered preparing for the movement. A search uncovers many factors. The educational world had begun its evolution from supreme emphasis on the subject matter in education to greater emphasis on the unfolding life of the child. It was destined soon to consider the boy not a man in embryo, but a living being with his own laws of development. For future manhood he should be trained, not by manhood's lore alone, but by encouragement of the fullest expression of his normal boyhood life. In that expression he should develop physical, mental, and spiritual powers that would bring him normally to maturity. New educational ideals stirred the church, and awakened it to the conviction that it had neglected the stimulation of children's normal religious growth into church activities. Through evangelism it had sought the conquest of the unchurched adult, while it had neglected the riper field of Christian education.

True the church had for decades felt its way toward educational methods. The religious world had conducted successfully the Sunday School movement, which even in its immaturity was a powerful educative force. As the Christian world realized the great need for educational work within the church, an abundant literature crystallized the sentiment for more efficient service to youth and by youth. Thoughtful men read this literature, clarified their own views, and set in motion the forces that wrought tremendous changes. Dr. Clark refers appreciatingly to one literary production which influenced him profoundly in those initial years of the Christian Endeavor movement:

"The most fruitful book of recent times relating to Christian nurture is doubtless Bushnell's great little volume with that title. It turned the thought of the modern Christian world to this subject, and compelled the church to acknowledge that there must be growth within as well as conquest from without if she was to hold her rightful possessions as well as to extend her boundaries.

"The writer acknowledges with profound gratitude his debt to this book, which he read with eager interest, and whose great thought of winning and holding the youth for the church he sought to embody in the first Society of Christian Endeavor."

One may perhaps say that the age produced the Society of Christian Endeavor, but is it not true that Francis Edward Clark made to the movement a unique individual contribution? Is it not true that the world's leaders always merely interpret their times and help other men to achieve great things? They do not fight the world's battles, nor solve the world's problems alone. Napoleon had his Marshal Ney, his Old Guard, his corps of efficient officers, his regiments of trained, enthusiastic soldiers. Behind him he had the vivacity of the French people, stirred to new ambitions through the new liberty ushered in by the terrible French Revolution. Napoleon became the embodiment of conquering instinct, the interpreter of the glory of combat. Washington was the interpreter of a new freedom, the herald of the modern republic; the inheritor of centuries of colonial development toward freedom and self-government, yet the commanding figure of the American Revolution and of the early days of republican experiment. Edison interprets the electrical age, and Burbank the age of agricultural advancement. Thus Francis E. Clark, though he modestly credits his forerunners and contemporaries and the great currents of thought within and without the church, with the creation of the Society of Christian Endeavor, interpreted more perfectly than any other man or men the young people's movement, and stands forth the commanding figure at the head of this tremendous force. He is "Father Endeavor Clark." He is the genius, the personification, of Christian Endeavor.

Old and young united in the promotion of the movement which Dr. Clark had organized, because all believed in its fundamental principles. The closing year of the first quarter century of Christian Endeavor found 67,000 local societies, fostered in 100 denominations, entrenched in 50 nations and important colonies, and worshiping in 80 languages. Many

detached societies were formed in schools, colleges, on battleships, in army regiments, and even in prisons. Eighty thousand societies now enroll 4,000,000 members. This marvelous growth to interdenominational and international proportions marks Christian Endeavor a movement in harmony with the best religious convictions of the age, and its founder a prophet of present day religion.

Dr. Clark presents the foundation principles of the movement as follows:[2]

"First — Deep religious devotion. There is no such compelling and attractive power as this. 'For Christ and the church' has always been the motto of the society.

"Second — Service for all and all for service. 'No impression without expression,' the latest word of the psychologist, relating to adolescent youth, has been practically wrought out in Christian Endeavor methods.

"Third — Fellowship with Fidelity. 'Brotherhood with all, loyalty to one's own;' these are the watchwords which are heard in Christian Endeavor circles all over the world, and which incarnated in deed have given the society its power."

In furtherance of the first aim the Christian Endeavorer pledged himself to pray and read the Bible every day. These practices developed young people of sterling character devoted to the highest ideals. Through them came the devotional spirit which swept the entire church into a reverent study of the Scriptures. The religious world was ripe for this development. It had passed through a period of doctrinal controversy and crystallization before the rise of the Christian Endeavor. Now within the church correct doctrine became less the goal, and more the means of reaching that goal — life, warm, abounding life, with its intellectual achievements and its emotional experiences. The message of the old Hebrew prophets was a message of life, the same warm, abounding life; and that message brought the soul, in its reach to the higher self, into contemplation of God and communion with Him. So in the awakening of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the church sought closer communion with God. By its devotional ideals and practices the Christian Endeavor

[2] A Quarter Century of Christian Endeavor. *Outlook* 82: 80-86.

movement restored the conception of the fatherhood of God, and gave expression to the longing of the whole church after Him.

This enthusiastic religious devotion struck its roots into the soil of a new intellectual life. The world thrilled with the achievements of modern science, and rejoiced in unparalleled material prosperity. Old foundations crumbled, and apparently impregnable superstructures of intellectual convictions tottered. The first results were disastrous. Crass materialism gained the ascendency. Intellectual subserviency threatened to plunge the world into intellectual barbarism. Realities became identified with coal and wood, and iron and steel, and cotton and wool, and food and drink. The intellect grew vigorous on the earth level, but its wings were clipped. The very exigencies of science, however, sent the intellect circling the heavens in search of the unknown. Psychology entered the field with demonstrations of the existence of realms beyond the material. Philosophy followed its lead, and with Bergson and Eucken developed a conception of knowledge reaching into the consideration of the infinite. Sociology inquired into the origin, development and fundamental principles of modern society, and stimulated kindliness in human relationships. Pedagogy, with its emphasis upon child development, discovered that moral fibre was essential to character, and that only religion creates moral fibre.

The spiritual awakening within the church kept pace with this spiritualization of civilization, each movement supplementing and influencing the other. Nay, rather they constitute one great, unified, forward movement of the race. With this more comprehensive view of the movements of the time, one becomes aware, without argument, of the harmony of Christian Endeavor with church and world development. That harmony again marks the prophetic character of the movement.

Service is the second watchword of Christian Endeavor. By its devotional culture the movement gave to the church young people a profound impression, a boundless enthusiasm for larger achievement. From other sources — the Sunday

School, the public worship, the mid-week service — the young people deepened that impression. At once they sought the expression of their ideals in practical service.

The Christian Endeavor prayer meeting gave opportunity for expressing and deepening the devotional spirit until it sought new outlet in larger service. It has strengthened the hands of student volunteers; it has contributed money to the support of missions; it has invested its own tremendous influence and enthusiasm in the mission field; it has organized its societies in every mission land. Bolenge, in the heart of Africa, claims the world's largest Christian Endeavor Society. Christian Endeavor has grappled with the problem of missions in the home land, and sought especially to solve those presented by the religious conditions in our large cities.

Christian Endeavor has quickened the civic conscience. It has trained young men and women into higher ideals of business, society, and government. Local unions have conducted successful campaigns for social and municipal betterment. Everywhere the ideals of social service find ready intellectual and practical response in Endeavor circles.

Internationally the Society moves forward in a program for world peace. Despite many lapses into barbarism the nations have permitted the seed sowing and will in time reap the harvest of international justice and world federation. Throughout its history it has stood uncompromisingly for temperance. At the International Christian Endeavor convention, held at Los Angeles in 1913, the great multitude of young people enthusiastically launched the campaign for a saloonless American nation by 1920. The motto, "Service for all and all for service," has ever inspired the Endeavor hosts.

This devotional awakening and this unselfish service accompanied fellowship and fidelity. Intense loyalty to the local church, and to the denomination, characterizes the movement. Yet no narrow sectarianism shackles it. With the vision of the prophet it sees the fatherhood of God issue in the brotherhood of man. With representation in one hundred denominations it carries its coöperative work across denominational

lines. Its fellowship grows stronger with its growth among the nations. Wherever its influence reaches it purifies the atmosphere until all who feel its near approach breathe the spirit of fellowship. Dr. Clark relates an incident typical in its illustration of this influence for Christian fellowship and universal brotherhood:

"The late Joseph Parker voiced this idea in his own picturesque way at the World's Christian Endeavor convention in London in 1900. On the same platform in the Alexandra palace were the Bishop of London, Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Greenough representing the Baptists, and Dr. Munroe Gibson the Presbyterians; while Dr. Floyd Tompkins, Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, and other well known Americans added distinction to the platform.

"Each speaker was supposed to represent his own denomination, and Dr. Parker was naturally expected to speak for Congregationalism.

"It was a frightfully hot day; the sun beat down with relentless force upon the great glass roof. Dr. Parker perspired at every pore, and the water seemed to drip from every individual hair of his shaggy locks. In his thunderous tones he remarked after a few preliminary words, 'Mr. Chairman, I wouldn't be wet through for any ism in the world, but I will sweat anywhere for the cause of fellowship and brotherhood as represented in this splendid assembly.' "

In this three-fold statement of religious principles — "Deep religious devotion," "Service for all and all for service," "Fellowship with fidelity" — is sounded the keynote of present day religion.

Francis E. Clark was the founder of Christian Endeavor, and throughout its entire history he has directed its fortunes. He was president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor; he has kept pace with the successive enlargement of the work, and is now president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union. Five times he has circled the globe in its interests, and Christian people of all states and lands listen eagerly to his message. Dr. Clark is a prolific writer. In addition to his work as editor of the *Christian Endeavor World* he has written books of travel, of devotion and of practical Endeavor methods.

Whatever the future may reveal for the organization, Christian Endeavor must in its impress on the world's religious life stand as the permanent expansion of the life and ideals of one man — Francis Edward Clark. The fruitage of his life one sees in the Society. We seem as we read that record of achievement to lose all sense of individuality in the consideration of a great movement. Yet Francis E. Clark has a striking personality. He has prodigious energy, and a kindly, unselfish, earnest way of seeking the good of others. He has the vision of the prophet, and the organizing ability of the statesman. Added to these he retains the enthusiasm of youth. Such qualities insure success in any great unselfish labor of love.

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RUSSELL H. CONWELL

By Laura H. Carnell

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Ever the mountain streams pour fertility over the broad-stretching valleys; ever the hill people come down to people the plain. The best parts of our own great plains were peopled from the hills of New England in the middle of the last century and still to-day we go back to these hills for rest and fresh inspiration.

In the year 1843, in the same month that gave this country a Washington and a Lincoln, a child was born among the hill-tops of western Massachusetts. The soil could barely support the little family to which it came, yet it gave rich gifts to the baby: the splendid physique of the mountain born, a voice as clear as the mountain brooks and as far reaching as the echo that springs from the circling hills that surrounded the home of his childhood. A Puritan ancestry with a more cavalierly strain from a paternal ancestor gave the faculty to dream dreams and see visions.

In the village of the birth-place of this child was a Methodist church, the only church of the village. The time of which I write was long before all the great preachers were corralled in the big cities, and while splendid brave men still drove over the hills on long circuits carrying the very best they had to give to the humblest hamlets. To this little hamlet of South Worthington came one of these preachers, making it for a time his home. He lived on the very next farm to our child of promise. This preacher seems to have had in his head, or more likely in his heart, the germ thought of our modern institutional church although he lived and died without ever having heard of such a thing. He knew the boy on the next farm. Most of the boy's other neighbors were not quite so sure he was a child of promise, or rather the things they predicted for his future were not always complimentary. He was continually doing something to surprise them out of

Courtesy F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia

Russell H. Conwell

their ordinary calm serenity. His father's pew bore for half a century the marks of his restless activity during an overlong sermon. These artistic efforts were rewarded, it is true, with a spanking, but this did not destroy the morning's achievement.

The formal education of this child began at three years of age when he was sent trudging by the side of his older brother a mile away across the narrow valley to a little schoolhouse perched on an opposite hill. But his real education began when the wise Methodist preacher, who understood boy nature and its need of right outlets for expression, gathered in his kitchen by the great open fire, this boy, his own boy, afterwards a learned professor in two of our greatest colleges, and several other boys of the village, for a class in oratory. The village church seems to have been the social center where the results of the fireside class were tried out on public audiences. We hear of this boy of the hills speaking a piece in the village church as early as seven years of age.

About this time spiritualism was sweeping over New England, even reaching into these hill towns where it still lingers in the more isolated districts. The whole community in which he lived was deeply affected by it, and we hear of the child being used as a medium while still very young. The impressions made upon an imaginative child at the most receptive period could never be obliterated. While extreme reaction necessarily follows any such over-stimulation, there were seed thoughts planted that all the after experiences of a varied life could not obliterate. The spirit world, for which this life is only a preparation and from which we are separated only for so short a period of time, was so real a thing to him that from earliest youth he felt the vital importance of an education as a preparation for big living here and as a preparation for better living in the great spirit world to which we are so soon going. So even back in these early days we see the boy the true father of the man. We find very early the embryo orator and the embryo teacher.

As soon as the boy could hold the reins over the back of the staid old farm horses of his father, he was sent to the larger

village of Huntington nine miles away to carry down the products of the hills or to bring back merchandise for his father's store, for in connection with their farm the father also was the village storekeeper. The road from South Worthington to Huntington winds down the mountain by the side of a brook which makes its descent over sharp declivities, around huge boulders, through quiet pools where even now the deer come down to drink, and ever under overarching trees, until the brook meets the river half way down, and the road continues along the banks of the beautiful shallow Westfield until it flows through the town of Huntington. On one of these early journeys in the solitude of the woods, the boy was rehearsing an oration. The old horse was jogging along half asleep. He was used to these rehearsals but suddenly he heard "Woe unto thee, Chorazin!" He did not know before he was a Chorazin, but he had been called all sorts of things; so an extra name or two did not matter. He did know what whoa meant; and his sudden stop brought true woe for the youthful orator, who went headlong over the dashboard, landing on a sharp stone. The mark of this oration he still carries. Now the youthful orator, who had a theatrical bee humming in his head, had to go home, have his head sewed up, and, what was far worse, own up in the village store what had happened. Village stores are good places for curing oversensitive nerves. This experience put an end to his theatrical ambitions and taught him a lesson in effective speech.

The boy had learned to play a violin, or, as it was better known in his community, a fiddle. He loved to sing, and when the first melodeons were sold in these hills, his parents, at considerable sacrifice to themselves, bought one. He learned to play. He could not foresee what this gift was going to mean to him again and again in later years.

The boy felt that he must go to college, as he had decided to be a lawyer; so from the village school he went some miles away to Wilbraham Academy, a well-known academy of the Methodist church. He could work his way through, partly by fiddling for village dances, partly by teaching music, and partly by even humbler services. At Wilbraham his interest

in public speech was further strengthened, as the Academy made much of oratory. Even to the present time it excels in strong debating societies. From Wilbraham he and his only brother went to Yale, two mountain boys in mountain garb with no money in their pockets. Keenly sensitive to their lack of material things, the two boys settled down to earn their living and get their college education. By giving lessons on the organ, he earned part of the expenses, while assistance rendered to one of the cooks of the hotel secured the rest.

Those were interesting days at Yale. The young man's autograph album is the witness. Every signer declared his political or religious platform, and abolitionist, pro-slavery, anti-slavery, free-thinker, or atheist written after the name announced his creed. There was plenty of opportunity for oratory now. John Brown was hanged. This young man's home had been a station on the "Underground Railway" and John Brown had been his father's friend and had often been a guest in their home. Fort Sumter was fired upon — more occasion for oratory. The call for volunteers came. All through the long summer the boy, for he was still a boy in years, gathered around him the young men of the surrounding farms, drilling them into a company. When they offered their services the young captain was under the age set for officers; so a special petition was sent to the governor that this company should go out from the hills under Captain Conwell, aged twenty. This petition was granted, and our boy captain went forth to learn what lessons war has to give.

The college boy had been reading the philosophy and science of the middle nineteenth century. Of course, he thought he did not believe in anything, as that was the fashion of college boys just at that time, when the wonderful discoveries of science of those years had not yet brought order out of the chaos which they had at first created. In the company of the young captain was a drummer boy who did believe that his Bible showed God's dealings with men and who read it faithfully even though his young captain, whom he adored, teased him for doing so. One night there was an attack on the camp

and the beloved captain's sword had been left in the tent. At the cost of his own life the boy went back to get the sword; and the young captain was made to realize that the boy had something from the Book that all his philosophy could not give. From this night he dates his conversion and the birth of the future preacher.

During all the many months in camp and in the long journey with Sherman to Atlanta, the young captain did not lose sight of the time when the war would be ended and he should go back once more to the ways of peace. By the camp fire he read law. In his knapsack could generally be found a volume in small print of some one of the great poets of the day. Many of the long quotations of the great poets that roll from his lips today were learned in sight of opposing armies.

Just before going to the army the neighboring town of Westfield had invited the young man, who had made quite a name for himself as an orator in his own community, to give a lecture. This was the day of great lecturers, and it was one of the boy's ambitions to be a lecturer like Wendell Phillips or Henry Ward Beecher. When the town of Westfield heard this first lecture of one of the boys from their own hills, they little realized that this boy to whom they were giving his first chance to make good, was to become the greatest lecturer of his age and one who would lecture to more audiences than any other man of his century.

At the close of the war the young man soon did what a young man should. He married. Soon he became a newspaper reporter. Later he graduated from the Albany Law School, and, as it was the fashion for New Englanders to go west, he went to Minneapolis, opened his law office there, founding its first newspaper and its Young Men's Christian Association. Here we see his first effort to make it possible for young men to get some assistance toward an education, an idea that could not see its full fruition for many years. Later he was sent to Germany as an emigration agent for Minnesota. Again, a year or two later, he made a tour of the world. These years abroad, with his keenly alert mind, filled his brain with images and scenes that were to be given back

in later and busier years to vast audiences "to point a moral or adorn a tale." His journeys abroad were made self-supporting by the articles sent home to the Boston *Traveller* and the New York *Tribune*.

After these journeys he opened a law office in Somerville, Massachusetts, and later in Boston. His lecture work, which had never been entirely laid aside, was now taken up more extensively. One of these earliest lectures was entitled *Lessons of Travel*. About this time the lecture *Acres of Diamonds* that has been given five thousand times to greater numbers of people than any other single lecture that has ever been placed before the public was evolved. While traveling in the Orient he heard many of the wonderful tales of the East, but the tales of the East always have a moral. Two of these tales gave him the themes for his two greatest lectures, *Acres of Diamonds*, and *The Silver Crown*. After fifty years *Acres of Diamonds* is still given on Doctor Conwell's lecture tours four times out of five.

While Dr. Conwell was conducting a successful law business in Boston and was lecturing up and down the country, he organized a young men's Bible class in Tremont Temple and made many speeches for the temperance cause. In connection with his Bible class he organized a Young Men's Congress modeled on the lines of the United States Congress, where all the leading questions of the day were debated. About this time he also began to write books: *Why and How the Chinese Emigrate, The Lives of our Presidents, The Life of James G. Blaine, The Life of Bayard Taylor*, a friend and fellow traveler, and a number of others. It was in connection with the Young Men's Congress that Dr. Conwell persuaded Mr. Longfellow to write one of the sweetest of his elegiac poems, the one to Bayard Taylor.

> "Dead he lay among his books;
> The peace of God was in his looks."

At the great mass meeting held in Tremont Temple by the Young Men's Congress and presided over by Dr. Conwell, Oliver Wendell Holmes read this poem.

In all the interests and activities of these years it was natural that the man with the gift of the golden tongue should be attracted to the possibilities of the political life, and we hear of him about this time being offered the nomination to the senatorship from his native State. He had stumped his State for General Butler and knew that every honor in the gift of his country might be his for the seeking.

Victor Hugo, in his autobiography, has said he ever felt two natures struggling within him. So with Dr. Conwell, he felt strongly the call to the political life and all that it might hope to bring, but ever in the background was the persisting idea that he must give this all up to take up another life that could promise but little in the way of earthly reward. In battle-famed Lexington a little Baptist church stood closed and pastorless. So our lawyer, orator, and politician decided to preach to these people on Sundays, crowding in a theological course at Newton Theological Seminary between times. In a year the old church had disappeared, a new one had taken its place, and the audience of a dozen people had given place to one that crowded the new building to its doors; and now the real life work of our mountain boy is about to begin. Forty years have gone by since he first cried out by the fireside in the New England hills. He has been very busy and has accomplished many things, but like Kipling's Ship That Found Herself, it has been an initial voyage trying out all the parts that are now ready to work together as a perfect whole.

A man in Massachusetts wrote to a man in Philadelphia that they had a very remarkable preacher in a small, even though famous, village; that their preacher earned his living practicing law. The man down in Philadelphia was a deacon of a young church that had just placed the roof on a fine new building. It was not finished inside, neither was it paid for. Now the man in Philadelphia thought the young lawyer who had helped to pull down an old church with his own hands and had helped to build the new one while he lectured, studied theology and practiced law between times, was just the kind of a man they needed in Philadelphia. He was a close-mouthed, stubborn old deacon, a very successful man himself, so he

said nothing to anyone. He put on his hat, slipped up to Boston, went out to Lexington and heard the young man preach. After the young man was through, the stranger took him off into a corner and told him he was needed in Philadelphia. Before the deacon got through with him, the young man made up his mind that perhaps he *was* needed in Philadelphia.

Now to pick up a wife and three children, leave all one's friends and a good living at forty, to begin all over again in a conservative old city like Philadelphia, this meant more than he could possibly realize. Fortunately, his only knowledge of Philadelphia had been gained in war times when he had been kindly ministered unto when he had been brought to Philadelphia sick and wounded. Li Hung Chang calls Philadelphia the City of a Million Smiles. It is, but it smiles rather shyly upon strangers who come to it unknown, and looks rather askance at anything that startles it out of its usual routine. The preacher who had come to one of its uptown, unfinished Baptist churches was destined to startle it many times.

After his first sermon, the deacons saw that they would have to hurry up the finishing of the upper room. It was hardly finished before they were just as badly off. The city at that time had not grown nervous about its exits from public buildings, so the ushers filled the seats, let the people stand around the walls, fill the aisles, and stand on the stairways half way down. The stream of oratory poured forth, but this alone would not have been sufficient. Young men and women were identifying themselves permanently with the church. They must be given something to do. Young men's associations, young women's associations, a Young Men's Congress were formed. The church building hummed with activity every day of the week.

But as the young people worked they found their limitations. Missions were formed. The young people were sent out to take charge of them. There were religious services within the church which they must lead, but they felt they needed to know how to do it better. All turned to the leader for direction and for help. They might have to wait a long

time for their turn, but each one was met with as much sympathy and interest after a long day of seeing all sorts and conditions of men with all sorts and conditions of need as if he had been the only one seen that day. He makes this one of the fundamental principles of successful living: doing the thing in hand as if it were the most important thing in life.

One of the first to come for advice as to how to fit himself better for the part he was taking in this great work that was so rapidly developing, was a young man, the oldest son of a minister's widow, who was helping to support her and her three younger children. He felt the need of more education. Ultimately he desired to follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister. He told his pastor there were other young men in the church who felt the same way. There were no schools of any kind in Philadelphia at that time where young men or women could get any courses of study outside of the regular school hours except a very few disorderly night schools where only the most elementary instruction was given.

The busy preacher, who was also still lecturing to help raise funds for the rapidly developing work, offered to meet the young men for one class on Saturday evenings. This first class was a class in oratory. The night this first group met in December, 1884, in the tiny study of their pastor, no one dreamed, unless it was the pastor himself, who often saw visions long before they were revealed to others, that that night a great university was being founded. The foundation course was oratory.

This first class has nobly repaid its first teacher by the splendid work nearly every member of it has since done in the world. Very soon both teacher and scholars realized that in order to be successful orators these young people needed more than instruction in oratory, and so to make them better orators classes were formed in English, in literature, in history, with volunteer teachers at first. As the demand for more and more classes increased, paid teachers had to be secured. At first the classes were free, but soon to help defray the expenses and to eliminate the unstable element that is ever ready to try any new experiment a small fee was charged.

A house next door to the church had been purchased to relieve the congestion, but already the realization was forcing itself upon the church that they must build a larger building. All the energies of the church were brought together to start the work of securing funds to buy a new site. A large lot was bought on North Broad Street, and the Baptist Temple was begun. As this was planned to be the largest church in America, even the Quaker City was startled out of its complacency and predicted complete failure for the enterprise.

In the midst of this strenuous period of temple building the educational classes had so increased in number that the founder, realizing the tremendous need of this work in Philadelphia, decided to apply to the state for a non-sectarian charter, that the entire city regardless of religious affiliations might enjoy the benefits of the new college that had sprung up in their midst. In 1888 Temple College was chartered as a non-sectarian college for working people; but the work it was doing soon became so well known that day classes were demanded and the day departments were opened. Shortly after the new Temple was opened the old church at Marvine and Berks Street was sold and Temple College moved into rented quarters.

There was a lot to the south of the Temple for sale, but as the church was still staggering under the load of its great building enterprises, and the young College had not enough funds of its own, Dr. Conwell himself bought the lot, holding it for a year or two until the College was able to erect its first building. With its occupancy of its own buildings, its career as an entirely independent organization began. The demand for more and more courses was constantly made upon it. The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the Teachers' College with its many vocational courses, the Theological School, the Law School, the Schools of Medicine, Dentistry, and Pharmacy took concrete shape. Buildings have been added and in the year 1907, the courts changed the name from Temple College to Temple University. Between three and four thousand students register annually and still the demands upon it

increase faster than it is possible to raise the money to meet the ever-varying demands.

In the vision that came to the lawyer when he decided he must lay down everything and listen to the insistent voice within him that had been struggling to be heard, there were three distinct obligations laid upon him: to preach the gospel, to give instruction to him who could not otherwise procure it for himself, and to heal the sick. He did not need to seek these obligations; each in its turn presented itself before him in such manner that it was inevitable that he, being the manner of man he was, should take it up.

Soon after the Temple was finished and while the University was still erecting its first building, a small hospital in the northern part of the city had been compelled to close its doors for lack of funds. An appeal was made to Dr. Conwell, who called together a number of friends whose interest might be secured. They decided to reopen the little hospital with one ward and one nurse in a private house. The hospital was christened the Samaritan. Today it occupies half of a city square, with a training school of sixty nurses and a hundred and fifty beds, besides a large dispensary, an active social service department, and all the other activities that characterize the best of modern hospitals. The Garretson Hospital, a smaller hospital in the center of great industrial plants, is also a part of the University work. The Samaritan Hospital as now constituted is also a part of the University, being under the same government. Dr. Conwell is the pastor of the Baptist Temple and president of the board of trustees of Temple University and its hospitals, but the latter are entirely independent of the church, having a board of trustees of their own selected from the alumni and friends of the University. For some years now both the University and its hospitals have been receiving State aid, which has materially relieved the strain upon Dr. Conwell.

Through all these exacting years President Conwell has continued lecturing, averaging three or four lectures a week. These lecture tours have taken him all over the United States and brought him in contact with all the great men of his age.

But wherever he goes, whomever he meets, his first thought has been, "Can I get any idea that will further the great work in Philadelphia?" Much of the proceeds of his lectures has been given to the education of young people who could not have obtained it without this help.

For a few weeks each year he goes back to the hills whence he came to get fresh inspiration for his work. Many years after he left it as a young man seeking his fortune he bought back his old home and there seeks rest and fresh strength. In view of the porches of the old home looms up the rocky precipice on which stood the tree that held the eagle's nest and which he tried to scale as a boy; and every time he goes up from the city to his home in the hills he passes the spot where he delivered his first very effective oration. Still, at heart he is above all other things the orator. From a sense of duty, of obligation to his fellow men, and because the spirit of the Lord compels him, he is preacher, founder of hospitals and a university.

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BEACH HIGH SCHOOL

GEORGE DEWEY

By Lois Eleanor Kinney

IN the latter half of the sixteenth century the French Huguenot family, Douai, came to Kent, England, seeking for religious freedom. The same motive later sent the founder of the American Dewey family to Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he settled in 1634. This is the first that we hear of the family of our famous American admiral.

George Dewey was born in the little town of Montpelier, Vermont, December 26, 1837, the youngest of three brothers. His boyhood days were spent in this beautiful New England town among the Green Mountains, where his father, Dr. Julius Yemans Dewey, had settled after finishing his medical course at the University of Vermont. The death of his mother, when he was five years of age, made his father's influence of the greatest importance and of it he says, "To my father's influence in my early training I owe, primarily, all that I have accomplished in the world."

His early life was that of the boys in a small American town, which Dewey considers "is about as healthy a life as a growing boy can lead." A life of Hannibal early stirred his love for soldiers and forts and in the winter he built snow fortresses and entrenchments and proudly led forth his soldiers to snowball battles. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the Military Academy at Norwich, Vermont. There the boys lived in dormitories, and had regular military drill. While at this Academy he, with four others, was brought into the Windsor County Court at Woodstock, Vermont, for breaking up a religious meeting by singing negro melodies outside the window of the room where the meeting was held. There were no gymnasiums in those days where a boy could work off his surplus energy, and continual study in a solemn manner had awakened the spirit of mischief. After this somewhat serious outbreak Dr. Dewey took his son from Norwich and later in the year 1854 sent him to the Naval Academy at An-

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GEORGE DEWEY

napolis. At that time appointments were due to political influence rather than to competitive entrance examinations. Another boy was first given the appointment but, when he decided not to take it, it was given to Dewey. Dr. Dewey accompanied his son to Annapolis and before starting for home said to him: "George, I've done all I can for you. The rest you must do for yourself." This advice Admiral Dewey says he has always tried to keep in mind.

The four years' course was stiff, and of the sixty who entered in '54 only fifteen remained to graduate in '58. In his autobiography he tells of his difficulty with history and geography which was counterbalanced, however, by his excellence in mathematics and his facility in learning French and Spanish. When he was graduated he was fifth among the fifteen. At Annapolis there was then no system of athletics except the regular military drill, and the gymnastic equipment was poor. There was little or no relaxation from discipline, so outbreaks occurred which could not occur to-day. Every midshipman had his nickname and Dewey's was "Shang," though its origin he has forgotten. As was the habit of acting midshipmen Dewey chewed tobacco but, when he found that British and other foreign officers did not do it, he "became convinced that it was a filthy, vulgar habit in which no officer or gentleman should indulge, and consequently gave up all use of tobacco."

After graduation from the Naval Academy a two years' experience in practical cruising was necessary before the commissions were given. Dewey and three of his classmates were assigned to the steam-frigate *Wabash* which was the flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron. The *Wabash* left Hampton Roads July 22, 1858, and arrived at Gibraltar August 15. About fourteen months were spent cruising from port to port, at the most important of which they had glimpses of life ashore and became familiar with the exchange of official calls between nations. In October the *Wabash* was in the Bosphorus where ships from every navy had gathered for the celebration of Mohammed's birthday. His first acquaintance with the Orient was, therefore, a memorably beautiful one. From the Bos-

phorus they sailed to Beirut, Syria, and later visited Jerusalem and Alexandria. If he had had trouble learning geography while in school, he was now getting a thorough knowledge at least of Mediterranean ports. The *Wabash* was in Italian harbors when the war between Austria and Italy and France was in progress and Dewey speaks especially of the friendliness between the officers and crews of the English and American vessels both of which were watching the war as neutrals. The *Wabash* returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard December 16, 1859.

His next cruise was one to Caribbean and Gulf ports, his first experience in tropic waters. On his return to the Naval Academy in January, 1861, he took his final examination, which brought him through the grades of passed midshipman and master to that of lieutenant. In this examination he was third in his class. As he had been the thirty-third at the end of his first year at Annapolis it is quite evident that he had been following his father's advice and was doing "the rest" quite well.

Lieutenant Dewey's first war experience was in the Civil War. The navy was then at the beginning of the change which was to revolutionize navy building: the wooden frigate was giving way to the ironclad. The navy department of the government was being reorganized. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and his assistant secretary, Gustavus Fox, found that there was no retiring law for officers of the navy and consequently many of them were not fit for active service, yet there was no way of supplanting them with younger, more able men. In December, 1861, a law was passed retiring all officers at the age of sixty-two, or after forty-five years of service. Dewey was first assigned to duty on the side-wheeler *Mississippi*, a steam-frigate which was to blockade the Gulf. This proved to be monotonous work until Farragut was given command with the order to take New Orleans. By this time the lieutenant had risen to the rank next to that of captain and had become the executive officer of the *Mississippi*, though very young for a position of such importance. The preparations for

the coming attack on New Orleans kept the men busy from early morning to late evening and Dewey tells how the captain of the ship put a stop to the swearing which became rife when some especially hard task was to be done. "One day the captain appeared on deck from his cabin, where he had been overhearing the flow of sailor language. He looked as if he had borne about all he could bear. He told me to have the crew lay aft. I ordered them aft; then he said, 'Hereafter, any officer caught swearing will be put under suspension, and any man caught swearing will be put in double irons.' Having delivered this ultimatum he returned to his cabin. There was an end of swearing on the *Mississippi* from that minute."

To get to New Orleans the heterogeneous fleet which Farragut had gotten together had to pass Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson above which was an obstruction of chain-booms and anchored hulks across the river. The chains of the obstruction were finally broken and about midnight of the 23rd of April the order was given for the fleet to move up the river. The *Mississippi* was second in the first division and Captain Smith gave Dewey the post of handling the ship, which was a big responsibility for a man of twenty-four. The Confederate ram *Manassas* caused the greatest excitement to the *Mississippi* during the passing of the forts. Its first attempt to ram the *Mississippi* was almost successful. Dewey, however, had seen it in time to partly turn his ship and the *Manassas* was able to strike only a glancing blow. This tore a piece of timber about seven feet long, four feet broad and four inches deep from the side of the *Mississippi* but due to the solid construction of the vessel it was practically undamaged. Later in the night Dewey had a chance to run down the *Manassas* but her captain ran her ashore. It was then easy to turn the guns of the *Mississippi* on the ram, wreck her, and send a boat to set her on fire. The *Mississippi* then proceeded up the river to join the fleet which had anchored about fifteen miles below New Orleans. The next morning the fleet was off for New Orleans, meeting only the slight opposition of the two batteries Chalmette and McGehee. The taking of New Orleans

was the biggest event of the war up to that time. The *Mississippi* was stationed off that city for nearly a year afterwards as the guardship.

Early in the spring of 1863 plans were made for the taking of Vicksburg and on March 14th the fleet started up the river. There was a sharp bend in the river commanded by Confederate guns. The night was dark, misty, and soon smoke-laden. Of the ships which preceded the *Mississippi* only that of Farragut got past the Port Hudson forts, while the others were forced to submit to a heavy fire. Each of the boats had an experienced river pilot and when the pilot guiding the *Mississippi* thought she was clear of the shoal point he ordered full speed ahead. The ship was not past the point, so ran aground and was unable to get clear. The enemy's guns were turned full upon her, and finally one of the "hot-shots" (red-hot round shot with wads of wet hay or hemp between the shot and the powder to keep the powder from igniting) started a fire in a storeroom filled with inflammable material. There was no time to lose, the ship had to be abandoned. The whole crew was sent off, the wounded first and the gunners last. Captain Smith and Dewey were the last to leave the *Mississippi* after setting fire to her and cutting her outboard delivery pipes. In his report Captain Smith highly commended Dewey. He wrote, "I should be neglecting a most important duty should I omit to mention the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. George Dewey, and the steady, fearless, and gallant manner in which the officers and men of the *Mississippi* defended her, and the orderly and quiet manner in which she was abandoned." It should be noted that Dewey had trained this efficient crew during the monotony of guarding New Orleans.

Dewey's next duty was that of prize commissioner at New Orleans. This was determining the ownership of cargo captured on the blockade and, if he found it was legitimate prize, selling it for the government.

The following summer Dewey became the executive officer on the sloop *Monongahela*, stationed below Port Hudson. It was on this ship that he had the closest call of his life. The *Monongahela* was steaming up the river when a field battery

hidden behind a levee began firing. One of the shells exploded at the ship's side, mortally wounding the captain of the ship and slightly injuring Farragut's chief of staff who was on board. It seemed marvelous that Dewey, who was standing near these two, was not struck by some of the flying pieces. A large naval force was not necessary on the river after the taking of Vicksburg, and Dewey was transferred to the *Brooklyn* which was to report to Rear-Admiral Dahlgren at Charleston, South Carolina. From Charleston the *Brooklyn* was sent to the New York Navy Yard to be overhauled and Dewey had his first holiday since the beginning of the war. This he spent at his home in Vermont.

On his return to service he was made executive officer of a third-rate wooden, side-wheel steamer, the *Agawam*, on which he remained until November, 1864. His next assignment made him executive officer of the *Colorado*, one of the big steam frigates which was in both attacks made on Fort Fisher. The training of the *Colorado's* crew was a hard task for there were some ruffians in it who were insubordinate. The first time Dewey called for all hands some of the men remained below because they thought it was too cold to get up. The executive officer went among their hammocks and, whenever he found one occupied, turned the occupant out. The next time he called for all hands, every man appeared for they had learned that the new executive officer had to be obeyed.

After the victory at Fort Fisher, Commodore Thatcher, who had been in command of the *Colorado*, was promoted to rear-admiral of the Gulf Squadron and wished Dewey to go as his chief of staff. Again Dewey's youth was against him, so he was finally made executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, which post he filled for nearly a year. He then became executive of the *Canandaigua*. When the executive officer of the *Colorado* was detached, Dewey was given the place by Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, commander of the European Squadron, who said to him, "Now is your chance! Take the *Colorado* and make a man-of-war of her." Altogether, from 1862 to 1867, George Dewey had been the executive officer of nine ships. After the war was over the European Squadron was re-estab-

lished and for two years he cruised in European waters where the squadron was regarded with more interest and respect than before the war.

In September, 1867, he was detached and put in charge of the fourth class of midshipmen at the Naval Academy. A month later he was married to Susan Boardman Goodwin, daughter of ex-Governor Goodwin, of New Hampshire. Here they stayed for three years. There was much gaiety and many social functions for there were several other young officers and their brides at Annapolis.

Dewey received his first regular command on leaving the Naval Academy, that of the *Narragansett*, a third class sloop. Three months later he was transferred to the *Supply* which was to take supplies for the relief of the French who had suffered in the siege of Paris. When he reached Havre he found the wharves piled high with supplies, so he was instructed by the relief committee to take his cargo to London for sale. On his return, he spent a few months at the Boston Navy Yard, then went to the Newport torpedo station where, on December 23, 1872, his son, George Goodwin Dewey, was born. Five days later, occurred the death of Mrs. Dewey.

In the spring Dewey was again put in command of the *Narragansett*, which he joined at Panama Bay and on which he spent the next two years, surveying Lower California and the coast of Mexico as far as Cape Corrientes. While in the Gulf of California there came word of the *Virginius* affair which seemed about to precipitate war between the United States and Spain. He tells that he found the officers sitting about despondent, and, on asking the reason, was told that it was because there was to be a war in which they would have no part. His answer was, "On the contrary, we shall be very much in it. If war with Spain is declared, the *Narragansett* will take Manila."

Always interested in the Philippine Islands, Dewey had read about them and had seen their situation as a logical point of attack; but it was not until twenty-five years later that he had the privilege of taking this city. In the spring of 1875 he re-

ceived orders detaching him from the *Narragansett* and returned to his home country.

After serving as lighthouse inspector for two years, he was made secretary of the lighthouse board in April, 1878, with his residence in Washington. Horseback riding was his favorite form of exercise and he mentions the pleasant afternoon rides he had with the historian and former Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Bancroft.

In October, 1882, Dewey left in command of the *Juniata* for the station in China, going by way of the Mediterranean. Illness overtook him, however, and he was compelled to leave the ship at Malta and go to the British Naval Hospital. The next two years he spent traveling from one place to another in search of health, finding it at last in Santa Barbara, California. Here he received his promotion from commander to captain, a rank which he held for twelve years. As captain of the *Pensacola*, he sailed again in European waters and visited European ports studying other navies. On his return to the United States Captain Dewey was made chief of the bureau of equipment and watched eagerly the building of the new navy. Modest was the beginning of this navy, only a small squadron of unarmored cruisers being put out at first.

In October, 1895, he was given the important position of president of the board of inspection and survey. This board inspected all the new battleships then being built — the *Texas*, the *Maine*, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana*, and the *Massachusetts* — and also several torpedo boats. Promotion from captain to commodore was received May 23, 1896. This rank entitled him to the command of a squadron as soon as there was a vacancy. In the summer and fall of 1897 the question of a successor to Acting Rear-Admiral McNair, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, arose. Commodore Dewey received orders on October twenty-first, 1897, which detached him from duty as president of the board of inspectors on the thirtieth of November and directed him to sail on the seventh of December for Japan. On January 3, 1898, Commodore Dewey took over the command of the Asiatic Squadron and hoisted his pennant on the *Olympia*.

Up to this time there had been only a few rumors that there might be trouble in the Philippines, and little attention had been given to these by the government. The new commander of the Asiatic Squadron was sensitive to the situation in the East. One of his first acts was to renew the custom, which had come to be disregarded, that each new commander of the Asiatic Squadron should ask for an audience with the Emperor of Japan. The audience was granted and pleasant relations between the court and officials of Japan and the Asiatic Squadron of the United States were established.

Then came the news of the *Maine* disaster on February 15th. There was still hope that war with Spain could be averted, but the European, South Atlantic and Asiatic Squadrons received orders to assemble at expedient points. As the rumors of trouble in the Philippines increased in number, Commodore Dewey began making such preparation as was necessary before war should be declared. Ammunition and coal were cabled for and two vessels, which could be used as supply ships, were bought from China. A base of supplies was established at one of the Chinese ports, China then being the only nearby country which would be unable to keep a strict neutrality.

The *McCulloch*, a revenue cutter, and the *Baltimore*, bringing a supply of ammunition, were added to the squadron about the middle of April. All of the ships of the squadron were painted war color and cleared for action, though war had not as yet been declared. On the 24th and 25th of April the squadron left the harbor at Hong Kong and proceeded to Mirs Bay. At noon of the 25th word came from Secretary Long that war had been declared and the Asiatic Squadron was ordered to commence operations against the Spanish fleet. Two days later, April 27, the squadron started for Manila Bay, six hundred miles away.

Word had been received that the entrance to the bay had been mined but Commodore Dewey reasoned that if the mines were contact or electrical mines they would soon become ineffective in the tropical waters. Also the depth of the water made the planting of mines, except by an expert, most difficult.

Fearlessly, but not rashly, Dewey, on his flagship *Olympia*, led the squadron to Manila Bay. They were to enter it during the night, running past the batteries at the entrance under cover of darkness. The batteries which might have done considerable damage to the squadron failed to open fire and it slipped into the bay untouched. At 5:05 three of the Manila batteries opened fire but their shots passed over Dewey's ships. Daylight showed the Spanish fleet formed in front of Cavite at the southern end of Manila Bay. The *Olympia* led the way toward the Spanish vessels, which began firing hastily and without taking accurate aim. Commodore Dewey had considered the situation carefully and had decided that the most telling work could be done by waiting until his squadron was close enough to the Spanish ships to get them in effective range, and then to fire on them as rapidly as possible with all the guns. That this was a successful method was proved by the results. About eight o'clock the outcome seemed certain and the crews of our squadron, who had had only a cup of coffee about four A. M., were given their breakfast while the commanding officers reported on board the flagship. Up to that time their reports showed that not a single life had been lost nor any ship seriously damaged, though many shells had been fired at them by the Spanish. The entry on the night of May 1st in Commodore Dewey's diary reads thus: "Reached Manila at daylight. Immediately engaged the Spanish ships and batteries at Cavite. Destroyed eight of the former, including *Reina Cristina* and *Castella*. Anchored at noon off Manila."

The Spanish Squadron had been destroyed and the American Squadron was in control of Manila Bay and could take the city at any time.

The President gave Dewey the rank of acting rear-admiral, the same rank that had been conferred on Captain Sampson of the North Atlantic Squadron.

After the battle there was no chance for idleness. It was necessary to establish and enforce a blockade. In connection with the enforcement of the blockade came up the affair with Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs. There was a misunderstanding

between von Diedrichs and Dewey as to the meaning of the blockade and the duties of neutrals coming into a blockaded harbor. Von Diedrichs failed at first to realize that his vessels had been allowed entrance into the bay only as a matter of international courtesy and that they must satisfy blockading vessels of their identity. With infinite care and tact Rear-Admiral Dewey was able to settle the affair quietly and without calling on the President in regard to the matter.

The taking of Manila was delayed until August 12 when the ships were in readiness and the troops, which had arrived during the summer, under the command of General Merritt, were prepared for a land attack. Negotiations had been going on for some time between Dewey and the Spanish general, Jaudenes, with M. André, the Belgian consul at Manila, as intermediary. It had been agreed that the American troops were to rush into Fort San Antonio, that the flagship *Olympia* should approach the city flying the signal "D. W. H. B." for "Surrender," and that on a certain place on the southwest bastion of the city wall the white flag should be displayed by the Spanish. There was to be no firing except at the first rush of the American troops unless they were fired upon, which they were not. The Spanish general saved his honor by a formal show of resistance.

All was not easy even after the taking of Manila, for in the rest of the Philippine Islands American authority had to be established. The Philippine Commission, consisting of Jacob Schurman, Charles Denby, Dean Worcester, General Otis, and Admiral Dewey, was appointed on January 12, to develop a system of civil administration in the islands. Admiral Dewey's faithfulness to duty was shown by the fact that he remained at Manila as long as he felt his services were needed — a year after the victory of May first — without once going to Hong Kong for the benefit of the change of climate, a privilege he had granted to all of his officers. During this time his health had been impaired and a leisurely cruise home by the way of the Mediterranean seemed most likely to restore it. In September, 1899, Admiral Dewey sailed from Gibraltar for

New York where he was greeted by vast crowds desirous of paying homage to the hero of Manila.

Commodore Dewey, a man scarcely known to the general public in April, 1898, returned home a little over a year later to find the name of Admiral Dewey on the lips of all. One of the honors conferred by the government was the creation of a special rank to which he was appointed by the President. He was made an admiral of the navy who should not be placed on the retired list except by his own application; this office to cease to exist when it should be vacated by death or otherwise. John Barrett, special war correspondent with Admiral Dewey at Manila, says that if he were asked what had been the effect on the admiral of his great victory and succeeding fame, he would say that in the realization of the deep, all-prevalent love of the American people for him, he has become gentler in spirit.

Since the war Admiral Dewey has been actively engaged in the work of the navy. For some years he has been President of the General Board, which prepares war plans, recommends the types of armaments of ships for the annual building program, and acts as a clearing-house for all questions of naval policy.

After his return from the East, Admiral Dewey married Mrs. Mildred Hazen, who had been a friend during the years of his residence in Washington.

Interested from his boyhood in army and navy affairs, we can trace his natural development into a distinguished admiral. Many things seem to have gone directly towards making him the illustrious hero of Manila, among which are his early knowledge of the Spanish language and his study of the situation in the East, especially in the Philippine Islands. His training in the Civil War under such men as Captain Melancthon Smith and Admiral Farragut taught him calm preparation before war and quick, decisive action in battle. Invaluable are the plans and advice which a man of such experience can give and the people of the United States should consider themselves most fortunate in having Admiral Dewey as President of their General Naval Board.

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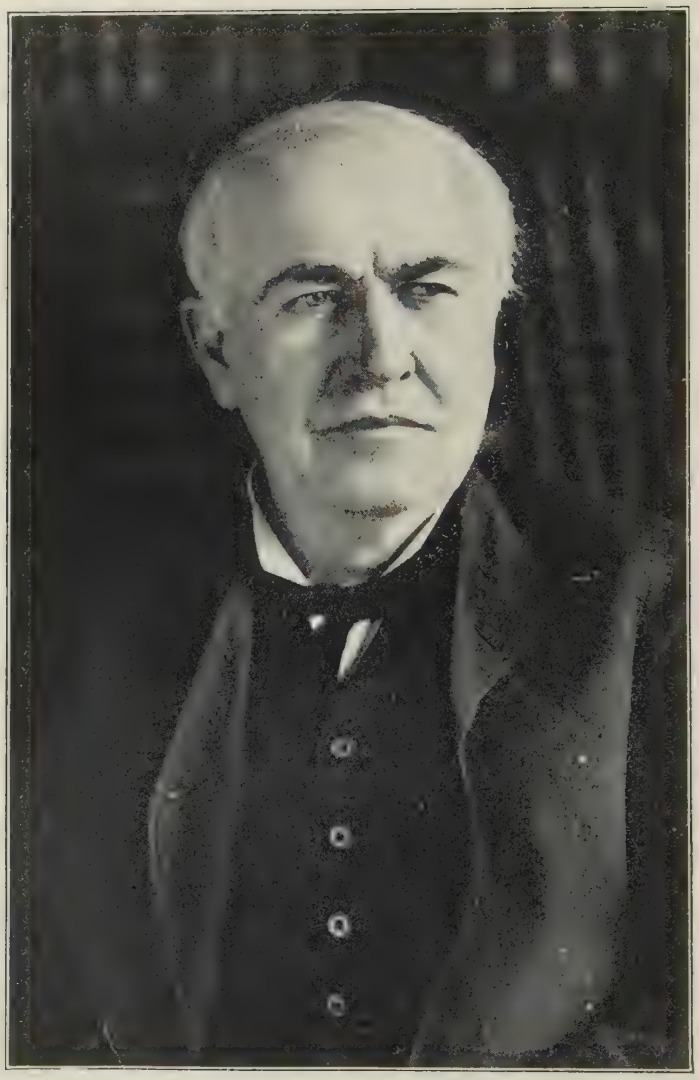

Thos A Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON

By George Lawrence Scherger

THOMAS A. EDISON is undoubtedly the most celebrated and useful American of our day. He is considered by all to be the greatest inventor of this, if not of any, age. He has made the entire human race his debtor. His inventions have revolutionized our life and civilization so that the world would seem a very dull place for us if we had to get along without them. So much like a wizard does he seem to us that his most startling invention does not surprise us. Nothing seems impossible to him. He is the incarnation of the American genius for inventiveness and for this reason the American people are proud of him as being a typical American.

Americans are also proud of Edison because he is a self-made man. He was born a poor boy and he rose by his own efforts through hard work. Although he seems to us one of the greatest geniuses who ever lived, he himself defines genius as two per cent. inspiration and ninety-eight per cent. perspiration. Although comparatively old today, he is still one of the hardest working men in the world. His mind is continually seething with problems. He is a dynamic force of the highest voltage. His perseverance is boundless. He spent ten years working on his storage battery, making fifty thousand experiments before he was satisfied with it. He worked at the moving picture machine for thirty-four years.

Thomas A. Edison was born in the little town of Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His father had emigrated to this place from Canada in 1838, having been practically compelled to leave that country because he had taken an active part in the rebellion against the British Government. Here he married a school teacher named Nancy Elliot, with whom he had been acquainted in Canada. It seemed at that time that Milan had a great future, but these hopes came to naught. A new railway line was constructed near by but did not pass through

Milan. The Edison family therefore moved to Port Huron, Michigan, when Thomas was about seven years of age. The young lad did not enjoy an opportunity of acquiring an education, although he is very lavish in his praises of his mother and of her influence. He says: "I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should have probably turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me." With the exception of about three months at the Port Huron Public school, young Edison received all his instruction from his mother.

While living at Port Huron, the boy's father built an observatory on his house, making a small charge to strangers who desired to look through the telescope. Young Al, as Mr. Edison was called when a boy, loved to sweep the horizon with his father's telescope. This was his first acquaintance with a scientific instrument. At the age of nine he had read a number of scientific works, as well as Hume's *History of England* and Gibbon's *Rome*.

At the early age of twelve, Edison, in order to obtain pocket money to experiment in chemistry and physics, became a train newsboy on the Detroit and Port Huron branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. While occupying this position he continued his experimenting on the train and also bought a small hand press and became the editor, printer and publisher of a little newspaper which he called *The Weekly Herald*, and the subscription price of which was eight cents per month. He was only about fourteen at the time this paper appeared. It consisted of a single sheet printed on both sides. The regular

subscription circulation, when the paper enjoyed its greatest fame, was five hundred copies, from which he made a clear profit of about forty-five dollars a month. Two announcements of his paper are of especial interest. One of them says, "We expect to enlarge our paper in a few weeks." Another, "In a few weeks each subscriber will have his name printed on his paper."

The *Weekly Herald* had begun to attract considerable attention, being even mentioned in the London *Times*, and Edison might have continued this work and eventually have become a famous editor had it not been for an accident. One day while he was engaged in making an experiment the train gave a heavy lurch upsetting a bottle of phosphorus. The woodwork of the car took fire. Just as Edison was trying to put it out, the conductor, who was a quick-tempered Scotchman, came in and when he saw what had happened he pitched young Edison out of the car onto the platform, throwing his apparatus and printing press after him. The train then proceeded, while the young editor and future inventor was left behind. He had to continue his experiments and the publication of his paper in a workshop in his father's home.

While a newsboy on the railroad Edison had become interested in electricity, probably from visiting telegraph offices. He experimented with telegraph lines which had been strung up between houses, supporting the wire on trees. He learned how to send and take messages. But one day a stray cow wandering through the orchard pulled down his short poles and wires. Soon after he obtained a position where he was able to practice telegraphy as an operator. This he owed to the kindness of a station agent whose son he had saved from being killed by a train. Although he obtained several positions as an operator he lost them because of his dislike for routine work and his love of reading and experimenting.

Mr. Edison worked in a number of different cities, including Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Memphis, and Boston, as a telegraph operator. While in Indianapolis he had invented an automatic telegraph repeater. In Boston he patented a vote recorder which was greatly praised, but which was not put to

any practical use. Soon after this he went to New York, arriving in that city without enough money to buy a breakfast. He applied for a job as a telegraph operator. While waiting for work he one day paid a visit to the office of a company which managed indicators, or tickers, distributed among several hundred brokerage offices. On that particular morning the machinery had broken down and there was much excitement because no one was able to locate the trouble. Every moment was precious because gold was dear. Mr. Edison was standing by during the commotion and remarked that he thought he could put things right if permitted to do so. He was told to go ahead, whereupon he removed a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels and immediately the instrument did its work. As a result Mr. Edison was made manager of the service at a salary of three hundred dollars a month. He almost fainted from joy when he received the appointment. Dissatisfied with the working of the old instrument he set to work to improve it. Thus came about the invention of Edison's Universal Stock Indicator for which he was paid the sum of forty thousand dollars. At first he scarcely knew what to do with so much money, but finally decided to open up a factory in Newark, New Jersey, where he employed a number of assistants and soon made many surprising inventions. Among these was the Duplex telegraph which he sold to the Western Union Telegraph Company, who also made a contract with him by which they obtained an option on all his future improvements along telegraphic lines.

By means of the Duplex telegraph it was possible to send two messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time, without causing any confusion. This great invention, which doubled the capacity of a single wire, was followed by that of the Quadruplex telegraph, invented in 1874, which made possible the transmission of two messages each way at the same time, according to the principle of working over the line with two currents so differing from each other in strength or nature that each of these currents affects only the particular instrument adapted to respond to it. In order to operate this invention, two sending and two receiving oper-

ators are required at each end of the wire. This device was worth millions of dollars to the Western Union, because it made a mile of wire do the work of four miles. Eventually the same idea was developed into Sextuplex transmission.

Not less brilliant was the invention of the automatic telegraph, which required the preparation of the message in advance, accomplished by the use of perforated paper tape with Morse telegraph characters, the tapes being subsequently run through a transmitter. This invention became possible only after the discovery of a solution which would give a chemically prepared paper, upon which the characters could be recorded at a great speed. Mr. Edison worked hard to perfect this paper and after six weeks of incessant labor, during which he ate at his desk and slept in his chair, he was finally able, after having made two thousand experiments, to produce a solution which would enable him to record over two thousand words a minute on a wire two hundred and fifty miles long. Eventually he was able to obtain a speed of thirty-one hundred words a minute.

It was while at Newark that he also invented the harmonic multiplex telegraph, a system of employing tuning forks actuated by electro-magnets so that each reed serves as a key to send messages over the line, the tuning fork at the other end vibrating at the same frequency and thus selecting as much of the current as belongs to it. As many as sixteen messages may be sent at one time by means of this harmonic multiplex system.

The autographic telegraph, also an Edison invention, writes at the other end of the line the same message which is sent off by means of a pencil writing on specially prepared paper.

It was not only in telegraphy that Mr. Edison made such revolutionary inventions, but also in the perfection of the telephone. Many scientists were becoming interested in trying to solve the problem of how to employ electricity as a means of transmitting speech for great distances. The most famous of these inventors was Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Massachusetts. Strange to say, at almost exactly the

same time that Bell applied for a patent for his invention, Elisha Gray, of Chicago, Illinois, had made the same invention, covering practically the same ground, and also applied for a patent. There was no other way to determine to whom the patent should be awarded except according to the hour of the day the applications were filed. The decision was made in favor of Bell, who obtained the patent and organized a company called The Bell Telephone Company. Bell's telephone, however, was practical only for short lines and could not be used commercially on lines extending over several miles. Mr. Edison, however, realized the wonderful possibilities of the telephone and set to work to perfect it by inventing the carbon telephone transmitter. Bell was very anxious to make use of this but could not do so without infringing upon Edison's patent. Edison, on the other hand, could make little or no use of his transmitter without infringing upon Bell's invention. After considerable strife between the two rival interests a compromise was arranged by which Edison turned over his transmitter in exchange for certain benefits he received from Bell. Edison's transmitter did away with the noise and buzzing of Bell's telephone by means of the simple device of using the lamp black button. By applying the induction coil to the transmission of speech, Mr. Edison made the telephone the useful instrument which it is now universally considered to be. Mr. Edison has done much other work along the line of perfecting various systems for the transmission of speech, such as the water telephone, the condenser telephone, the mercury telephone, the musical transmitter, the megaphone and the aerophone.

From this time on Mr. Edison came to be called the "Wizard of Menlo Park" and became famous the world over. The most fantastic ideas regarding the man were now accepted. Some even thought that he would overthrow all the established laws of nature and would revolutionize our scientific ideas, upsetting all nature. Though world-famous, Mr. Edison was still a young man, being only thirty years of age when he perfected the telephone.

Another field of experimentation in which Mr. Edison now

became interested was that relating to the electric light. It was in the year 1878, as Mr. Edison himself tells us, that he saw in the laboratory of Professor Barker, at Philadelphia, the first arc lamp and soon after another plant which was being taken around the country with a circus and which consisted of ten or fifteen lamps burning together in a series. Mr. Edison at once realized that the light was too bright and needed to be subdivided. He desired to obtain small lights which could be distributed among people's houses like gas lights, and in order to carry out this scheme organized the Edison Electric Light Company. The next step was to make each light independent of every other. This could not be done by having them burn in a series, hence they must burn in a multiple arc. Soon there dawned in his mind the idea of the incandescent lamp as opposed to the arc light.

To make the new incandescent lamp a success, it was necessary for Mr. Edison to find a filament. He spent thirteen months of unwearied experimentation with different metals, trying first carbon points and then platinum wire. Any one but Mr. Edison would have given up in despair, but he persevered until at last success crowned his efforts. While platinum wire gave a good light when electricity was passed through it, the wire would melt when the current became too strong. It was therefore necessary to find some substance which would become luminous without melting when charged with electricity. Some of the greatest scientists of England had investigated this subject and come to the conclusion that the subdivision of electric light was a problem that could not be solved. After experimenting with various metals Mr. Edison came to the conclusion that metals would not do. One day, when seated in his laboratory, he accidently took up a little bit of lamp black mixed with tar, which was being used for another purpose in his laboratory. He rolled this until he obtained a thin thread, resembling a piece of wire. Suddenly he began to wonder whether this thread, being carbon, of course, might not have the strength to withstand the electric current. He began at once to experiment and rolled out fine threads preparatory to placing them in the lamps. With the

assistance of Mr. Charles Bachelor, he put the thread in a bulb, exhausted the air and turned on the current. The result was satisfactory in so far as obtaining a good light was concerned but the carbon was not strong enough.

Mr. Edison, however, realized that he was on the right track so far as the carbon filament was concerned, but he must make his filament from some other substance. He next took a spool of cotton thread and tried to carbonize the thread, but it broke again and again. He was not disheartened, however, but kept up the battle for two days and two nights. On the night of the third day, after beginning the experiment with carbonized cotton, Mr. Edison and Mr. Bachelor placed the filament in the lamp, exhausted the air and turned on the current. In a moment they realized that their efforts had at last been crowned with complete success, for a beautiful, soft light could now be seen. The cotton thread lasted for about forty hours. They next tried to find some sort of material which would give a light that would last much longer, and so they began carbonizing almost every material they could lay their hands on, such as straw, paper, and cardboard. The best results were obtained with bamboo, which Mr. Edison had obtained by tearing to pieces a bamboo fan. He now sent men to all parts of the world to find the best sort of bamboo, spending fully a hundred thousand dollars in the search. Some of his helpers went to the Malay peninsula; others to Mexico, Ceylon, India. Almost six thousand different kinds of fibrous plants were tried, the most satisfactory growing in the valley of the Amazon. Having at last solved the difficulty of obtaining the right sort of filament, Mr. Edison took out a patent for his electric light in January, 1880. He tested out his lights by stringing up a number of them along a wire suspended from the trees in Menlo Park, and invited his friends to come and see the new system of lighting. Among the visitors were the New York Board of Alderman, who went to Menlo Park on a special train and were delighted with the new invention.

Mr. Edison next turned his mind to the task of establishing a central station in New York City from which the electric light could be obtained, and then organized the New York-Edi-

son Illuminating Company. In order to be able to fix the charges for the use of the electric light he invented the Edison electric meter. The first office building in which the incandescent lamp was used was that of the *New York Herald.* A plant was also installed on the sailing vessel *Jeanette*, which made a trip in search of the North Pole and was lost in the Arctic regions. The first church to use the electric light was the City Temple, London. Soon the industry of furnishing electric light assumed enormous proportions and twenty years after its invention the electric lighting plants in the United States alone were worth $750,000,000. It is doubtful if any other invention has brought about such a revolution in civilization.

It is also probable that Mr. Edison has done more to provide simple and wholesome amusement for the entire human race than any man who ever lived. This he was able to do particularly by inventing the phonograph and the moving picture machine. His earlier experiments with automatic telegraphs had familiarized him with the use of strips having dashes and dots impressed on them and moving rapidly beneath a stylus. Mr. Edison noticed that this stylus in vibrating produced a slight sound. This suggested the talking machine, based upon the idea of recording the undulations so that when a stylus retraces them a diaphragm may be set in motion, reproducing the original sound. Eventually he made a cylinder upon which the sound waves could be impressed in a spiral line. The phonograph proved to be rather a simple instrument, consisting of two parts; the phonograph and the record. The phonograph itself was patented February 19, 1878. Mr. Edison made the following prophecy concerning his invention: "The phonograph will undoubtedly be largely devoted to music — either vocal or instrumental — and may possibly take the place of the teacher. It will sing the child to sleep, tell us what o'clock it is, summon us to dinner, and warn the lover when it is time to vacate the front porch. As a family record it will be precious, for it will preserve the sayings of those dear to us, and even receive the last messages of the dying. It will enable the children to have dolls that really speak, laugh,

cry and sing, and imitation dogs that bark, cats that meow, lions that roar, and roosters that crow. It will preserve the voices of our great men, and enable future generations to listen to speeches by a Lincoln or a Gladstone. Lastly, the phonograph will perfect the telephone and revolutionize present systems of telegraphy."

Mr. Edison himself formed a collection of "voices of the great" which included records of the voices of Gladstone, Bismarck, Tennyson, Beecher, Browning, and others. The Phonograph will certainly always be considered one of the most wonderful inventions of our age.

Even more wonderful was the invention of the kinetograph and the kinetoscope, or moving picture machine. Mr. Edison had never given any attention to photography before he became interested in the plan of taking pictures of moving objects. He now thoroughly studied the subject of photography in all its bearings, and by the perfection of its processes was finally able to invent a mechanism which can take a series of photographs as rapidly as forty-nine to the second, so that every movement is at once registered upon a long strip of gelatinous film.

The kinetoscope displays the film taken by the kinetograph, bringing the series of photographs so rapidly before the eye that everything moves about as in real life. The speed of the machine may be increased or retarded. The most wonderful results are obtained in this way. Even the growth of a plant or the unfolding of a flower can be shown from hour to hour of its development.

The kinetophone combines the principles of the kinetograph and the phonograph, giving thus not only the movements but also the sounds. This machine will enable a man in his own home to see and hear a production of grand opera as produced on a distant stage, witnessing all the movements of the singers in addition to hearing the sound of their voices. This invention is not yet as perfect as desirable, but there are no fundamental difficulties to hinder its perfection.

Mr. Edison was one of the first men in modern times to dis-

cover the possibilities of cement in construction work and he established the celebrated Edison Portland Cement Works, bringing the manufacture of cement, in all the processes of crushing, drying, mixing, roasting, and grinding, to the highest perfection by inventing machinery of the most wonderful nature. So great is the faith of Mr. Edison in the value of cement construction that he has likewise taken up the plan of constructing cement houses, made in molds. These molds, made of cast iron with smooth interior surfaces, are taken to the place where the house is to be erected, locked together, and placed upon the solid concrete cellar floor. The cement is poured into the forms, the pouring of the entire house being completed in about six hours. The molds then remain in position for six days while the cement hardens. After that the molds are taken away and the entire house may be seen cast in one piece. No plaster is used, but the walls may be papered or tinted as desired. Only the windows, woodwork, and fixtures need to be put in and the house is ready for occupancy. The molds may be used again and again. Mr. Edison believes that eventually it will be possible to put up such a model cement house at a cost of twelve hundred dollars. What a boon to the working man the world over!

Another one of Mr. Edison's inventions which has realized great possibilities is the Edison storage battery. This is now perfected and is used very extensively for automobiles, commercial trucks, motor boats, train lighting, and in many other ways. While many people still charge their own batteries, it seems likely that this work will soon be done largely by central power stations.

When we consider the vast number of Mr. Edison's inventions it seems almost impossible that a single man could have done all this within the brief space of a lifetime, and yet Mr. Edison, though he has been flattered and lionized as few people have, has remained modest and unassuming. This is illustrated by an incident in connection with his application for membership in the Engineer's Club of Philadelphia. In filling out the application blank and stating the particulars as to his

qualification for membership he wrote: "I have designed a concentrating plant and a machine shop, etc." How many further details would be required to fill out the "etc.?"

Several years ago Mr. Edison moved his laboratory from Menlo Park to Orange, New Jersey, thereby robbing Menlo Park of its great attraction to the world. The laboratory at Orange consists of a group of buildings surrounded by green lawns and shady trees. It has a large library, a most wonderful equipment, and a staff of hundreds of men to each of whom a particular line of work is assigned. Mr. Edison has a wonderful knowledge of human nature and has always shown great skill in selecting his associates. Like their chief, they are men who become so absorbed in their work that they are glad to give up food and sleep in order to carry on an interesting experiment. He is especially fond of workmen who know how to keep silent and who do not care for gossip.

Mr. Edison himself often becomes absorbed in his work to such an extent that he neglects his meals and goes without sleep, sometimes for several nights in succession. But, as he says, "If I spend sixty hours at an invention there must naturally be a loss of physical force, but I regain this by afterwards taking a slumber which may last from eighteen to twenty-four hours. In this way tired nature reasserts herself and both of us are satisfied." He cares little for money and though he has made a fortune from his inventions he never counts the cost when he is at work on a new one. He is very careless of his dress and does not care what he wears. He has strong opinions on the subject of diet and takes only the simplest food, and that in small quantities. He is always in a good humor; and enjoys a good joke as much as any one. One great secret of his tireless activity is the fact that he never worries. "Don't worry," he has said, "but work hard, and you can look forward to a reasonably lengthy existence."

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CHARLES W. ELIOT

By Christopher B. Coleman

NOTHING stirs us more than a great achievement. In the exploits of others we feel our own possibilities revealed. The American people prides itself upon being a people of great achievements. On every hand we see great things brought to pass. We have converted the wilderness into fertile farms; we have spanned broad rivers and girded a continent with railroads; we have dug canals to extend our great water courses and have at length united for commerce the two greatest oceans of the world; we have built gigantic factories, and erected cities which stagger the imagination. The population of our metropolis alone surpasses the total population of the thirteen colonies when they declared themselves an independent nation.

Other achievements less spectacular and picturesque than these have been equally necessary to our material and intellectual growth. Not the least important among them has been the development of our great American universities. Our attention may well be challenged, therefore, by the foremost figure in this development, the greatest educational leader of his generation, Charles W. Eliot.

Mr. Eliot was chosen president of Harvard College in 1869. Not widely known at that time, he yet came to his position thoroughly prepared and admirably fitted for its tasks. Born at Boston on March 20, 1834, he was but thirty-five years of age when he came to the presidency of the oldest college in the United States. He had been fitted for college at the Boston Latin School, and had graduated at Harvard in 1853. He was tutor in mathematics in Harvard and, for the next five years, a graduate student of chemistry with Professor Josiah P. Cooke. Then for five years he was assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School, the scientific department of Harvard. He spent two years in the study of chemistry and of educational methods in Europe,

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Charles W. Eliot

and returned, splendidly equipped for his work, to be professor of chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While still holding this position he spent a year in France (1867-1868), thus increasing his European experience.

Among the products of his career as a teacher of chemistry were two text-books which he wrote in connection with Professor Storer, a *Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis*, and a *Manual of Inorganic Chemistry*. Though his life work was not to be chemistry yet his prolonged preparation and his thorough work in this subject were not wasted. A profound and thorough discipline in any one field is a better equipment for work, even in another field, than a smattering knowledge of many things and a miscellaneous collection of interesting information. In Professor Eliot's later administrative work the thoroughness and the scientific methods with which he had worked in chemistry were most effective, even though he dealt with educational instead of with chemical problems. It was to his advantage, however, that he combined with this specialized training a remarkable command of nearly all the subjects of the college curriculum, and an extensive experience both in Europe and in America.

President Eliot was at the head of Harvard University for exactly forty years. His administration will always remain notable in the annals of the university not only for its length, but also for its many wonderful achievements. At its beginning Harvard had been outstripped in many respects by Yale, her closest rival. At its close Harvard stood unquestionably at the head of all American institutions of learning. Her faculty, her endowment and material equipment, her student attendance, and her influence increased by leaps and bounds. Credit for her remarkable growth must be given not only to the man who presided over her destinies, but also to the men of note associated with him. Many of these are known the country over: James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William James, Charles Eliot Norton, Charles Francis Adams, and others of as high repute. Many, also, are the distinguished men whose diplomas bear President Eliot's signature. Probably no other American

university president has seen so many of his graduates win fame in the work of the world. When, in 1909, he resigned the office which he had so long and creditably filled, not only his own university, but the daily press, the magazines, and the whole educational world united to do him honor.

Almost all departments of Harvard experienced revolutionary progress in Dr. Eliot's administration. Perhaps the greatest change which he personally introduced, and the change for which he is best known, was the introduction in the undergraduate department of the "elective system." Forty years ago practically all college work was definitely prescribed. This work was nearly the same for all students. No matter what a boy's talents and tastes might be, no matter what career he planned to enter, he must be content with the same college course taken by everyone else. This course invariably consisted almost entirely of Latin, Greek, mathematics, logic, philosophy, theology, a little modern language, and natural and political science. Two comparatively recent developments have for some time been making this prescribed course more and more inadequate. In the first place new fields of study have been opened, and new departments have been added to the college curriculum, such as sociology, pedagogy, journalism, business problems and organization, the domestic sciences, and agriculture. In the second place the student body, once a small group of men, most of whom entered college to prepare for the professions of the ministry, medicine, law, and teaching, have become larger and more representative, expecting, for the most part, to go into business and other than professional careers. President Eliot was the first to adjust the college course to meet these new conditions. By the establishment of the "elective system" a large range of choice was offered to each student in the selection of his course. There were, at first, some abuses in the choice of subjects. Some students determined their course by their personal likes and dislikes among the faculty, others specialized too early, while still others sought always the easiest classes. These defects, however, have been largely corrected by grouping the various courses and limit-

ing the student's choice to the election of certain groups of subjects, each group being so balanced as to involve general culture and mental discipline as well as specialization.

For some years the "elective system" formed the chief subject of discussion in college circles. Gradually, however, other colleges followed the lead of Harvard, and this system is now permanently established in nearly all institutions. It has even been extended to high schools, where, in spite of many abuses and much unintelligent application, it is being permanently accepted. Thus students are no longer burdened with studies which have no bearing on their future work; they are no longer put through a uniform process without regard to their individual needs, but the training of each is being measurably adapted to his capabilities and to his probable career. Education, in short, is no longer regarded as something invariable, to be imposed on the student from without, but is looked upon as a process of development from within and of preparation for future work.

The Law School, as well as the College of Liberal Arts, underwent radical transformation under President Eliot's administration. Here the so-called "case system" was developed. The old method of instruction in law consisted in teaching a great mass of principles and decisions, as though the law were something fixed by a superior power and the student's task were merely one of memory. The new system assigns to the student certain typical cases to investigate just as the lawyers and the judges investigated them in the first instance. He is thus made to reason cases out, to decide them, and to justify his decision. In this manner he gradually introduces himself to the general principles of the law; he masters, not some text-book which someone has written about the law, but the law itself. The "case system" is, in the highest sense of the word, inductive. The extent to which it has been adopted elsewhere, as well as the fame and the large attendance of the Harvard Law School itself, shows the success whch has attended its development under the direction of President Eliot.

The theological department has also undergone a notable

change. It was formerly, as was, indeed, the rule throughout the country, a part of the machinery of one denomination alone. The Harvard Theological Seminary prepared ministers for the Unitarian Church. By the close of President Eliot's administration the way had been prepared for the change by which the seminary became a graduate school for the study of religion and of church work in general. All denominational ties have been severed and the way is now open for the training of ministers on as broad and scientific a basis as prevails in law, medicine, or teaching.

In the graduate school of Harvard equally significant changes took place. President Eliot early conceived the idea of a great university where formerly there had only been a college. Such a university involved higher ideals of scholarship, it involved the development of new departments and of more advanced work in all departments; it involved gathering into the faculty a large number of highly-trained men who, personally engaged in research work, could initiate their students into the spirit and the methods of creative scholarship. All these plans President Eliot worked out, and under his guidance Harvard became the most important center of scholarship in the United States.

The Medical School, Lawrence Scientific School, Radcliff College for women, all shared in the general advance of the university of which they were a part. Thus in forty years there developed the greatest institution of learning which this country had yet seen. President Eliot made Harvard the first great American university.

But it is of the quality of the highest leadership that it should be open to suggestions from others, and that it should inspire followers. No one has been readier than President Eliot to adopt the results of successful experiments made elsewhere and to give recognition to all hopeful movements. And no one has had greater influence than he in shaping the policy of other institutions than his own. So the Harvard of President Eliot was not a single isolated achievement, but rather the first of many great American universities. Several of these universities have in some departments and in various

features of their work outstripped their former leader. Thus the modern university has taken an honored place in the march of American progress. At the eastern portals of our country, across the Charles River from Boston, stands Harvard, and on the heights above the Hudson in New York stands Columbia. On our western coast on the hillsides overlooking San Francisco Bay lies the beautiful campus of the University of California. In most of the great cities within our borders, and in many a picturesque setting in smaller towns great resources in money and massive buildings have been set aside for universities in the interest of modern scholarship. In many, if not in all our commonwealths, it is to these universities that men look for leadership, it is in their students that much of the hope of the future centers. Only when we realize how far-reaching in all of them has been the influence of Harvard's great president, can we appreciate our indebtedness to his clear insight, his courage, his enegry, and his moral grandeur.

President Eliot's distinction as an educator has found recognition in all parts of the educational world. He has served as president of our largest educational organization, the National Education Association. In this office, as elsewhere, he was insistent upon the importance of our whole school system. His famous address, *More Money for our Public Schools*, since published in book form, showed conclusively that we, as a nation, have not realized the significance of expenditures upon education.

Moreover, President Eliot's position and character have given him an influence reaching far beyond the educational circles to which he belongs. Especially since he has laid aside the responsibilities of his official position and become president emeritus, has he been able to exert this influence in many good works. Perhaps his greatest contributions have been to the cause of peace; not the peace of stagnation and mere conservatism, but the peace of progress without friction, of harmonious coöperation in the work of the world. In our jarring industrial life with its strikes and its bitterness, he has raised his voice for better mutual understanding, for fair

treatment on both sides, for law and order. He has stood for the preservation of our national resources and has been the honorary president of the National Conservation Association. He has been active in the cause of international peace. A few years ago he made a trip around the world which culminated in a message of peace from the American people to Japan and in bringing home to us assurances of peace from the Japanese.

No one could more fittingly bear such a message. He bears in his appearance and in his whole personality the stamp of a man of absolute sincerity, the mark of one who is always at peace with himself and with the world. Simple in his tastes, free from false pretense, serene in his religious convictions, lofty in his ideals, he is the embodiment of the themes upon which he has written and spoken, *The Happy Life*, and *The Durable Satisfactions of Life*. He and others like him are greater than the great works which they have wrought, they are themselves our nation's greatest achievements.

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J. Card. Gibbons

JAMES GIBBONS

By Joseph Leonard Carrico

JAMES GIBBONS, Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, occupies a unique position in American life. No other churchman of this country is or has been so well known and so generally esteemed by all classes. It is quite as true that no other private citizen has exercised more or better influence on the development of our national life and spirit. For a full half century he has been a leader in thought and action, enjoying an unsought popularity that has widened throughout the States and far beyond. And to-day at the age of eighty he commands with youthful energy the accumulated forces of his long life. His name is of course a household word in all the Catholic homes of the land, and few indeed are the non-Catholics who are not familiar with it.

The story of his life is as simple and straightforward as the great prelate himself. Anyone who seeks in it the sensational will be disappointed. It would not be easy, however, to find a career that will show to better advantage the significance of personal character in human affairs and the infallible effect of consistent endeavor in the cause of human welfare.

James Gibbons was born in Baltimore, July 23, 1834, the son of Thomas and Bridget Gibbons, Irish immigrants who had like so many others come to seek their fortunes in the land of opportunity. Little, doubtless, did even the proud parents dream that their child was to become the pride of Baltimore, the foremost citizen of Maryland, and cardinal primate of their church in the United States. Owing to failure of his health, Thomas Gibbons in 1837 returned with his family to Ireland, where they were to live permanently. But after his death some ten years later the energetic Mrs. Gibbons came back to this country with her six children, and settled in New Orleans. James had attended for several years a good private school in Ireland by which he had profited

to the utmost, but now there was no prospect of further opportunity at formal schooling. Upon arriving in New Orleans he found employment in a grocery store, where he worked for the next two years in support of the family. A successful business career seemed to be the foredestined future of the young clerk, but a mission at his parish church fixed his determination upon the priesthood. It was naturally a painful sacrifice for the widowed mother to give him up, but her vivid Irish faith prompted cheerful resignation to the will of Providence.

At the age of twenty-one young Gibbons left New Orleans for Baltimore to prepare himself for his chosen work of the ministry. After a tedious trip of sixteen days by boat, rail and stagecoach he entered St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, near Baltimore. Here he spent two years in collegiate study, and then went to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore for the sacred studies preparatory to ordination. His course at both places seems to have been markedly substantial rather than brilliant. He was fond of athletics, especially of football, which he indulged as intensely as he studied. His fine qualities of character made him a social favorite at college and in the seminary. There was abundant promise of a creditable career, but no one — he himself least of all — seems to have anticipated the distinction that he has actually achieved.

He was ordained priest on June 30th of the eventful 1861. During the years of the war he was occupied in parish duty in Baltimore, work which he executed with his characteristic zeal and success. The city of Baltimore was fearfully divided in the great conflict. Strongly with the South in sympathy and quite as strongly with the Union on principle, Father Gibbons took no active part with either side, in order that he might be able to render the service of his ministry to both sides.

His physical strength has always been much greater than his slight appearance would suggest, but it was not equal to the rigorous demands of his zeal in the first years of his ministry. So severely was his health overtaxed that it was thought at one time that he could live but a few months at

most. Though he has never fully recovered from that overstrain of his early years, he has by careful discipline of himself been able to outlive most of the robust men of his generation.

Shortly after the war the young priest became secretary to Archbishop Martin John Spalding of Baltimore, in which position he received valuable training in episcopal administration. In 1868 he was at the unanimous suggestion of the Catholic bishops of the United States appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. The prospect in this new field of labor was far from inviting. Three priests and some eight hundred souls well scattered over the large state constituted his charge. But it would have required a much more difficult mission than this to discourage the apostolic spirit of James Gibbons. Having been consecrated bishop, he went to his post of duty with the will that always triumphs. Old Archbishop Spalding dismissed his beloved disciple and secretary in his Spartan manner: "I have educated you, raised you to the age of manhood, I have given you a ring, and now go root for yourself or die." Frail as he appeared, the young bishop did not die, and "root" was a mild enough term for his alternative.

A sentence of the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith sketches the character of the Vicar's labors in North Carolina and later in Virginia: "He traveled through these states as priest and bishop, carrying his own gripsack, progressing in any fashion that the law allowed, living among the people, accepting hospitality from pagan, Protestant, infidel, and Catholic, preaching wherever he might, in hall, church of any creed, schools, shanties and private dwellings, with as little money as an apostle, without the health or ruggedness of constitution so necessary to a missionary, learning the thoughts of the common people, getting close to their hearts, and securing all that lore which makes him to-day the truest representative of the American people." Eight years of this pioneer labor formed the strenuous novitiate of the future Cardinal.

He was summoned to Rome in 1870 to take part among the bishops of the world in the great Council of the Vatican. On

account of his youth he considered it his duty to listen and learn rather than to express his opinions on the subjects of deliberation. In the vote on the definition of the papal infallibility his ballot was cast in the affirmative. In 1872 he was made Bishop of Richmond, Virginia, and four years later Coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore, with the right of succession. Before he had time to enter upon the duties of his new office the death of Archbishop Bayley made him Archbishop of Baltimore and first prelate of the Catholic church in America. He had been well matured for this high position in the severe school of experience, and it was with joy and pride that the people of Baltimore welcomed him back to his native city.

The first notable work of the new archbishop was the organization and guidance of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in 1886, over which he presided by papal appointment as apostolic delegate. The chief work of the council was to regulate in detail the discipline of the church in this country, and the complete success of the undertaking was due in great measure to the constructive ability and efficient leadership of the presiding prelate.

It was at the silver jubilee of his priesthood, June 30, 1886, that the crowning dignity came to the worthy archbishop when he was made a prince of the universal church. Pope Leo XIII had observed long and carefully the work of the humble Gibbons, and he thought it now time to reward his merit and enlarge his opportunity by raising him to the College of Cardinals. The whole country was loud in praise of this appointment and in felicitation of the honored prelate. When the archbishop heard the first rumor of promotion he expressed what has ever been his characteristic sentiment regarding the successive dignities that have been heaped upon him: "Should the report be verified, may God give me, as He gave to His servant David, an humble heart, that I may bear the honor with becoming modesty and a profound sense of my own unworthiness."

The degree to which the Cardinal has advanced in the esteem of his countrymen was well evidenced by the great civic

celebration held in his honor on the occasion of his golden jubilee as priest and silver jubilee as cardinal in June, 1911. Most of those who had part in arranging the event were non-Catholics, headed by Governor Crothers of Maryland, Mayor Preston of Baltimore, and Bishop Murray of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland. President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court, ex-President Roosevelt, Speaker Clark, ex-Speaker Cannon, Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain, the senators and representatives of Maryland with many other prominent members from both houses of Congress left their duties and went to Baltimore to pay tribute by their presence and their words to the great churchman who as private citizen has done so much public service. The big Fifth Regiment Armory where the addresses were delivered could accommodate only twenty thousand of the Cardinal's friends and admirers. A few sentences from the speeches of the day will show better than anything else the regard which the Cardinal enjoys in the public mind. Governor Crothers, who presided over the meeting, said in conclusion of the opening speech:

"We salute you, Cardinal Gibbons, as a torch-bearer in our midst of religion, justice and patriotism. We acknowledge and celebrate before the country and the world your lofty devotion to religious faith and purposes, your unfailing and ceaseless activities in behalf of this State and Union and of all their spiritual and material interests, your encouragement and help in all good aspirations, your wise and beneficent counsels in times of difficulty and doubt, your elevating influence upon all the movements and concerns of this your native land."

"What we are especially delighted to see confirmed in him," said President Taft, "is the entire consistency which he has demonstrated between earnest and single-minded patriotism on the one hand and sincere devotion to his Church on the other."

"The Cardinal," declared Mr. Roosevelt, "throughout his life has devoted himself to the service of the American people. . . I am honored — we are all honored — that the op-

portunity has come to-day to pay a tribute to what is highest and best in American citizenship, Cardinal Gibbons."

Vice-President Sherman, Senator Root, Speaker Clark, ex-Speaker Cannon, Ambassador Bryce, and Mayor Preston, each spoke in terms of praise that would seem extravagant to one not acquainted with the merits of the subject. In the course of his brief response the Cardinal with that modest sincerity which has graced all his words and works, voiced the sentiment which had made possible that unique demonstration in his honor:

"One merit only can I truly claim regarding my civic life, and that is an ardent love for my native country and her political institutions. Ever since I entered the sacred ministry my aim has been to make those over whom I exerted any influence not only more upright Christians, but also more loyal citizens; for the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen.

"I consider the Republic of the United States one of the most precious heirlooms bestowed upon mankind down the ages, and that it is the duty and should be the delight of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our government by the observance of its laws and by the integrity of his private life."

Since the jubilee, the Cardinal has added three more years to his half century of service, and is to-day at the age of eighty as active as ever in the work of his ministry and in every cause that deserves promotion.

The work of this eminent divine consists in a long course of deeds well done rather than in the few striking performances that usually constitute the title to fame. He has won his way not by bold and brilliant strokes, but by consistent and masterly fulfilment of the various duties that have devolved upon him. The ordinary functions of ecclesiastical office have necessarily engaged most of his attention; nor has he ever considered that the dignity or duties of his high position exempt him from the humblest functions of the priestly ministry. Scrupulous attention to all the details of his pastoral care has made his diocese and archdiocese models of discipline and efficiency. And the most genuine tribute to his

value as a man and as a leader is the fact that he is most revered and best beloved by the members of his own household, by the priests and people of his immediate jurisdiction.

His national — and even international — distinction, however, has been achieved more perhaps by what he has done in addition to his official work. In other countries, especially in Europe, he is popularly and admiringly known as "the American Cardinal," and it is frequently observed both here and abroad that he has done more than all others to make America known and understood by the world. The address delivered in Rome at his installation as pastor of his titular church, Santa Maria in Trastevere, shortly after his elevation to the cardinalate was, under the circumstances, of tremendous significance. It is worth while to quote the two paragraphs of the famous address which elicited world-wide comment and the proud approval of all Americans:

"For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the aegis of its protection, without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from among us. She has no frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good will towards all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and to find a peaceful home.

"But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having, also, a strong government. Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are, indeed, grave social problems now employing the earnest attention of the citizens

of the United States, but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these will be settled by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people, without violence or revolution, or any injury to individual right."

These sentences sound rather commonplace to us and they were the merest matter of fact to the speaker, for he had always entertained and had often expressed the same sentiments before, but they were sensationally new to Rome and to all Europe. Educated only in the philosophy of monarchy, the European mind regarded the American polity as a wild experiment that must sooner or later result in failure. Separation of Church and State was thought to be an impossible condition for both institutions. And here was a man, at once a cardinal and a plain American, proclaiming in the very heart of Christendom and in the face of royalty the greatness of the Western Republic and defending for that nation the relation between Church and State that obtained there. They knew enough concerning the character of the witness to understand that his testimony was worthy of consideration. Thus Cardinal Gibbons may be said to have offered, however unintentional it may have been, to the centuried wisdom of the old-world peoples the first effective suggestion that they might learn something from the practical philosophy of young America. Often since then has the Cardinal had occasion to publish to foreign peoples the merit of our institutions, with the result that he is regarded abroad as one of the best representatives of the principles, life and spirit of the American nation.

It was also on this first trip to Rome after his elevation to the cardinalate that Cardinal Gibbons endeared himself to the great army of workingmen as "the champion of labor" in preventing the condemnation by the Church of the Knights of Labor. In the years following the Civil War the conflict between capital and labor speedily developed to an acute stage. The workingmen were compelled by conditions to organize themselves in a struggle for the protection of their rights against the power and greed of monopolistic industry. Most important among the numerous associations that were formed

was that known as the Knights of Labor, which in 1886 numbered five hundred thousand members. The head of the association, Terrence V. Powderly, known as the "general master workman," several others of the prominent officers and the majority of the members were Catholics. The organization had been condemned in Canada by ecclesiastical authority as antagonistic to religion and the common good, and the condemnation had been confirmed by Rome. The same sentence was imminent in regard to the United States. The archbishops of the country assembled in council had, after thorough investigation of the case, failed to pronounce against the Knights. When the cause was carried to Rome, Cardinal Gibbons prepared and presented a masterly memorial in behalf of the Knights, showing that the character and methods of the organization as it existed and operated in this country did not fall under the Church's principles and rules governing the condemnation of secret societies. The cardinal supported his formal plea in the Roman Curia with such convincing argument that his defense not only prevented the condemnation of the Knights in the United States, but also led to the removal of the ban in Canada. This success was a notable triumph for the reason that official Rome — and all Europe, for that matter — was of the opinion that the organization of workingmen was revolutionary and dangerous. Not a few Americans thought they saw in this new movement the speedy dissolution of the Republic. Cardinal Gibbons, however, promptly recognized it as a necessary development from new conditions, and resolved to deal with it as such. It is hard to say how serious might have been the consequences that were saved by his energetic defense of the laborers. A policy of repression would doubtless have driven great numbers of the American workingmen into the camp of Socialism which was then recruiting the malcontents of the land under its red flag. It should be noted too that Pope Leo XIII, who always esteemed his American cardinal for his sound liberalism, probably derived from the latter's exposition of the labor problem some suggestions for his own treatment of the subject in the famous encyclical on "The Condi-

tion of Labor," which is still popular with all persons deeply interested in this great social question of our day.

Of his many achievements the cardinal himself is proudest perhaps of his part in the papal conclave which elected the present Pope in 1903. His is the honor of having been the first American to share in the selection of a Roman pontiff. The humble Patriarch of Venice was very averse to assuming the responsibilities of the office, and it was primarily by the effort of the American cardinal that he was at length induced to consent to his election.

It is altogether impossible, of course, to estimate the effect of the cardinal's teaching on many subjects of vital concern to the public, but the attention that has been accorded him throughout the nation and for so long a time, together with the fact that his credit has grown steadily with his years, is proof that his influence is intensive as well as extensive. For very many the word of Cardinal Gibbons is decisive, his sanction or condemnation sufficient direction for conduct. It is given to few to enjoy so much and such thorough confidence in the minds of the people. Several of the presidents of the United States have cherished his friendship and sought his counsel in great matters of national policy. The officials of his city and state have repeatedly and profusely declared the value of his precept and example to the common weal.

The cardinal has constantly employed his great strength against the evils that threaten our national life, particularly divorce, Socialism, race-suicide, and corruption in politics. Always a lover of peace, he was the first prominent American to make an appeal for the establishment of an international tribunal for the settlement of disputes among the nations. The cause of temperance has received his strong support. He strenuously and successfully opposed the attempted introduction of foreign nationalism into the Catholic Church in this country. He has always insisted upon the absolute necessity of religious education for the welfare of the individual, the home, and the state.

He has rendered another important service in that he has done more than any other single person to dissipate religious

prejudice in this country. Mr. Allen S. Will in his *Life of Cardinal Gibbons* observes truly that "He has not only made Catholics tolerant of Protestants, and vice versa, but he has made the different Protestant denominations more tolerant of each other." While this broad-spirited divine has never compromised one jot or tittle of his Catholic doctrine in the slightest way to any purpose whatever, he has not believed that it is either wise or just to vituperate those who differ from him in religious belief. During his missions in North Carolina and Virginia he preached regularly to more non-Catholics than Catholics, many of whom had been educated in mistrust of the Mother Church and her ministers, but of those who had once heard him there was none to find fault with the attitude and spirit of Bishop Gibbons. It was ever the instinct of his nature to grant to others the sincerity of conviction that he claimed for himself. Among the vast number of his personal friends are men and women of every denomination and of no denomination. And the fact is that the cardinal's genuine tolerance in all things that admit of tolerance has made more converts to his religion than many religious sects number adherents.

In the midst of his manifold activities the cardinal has found time to write four notable books, *The Faith of Our Fathers, Our Christian Heritage, The Ambassador of Christ,* and a volume entitled *Sermons and Discourses.* The first of these, produced while he was Bishop of Richmond, would alone have been sufficient to immortalize the name of its author. It is a popular exposition and defense of the Catholic doctrine, and is the masterpiece of its kind in English. A million copies have been sold, and the demand for it is as great to-day as when it was first published. It has been translated into twelve languages. Written for non-Catholics who wish to know the truth concerning the Catholic Church, it has probably made more converts than it contains words. The clearness, logic, and charity of the book, and its perfect adaptation in matter and manner to those for whom it was written are the chief sources of its appeal.

It does not seem that the extraordinary success of Cardinal

Gibbons is to be attributed to any particular talent, as can be done in the cases of most men of note. It is due rather to that rare combination of faculties and qualities which make up the complete man and the ideal leader. Without attempting even to mention all of these, I should say that the first in the case of the Cardinal is the entire disinterestedness that has so obviously characterized all his motives and conduct. The service of God and of his fellowmen, individually and collectively, has been his one ambition, to which his mind, and heart, and hand have been unswervingly devoted.

Sure of his ideals from the beginning, he has labored long and intensely at their realization. His earnestness may be called his secret of success. Bishop Foley of Detroit who was a comrade of the young Gibbons at the seminary says in recollection of his friend as a football player, "Whatever he did was done with all his might, and that is the philosophy of his story."

His intense zeal has been uniformly directed to the best advantage by a very exceptional judgment. The Cardinal is not infrequently referred to as "the man who has never made a mistake." He is more human than that, but he has certainly made a most remarkable record for doing the right thing at the right time. It is not for lack of opportunity that he has blundered so sparingly; and sure it is that few men of such prominence have suffered so little criticism.

With his instinctive judgment fully matured by much experience is united a peculiar tact in dealing with men of every character. A keen knowledge of human nature in all its deviousness has served him well in the achievement of his great purposes. A wonderful facility in winning at once the confidence of everyone he meets has made for him a nation of friends. He is gifted, too, with such a phenomenal memory for persons that he remembers practically all the acquaintances he has made. It is said that after his four years in North Carolina he knew at sight and by name every Catholic in the state. An incredible number of the inhabitants of Baltimore are very proud of their personal acquaintance with their eminent fellow-citizen. And if the cardinal in the course

of his long career has made any enemies, neither he nor they have advertised the fact to the world. He has worked his way to position and prominence without a vestige of partisanship.

Everyone who meets His Eminence finds his open nature, gentle grace, genuine dignity, elegant simplicity of manner, and his transparent goodness irresistibly fascinating. He adapts himself with perfect ease to everyone he meets. At home with the highest of the world, he can umpire a baseball game among schoolboys, feeling and making them feel that he is merely one of them. The newspaper reporters are very fond of him because of the invariable readiness and courtesy with which he receives their professional importunities. He always speaks for them when he can, and they in turn are scrupulous in their care not to misrepresent him. The Cardinal is a practical friend of the press because he regards it as a great power for good; and the papers and periodicals covet his words because of the weight and popularity of his utterances.

Lastly, it is to be observed that Cardinal Gibbons with all his princely qualities is preëminently and by nature a man of the common people. Born and reared in the ranks he has ever been at one with the multitude, and most of all with the lowly. Knowing their vices as well as their virtues, he has often professed his persevering faith in the ultimate judgment and good will of the American public; and his confidence has been sufficiently justified in the enthusiastic approval which so many have given to the Cardinal's principles and practice, and the loyalty with which they have for so long a time followed his lead. He has ever been sanely progressive and actively in sympathy with all the good aspirations of his time and people.

Thus is the position of this great American divine simply the reward of accumulated merit. He has forged to the front as churchman and citizen by the sheer force of his personal character. Scarcely to be credited with genius of any kind, unless his great goodness may be called genius, he has achieved a distinction that genius may envy. His is the rec-

ord of splendid talent constantly employed to the best effect in the accomplishment of the noblest ends. It may be freely said of him that all his rank, and power, and influence have been for good — for the betterment of his fellowmen, for the honor of his country, and the exaltation of his Church. In so far as human eyes can see, he has in all respects lived well before God and men. That the Lord may spare him to us for still another score of years in the service of Church and State is the prayer of every American who understands the value to the world of a truly great man. May we have many more men of the character and influence of Cardinal Gibbons!

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GEORGE W. GOETHALS

By Ray Stannard Baker[1]

IT was not until Goethals, a state-minded man, was sent to Panama that the enterprise assumed the true measure of success. Goethals was not selected because he had at that time won any wide personal reputation, for he was almost unknown to the country. He was appointed as the ablest representative of a new point of view toward the work. Roosevelt had decided, at last, to go the full length, to take all the responsibility of building the canal as a public enterprise in its broadest sense. Taft, then Secretary of War, and General Mackenzie, chief of the corps of engineers, recommended Goethals as the one man, among fifteen or twenty in the army who might have been chosen, as best equipped to do the work. And Goethals went.

Now, Goethals had made no better record as an engineer in the army than a score of other men — it was sound rather than brilliant — but in talking with many men who have long known him it was significant that in every case I heard first of his loyalty to his work, his sturdy trustworthiness, his clear-headedness, his determination of character.

"Whatever I gave him to do," said Gen. John M. Wilson, once his superior in the corps of engineers, "I relieved my mind of it. I knew it would be done right."

An infallible test of the true leader is that his supreme interest shall not be in things, but in men. In whatever task he engages, no matter how humdrum, it will be found that he is forever seeing the human implications, forever translating his activities into terms of human welfare.

In the first talk I had with Colonel Goethals he said to me:

"My chief interest at Panama is not in engineering, but in the men. The canal will build itself if we can handle the men."

Two simple but highly important changes were made after

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Goethals went to Panama. In the first place Roosevelt made Goethals the autocrat of the Isthmus. A leader educated by the Nation, paid by the Nation, without hope of preferment save through the service of the Nation, was placed in charge. He could be trusted, and if he did not do well he could be immediately recalled and another trained man was ready to take his place. It is, indeed, Goethals's firm belief that the only way to do public work satisfactorily is to place full power in the hands of one man. He does not believe in commissions; for if there is no man in the commission strong enough to dominate it, then it is dominated by the doubters; and where there is doubt, nothing can be done. And if there *is* a strong man, then why the commission?

Roosevelt also insisted that every man on the commission should live on the Canal Zone — in short, be on the job. Of the first Panama Commission only one man lived on the Isthmus permanently; of the second commission, only two men. But every man of the present commission lives where, every day of the year, he can hear the sound of the drills or the squealing of the donkey engines. As for Goethals himself, his office and his home are almost on the brink of the hill above Culebra Cut, the heart and center of the great work. From his office window one can look down into the bottom of the cut where the steam shovels are rooting, day and night, into the red slides from Cucurache Hill.

While the working force was not demoralized when Goethals went to Panama — for Stevens had done much in licking it into form — it can be said with truth that it had never been soundly *moralized.*

There had been so many changes of engineers and commissioners, such backing and filling as to policies, that no strong guiding purpose can be said to have existed and the workers were in a constant state of unrest. The rank and file, however, were strongly attached to Stevens, yielding that loyalty to a strong man which they had not yet been inspired to give to the idea.

Though brusque and even rough in many of his methods of dealing with labor, Stevens had that magnetism of personal-

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GEORGE W. GOETHALS

ity, coupled with driving energy, which have been characteristic of many great railroad builders. The men at Panama were instinctively opposed to the new plan of control by army officers. Government work had a bad name.

This spirit of hostility was shown at a meeting at Corozal soon after Goethals arrived. Goethals was present, but Stevens was not. Every reference to Stevens was greeted with prolonged cheering. When the toastmaster introduced Goethals it was with an ironical speech conveying the general sentiment of hostility toward army control. It was intimated that now the work would have to be carried on with due ceremony and that when an officer appeared everyone would have to stop and salute.

Goethals talks best when he is angry. He made the direct, hard-hitting speech of the man of action; "words like blows," as one listener described it. He said that he wanted no saluting on the zone, that no man would be judged by the salutes he gave but by the work he did, and he wanted it understood that he was there, not for ceremony, but to dig the canal.

Goethals was as good as his word. Shoulder straps and brass buttons among officers employed in canal work have been notable for their absence at Panama. Goethals himself has not once worn his uniform. But it is a wonderful thing down there today to see the men salute the Colonel as he passes. It is no military salute, however, but the engineer waving his hand from the cab of his engine, the steam-shovel man (both hands on his levers) nodding his head, and the Colonel making an equally friendly response.

Goethals's first appearance was thus auspicious, but it was only the beginning of the battle.

"Wait until the Colonel tackles the labor unions!" said the prophets of the hotel verandas.

The American workmen at Panama, who fill all of the high-skilled positions, were of a fine type, and most of them were strongly organized in unions. Stevens had accepted the private enterprise view of the labor problem and dealt with the unions as he would with a hostile state — by truce and treaty.

He signed contracts with the men, just as a railroad company might have done.

Soon after Goethals's arrival disturbances which had been brewing for some time among the engineers, conductors, and steam-shovel men came to a head. They wanted more pay, and they wanted Goethals to sign agreements with them as Stevens had done. They had brought to bear the tremendous influence of their unions and brotherhoods in the States, so that Roosevelt had sent Taft to Panama to see if the difficulties could not be adjusted. A substantial increase in wages was granted; but Goethals, reversing Stevens's policy, refused to enter into signed agreements with the unions.

Some of the men struck and Goethals promptly filled their places, and when the old workmen wished to come back they had to begin at the bottom of the ladder. Other appeals and complaints went up to Roosevelt, and the unions in the States worked vigorously through their representatives in Congress. The pressure was great, but Goethals remained firm. His position was the result of no hasty decision, nor of prejudice, but grew out of a settled point of view, not only toward this particular work, but toward life.

The canal is not a private enterprise, based on profit, he argued, but a government enterprise based on service. We are not here to fight one another, but to fight the jungle and the Culebra slides and the Chagres River. No one is making any profit out of it; there are no spoils. We are all working here together for a common cause and we are all alike wage-workers. Men's pay should not be settled on a basis of conflict, upon their ability through organization to injure the work, but upon the basis of service, or their ability to push the work. It is as unjust for a labor union to force more than its share of wages as against the unorganized men, as it is for a contractor to snatch undue profits. Having no secrets here, and every record wide open, we can and must settle wages not as a matter of conflict and truce but upon the basis of what each workman earns.

This was his logic: his fundamental point of view: and he stood upon it like a rock.

"Come to my office any time you like," he said to the workmen, "and we'll talk things over; but we will sign no agreements."

In this position, after much pressure, Roosevelt upheld him.

It was inevitable that sooner or later these conflicting ideas should come to a final clash. An engineer named Lough while intoxicated ran over his signals, collided with a train, and killed the conductor. He was tried and sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. His union, backed generally by all organized labor on the Isthmus, met and resolved to demand his release. Goethals being then on the ocean returning to Panama, they delayed striking until he arrived. A committee called and delivered its ultimatum. Unless Lough was released they would all resign that evening and tie up the entire canal — as they could easily do. Goethals heard them through quietly, said very little, shook hands with them when they departed. About eight o'clock that evening the committee began to worry, and finally, calling Goethals on the telephone, asked what he was going to do about it.

"Why," he said, "I thought you had all resigned."

"You don't want the work tied up, do you?" they asked.

"I shall not be tying it up; you'll be tying it up. You forget that this is not a private enterprise; it is a government job."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Any man not at work to-morrow morning will be permanently dismissed. I have nothing further to say."

The next morning only one man failed to appear — and there has been no labor disturbance of any consequence on the Isthmus since.

If Goethals had stopped there, however, he might still have failed. The refusal to recognize the union is a well-established method of private enterprise — not to do justice to the men, but to keep down wages. But the new point of view, being nothing superficial with Goethals, led him to still broader policies. It is evident that if you are not to treat with the men on the old basis of conflict you must accept unreservedly the new basis of coöperation. In a true public work men

must be dealt with not as mere tools of industry but as citizens and co-workers in a common undertaking. Therefore justice, not force, in dealing with them, is essential.

Goethals announced that he would be at his office at Culebra every Sunday morning at seven o'clock, and that anyone on the Isthmus, white or black, who thought he had been unjustly used, might come and see him personally. They came, and have been coming ever since. One Sunday morning while I was on the Isthmus I counted thirty-eight men and women waiting in the Colonel's office, and from seven o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon he was patiently sifting out the personal problems and difficulties involved in that great task.

Many people said at first that such a procedure, so different from that usually pursued on great works, would speedily ruin the discipline of the force, that underlings would constantly be seeking to appeal from the orders of their superiors. But it has not worked that way. Instead of destroying discipline it has infinitely sharpened it by founding it soundly upon the general sense of reason and justice. It has spurred every foreman, every superintendent, to redouble his efforts to coöperate with his men rather than to drive them. It has given Goethals himself an extraordinary, almost an uncanny, knowledge of every detail of the work. Is there a weak spot or a weak man anywhere? The Colonel is one of the first to know of it. No man down there is personally acquainted with as many men as he.

They have a song on the Isthmus with this chorus:

> See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
> It's the only right and proper thing to do.
> Just write a letter, or, even better,
> Arrange a little Sunday interview.

Every man down there feels that the Colonel is behind him, and that if anything goes wrong, he has only to "tell the Colonel."

Discharged employees, women with domestic problems, convalescents complaining of treatment in the hospitals, families

dissatisfied with the government houses, committees of working men, eager inventors with devices for revolutionizing some process of construction, homesick boys desiring to be sent home — all these come to "tell the Colonel." It is not an easy task for a leader; but it pays, for it touches the heart of the matter, which is justice between man and man.

After I had heard some of these cases I understood better the easy, democratic way in which the Colonel met so many of the men when out on the work:

"Mr. Smith, how's the boy getting along?" "Any more trouble with the house?" "Mr. Burke, what do you hear from home?"

No one, however, presumes upon this sympathy, this readiness to do justice; or if they do presume once it never happens again. For true justice, while it is kind, is never weak. Behind these Sunday morning hearings looms always the stern purpose: the canal is to be dug!

A man came into the office one Sunday morning, complaining that he had been unfairly discharged. The Colonel keeps a complete record of every employee of the canal. After referring to this record he turned to the workman before him.

"See here, Mr. Smith, this is your history, and it is not a good one. You have not been faithful to your job. You have been constantly in trouble. We can't dig the canal with men like you. You can see that yourself. You come asking for justice and I'm going to give it to you. I am going to confirm your discharge and send you home."

Everything must be done to build up a spirit of common enthusiasm. Many men, for example, who came to see Goethals, especially the more ignorant workmen, complained of abusive language on the part of foremen brought up in the old school of private enterprise. One day Goethals issued this order:

PROFANE LANGUAGE

Culebra, C. Z., August 4, 1911.

CIRCULAR No. 400:

The use of profane or abusive language by fore-

men or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated.

GEORGE W. GOETHALS,
Chairman and Chief Engineer.

Another corollary of the new point of view was Goethals's attitude toward every form of privilege, even the little inconsequential privileges. For example, certain officials had secured the privilege of using a fine quality of bread, especially made for the sick in the hospitals, instead of the bread supplied from the commission bakeries. Others had been using the convalescent sanitarium at Taboga Island as a sort of vacation boarding place, paying the low rates charged to invalids. Some officials had carriages while others had none. All such discriminations Goethals has swept away; no one has any right in public work to enjoy advantages that all cannot have on equal terms.

It is a curious thing, the impression one gets on the canal of tense activity, almost of strained activity. The rush and urge of the work strikes every visitor. A writer in the English *Pall Mall Magazine* says that "every man who comes to the Canal Zone is tuned beyond any concert pitch," and he fears the "strings will break." I happened to arrive in Panama during the annual fiesta of the pleasure-loving native Panamanians. For three or four afternoons all the stores in the native towns were closed and the people gave themselves wholly to play: but though the air was full of confetti and the sounds of music, the work of the great canal roared steadily onward. I watched the workmen on the new Panama depot — they scarcely turned their heads to see the show in the streets! And while many other nations represented at Panama provided floats for the parade, the United States, more concerned in the affairs of the country than any of them, had none. This was felt by the diplomatically minded to be a mistake, and perhaps it was; but Uncle Sam was so busy digging, he simply forgot!

Now if the incentives to energy and enthusiasm which characterize a private enterprise are here lacking, why all this

fierce, absorbing activity? Why complete the canal a year early? Why, if there is no profit in it for anybody and the Government is paying the bills, should there be such a struggle to save money? Why this effort to turn eight or ten million dollars of the estimated appropriations back into the treasury?

When I first went to Panama I could not understand the marvelous spirit of struggle so evident on every hand. But after I had tramped on foot over much of the great work, after I had sat for hours in Culebra Cut watching the indomitable assault upon the sliding red hills, after I had talked with many of the men, both those in high positions and those in low positions, I began to understand it. The whole force, as the English writer suggests, has been keyed up to concert pitch. Not with the old incentives of private enterprise, but with a spirit quite new and wonderful. A jungle to be penetrated, a mountain range to be cut through, gigantic locks to be built — how these things have taken hold of the imagination of the men at Panama!

It is in his work of arousing, directing, and intensifying this "irresistible and irrepressible spirit of enthusiasm" that Goethals has shown transcendent qualities of leadership. It is the greatest thing that has been done at Panama. And its doing has been no accident: it has been the result of the sound thinking, stern purpose, and democratic ideals of the leader. In June (1912) in an address to the graduating class at West Point, Colonel Goethals expressed his fundamental philosophy in the clearest terms; and I venture to say that there cannot be found anywhere a higher or finer expression of the task of the twentieth century leader. In this address he said:

"To successfully accomplish any task, it is necessary not only that you should give it the best that is in you, but that you should obtain for it the best there is in those who are under your guidance. To do this you must have confidence in the undertaking and confidence in your ability to accomplish it, in order to inspire the same feeling in them. You must have not only accurate knowledge of their capabilities, but a just appreciation and a full recognition of their needs

and rights as fellow men. In other words, be considerate, just and fair with them in all dealings, treating them as fellow members of the great Brotherhood of Humanity. A discontented force is seldom loyal, and if its discontent is based upon a sense of unjust treatment, it is never efficient. Faith in the ability of a leader is of slight service unless it be united with faith in his justice. When these two are combined, then and then only, is developed that irresistible and irrepressible spirit of enthusiasm, that personal interest and pride in the task, which inspires every member of the force, be it military or civil, to give when need arises the last ounce of his strength and the last drop of his blood to the winning of a victory in the honor of which he will share."

This ideal of "irresistible and irrepressible enthusiasm" has actually been realized at Panama. I don't know of any word that will so adequately describe it as *patriotism* — a new sort of patriotism, a greater sort — for here men are not fighting one another but are firmly knit together for the common struggle against nature. I found everywhere that men were intensely proud of the length of their service on the canal, proud of the government medals which each man receives after a certain tenure of service, and eager to remain until the work is finished. I've wondered if this spirit both of the leadership and of the followers does not foreshadow the nature of the warfare of the future!

How has he done it? When Goethals first went to Panama the work was organized on what may be called the horizontal system — that is, the canal was considered as a whole, and one commissioner had charge of all the lock work, another of the excavation, and so on; but after a short trial of this method Goethals reorganized the entire work on what may be called a perpendicular basis. He divided the canal into three divisions — Atlantic, Central, and Pacific — and placed each of them under a superintendent. Two of these superintendents, Colonels Sibert and Gaillard, were army engineers and members of the Canal Commission, and the third, Mr. Williamson, was a civil engineer.

Rivalry was instantly awakened between these divisions.

"They are putting in concrete at Gatun at so many yards a day," he would tell the foreman, say at Pedro Miguel. "You aren't going to let Gatun beat you, are you?"

A fierce rivalry grew up over amounts of excavation done, cement used, iron work put in, and the results were published from week to week in the *Canal Record*. The struggle has come to infect all classes of workmen. A story is told (and they swear it is true!) of a man on the Atlantic division employed at the upper end of a huge drainage pipe used to carry water out of the hydraulic fill at Gatun dam. It was a long tunnel with a curve in the middle, and this man's job consisted in keeping the entrance free from obstruction. One day he inconsiderately fell into the pipe and was caught up and swept through with the torrent. They picked him up for dead, but presently, opening his eyes, he said, "They couldn't do that on the Pacific division!"

Similarly Goethals stirred rivalry among the steam-shovel men as to which crew could dig the most dirt day by day and week by week, and this contest, the results of which also appear regularly in the *Record*, is one of the real interests upon the zone. The steam-shovel scores are as eagerly scanned as the baseball records! Here, for example, is part of a monthly steam-shovel record as it appears in the *Canal Record*.

"The high record for the month was made by shovel No. 208, working 25 days in the Culebra district, which excavated 54,866 cubic yards of rock and earth. The second best record for the month was made by shovel No. 207, working 25 days in the Culebra district, which excavated 54,356 cubic yards of rock.

"Shovel No. 260, working in the Culebra district, made a high record for one day by excavating 3,040 cubic yards of earth on July 26th."

Having thus established records in many lines — excavating, cement-work and so on — Goethals and his aids encouraged the workmen to beat them.

"I hear No. 300 took out 14,000 cubic yards last week," Goethals tells a shovel man; "you ought to beat that!"

"Colonel, we're going to do it!"

"Good! there's a hundred thousand yards right here to take out. Go to it."

One of the great things that Goethals has done is to develop a complete and minute system of cost keeping. In this way he is able to compare the aggregate work of the three great divisions and he can judge the efficiency of foremen and even, in some cases, of individual men and crews. And he works all the men constantly against the cost records, of which there is complete publicity.

And now, in a wonderful way,Goethals is working the force against nature herself. The rainy season is coming on and the water is filling Gatun Lake, creeping into the cut and slowly filling the locks.

"Mr. Cowles, the water is coming in. Are you going to have that dam done?"

"We've got to, Colonel."

"When are you due for this cement work, Mr. Walker?"

"April 15th."

"You must surely get it then. The rainy season is coming on."

Within a space of less than half a mile in and near Culebra Cut an army of over eight thousand men were engaged while I was there. And every night as much soil slid into the cut as they could carry off by day. But nowhere was there a sign of discouragement — only a grim joy of the fight. I walked through the cut one morning with Colonel Goethals after there had been an unusually extensive slide. The foreman had been on the job since midnight.

"Well, how is everything this morning, Mr. Hagen?" asked the Colonel.

"Fine, Colonel, fine. It buried that steam shovel over there and tipped over two batteries of drills and covered all the tracks through the cut but one, but everything's fine. We're diggin'."

The Colonel has an infectious spirit of confidence. He never loses faith or courage. One of the foremen said to me, "I never yet saw the Colonel discouraged. I believe if Gold

Hill should fall in some morning, he'd say, 'Well, it might be worse,' and light another cigarette."

In the last analysis, indeed, the same high qualities of manhood exhibited in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg are all exemplified in the attacks upon Gold Hill at Panama. No sooner are these soldiers of the new dispensation beaten back than they re-form, advance their batteries of drills, move forward with their giant steam shovels, deploy their regiments of workmen and storm the works! Men are just as truly giving up their lives on the steep soft slopes of Cucurache slide as were they who gave them up at Gettysburg!

It seems to me I have never seen anything finer than this spirit at Panama. After years of hearing of the shame of corrupt politics and of the inhumanity of industry in America, it is refreshing, indeed, to find here not only an exemplification of the ancient fiber of the race but a realization of its newest ideals.

When I began making inquiries about Colonel Goethals's personal history, for it seemed highly important that we should know something of the origin and training of the new leadership, I found almost no available material beyond the colorless facts of his military record. He has never courted publicity, he never makes a speech if he can help it, he has none of that political instinct which so readily coins picturesque personal facts into popular interest. He has always been a worker, not a talker; and it is by his work that he wishes to be judged. But through somewhat extended inquiries not only at Panama, but at Washington, West Point, and in New York City, I have been able to gather some interesting and significant facts showing from what sources and by what training Colonel Goethals has risen.

Colonel Goethals is fifty-five years old. He was born in Schermerhorn Street near the old Talmage Church in the heart of the city of Brooklyn, New York. His father and mother were both Hollanders. His grandfather, who was a physician, came to America early in the last century, but later returned to Holland and died there. I found that Lewis S. Burchard, a classmate of Colonel Goethals at the College of

the City of New York, had discovered (unknown to Colonel Goethals) some interesting facts regarding the antecedents of the family. The name is ancient and honorable. An old French roster of the Crusaders in Mr. Burchard's possession mentions seven different noblemen, statesmen and scholars of the Goethals name who distinguished themselves in the early history of Flanders. One, Gerrem Goethals, known as the Lord of Mude, was a leader in the First Crusade. Another, Henri Goethals, was surnamed "the dignified doctor," and was one of the "great geniuses of the thirteenth century," a pupil of Albertus Magnus and a fellow student of St. Thomas Aquinas. The family has been a prominent one in Holland ever since, noted alike for soldiers and scholars. Colonel Goethals has many relatives in Amsterdam and in Belgium, both French and Dutch speaking, though he has never seen them. Such significance as one chooses may be drawn from the device on the Goethals arms: "In als goet" (In all good).

While it is interesting, and important, to know these facts relative to the blood of the family, it is certain that no boy or no man ever placed less dependence upon them than Colonel Goethals, if indeed he ever thought of them.

He began work as an errand boy in a broker's office at eleven years of age. At fourteen he was a cashier and bookkeeper for a man named Prentice who kept a market in the old part of New York at the corner of Bleecker and Thompson streets. Here young Goethals, beginning at a wage of five dollars a week, worked after school on week days and all day long on Saturdays. His pay gradually increased until he went to West Point, when he was earning fifteen dollars a week. At an age when most boys are playing baseball, young Goethals was not only taking his full allowance of schooling, but earning his own living. It was a hard experience, but it brought him close in touch with the real and deep things of life, and it gave him an understanding of the point of view of the under man, the worker, that has served him well in his duties at Panama.

At fourteen he entered the College of the City of New York, then, as now, a remarkable institution. Its president at that

time was Gen. Alexander S. Webb, a noted soldier, whose brigade had received the frontal attack of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and who had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was a sturdy gentleman of the old school who used to say to his pupils: "A man can do anything so long as he doesn't lie." Founded by the City of New York as "The Free Academy," it was the original aim to make the school a sort of civil West Point. Mental discipline was sought in the sciences and the modern languages as well as in the classics. West Point text books such as Bartlett's *Mechanics*, and *Acoustics and Optics* were used — tough books, too — and West Point teachers came frequently to lecture.

At this time, as Mr. Burchard describes him, he was tall and straight, a modest boy with the "milk and blood" complexion of the low countries, yellow hair and blue eyes, a typical young Hollander. Though not widely known among other students, for the necessity of bread-winning consumed every vacant hour, his name appears here as a member of Clionia, a local literary society, and of Delta Upsilon, an "anti-secret" fraternity.

Goethals's early ambition was to be a doctor. His grandfather had been a doctor and it had been traditional for some one, or more, Goethals of each generation to enter that profession. Accordingly he matriculated at Columbia College with the idea of taking the medical course, but his health, undermined by years of excessive work, began to fail. He grew thin and stooping, and he began to be fearful that he could not stand the strain of taking a severe course in medicine and at the same time earning his way. It then occurred to him, perhaps the result of the West Point influence at City College, to go into the navy or army. His first choice was the navy, but having no influential friends, there seemed no way for him to get an appointment. Finally he wrote a letter to General Grant, then president; but though he waited a long time he received no reply.

He was not, however, the sort of boy to be easily discouraged. He next applied to "Sunset" Cox, at that time the

great political leader in New York state. Cox had been disappointed with several of the boys he had sent to West Point and he was anxious to appoint a cadet who would "really go through." So he gave the boy a chance, and on April 21, 1876, at the age of eighteen, Goethals entered the military academy.

It is to be observed here that Goethals's whole education was obtained in public schools and colleges, and schools of a severe type where sound mental discipline was made the central purpose. Two things Goethals says he got at West Point: sound physique, for the training there soon restored him physically, and intellectual discipline.

Since I have seen something of the fine work being done by army engineers at Panama, done without fuss or feathers, and without the incentive of private profit, I have wondered what there was in the training at West Point to cultivate this type of man. So I visited West Point, and Colonel Fiebeger, the chief of the engineering department, outlined some of the vital points of the education there given. Discipline is the central motive of the training, discipline for the service of the nation. The course is rigidly prescribed and no man's work can be postponed or shirked: it must be done day by day. If a man can't keep up he is dropped. This tends to induce sound habits of work. No distinctions are drawn between boys on account of family or political connections, or between rich and poor. Merit is made the sole test. Training in accepting responsibility is constant and insistent, and at the point where responsibility counts most in the command of other men. Strict truth-telling is a vital part of the tradition at West Point. In military service a false report cannot be tolerated: a liar is not only no gentleman but he cannot be a good soldier. If the training at West Point is in some respects narrow, it is thorough.

There are three principal honors within the reach of the cadet at West Point. The first relates to his scholarship, his ability as a student, the second to his qualification as a leader and officer, and the third expresses the regard in which he is

held by his fellow students. Many men excel in one of these directions, but few in all of them, as Goethals did.

As to scholarship, Goethals stood number two in a class of fifty-four men. Men highest in rank are chosen for the corps of engineers; of Goethals's class only two were so chosen, and he was one of them.

He was not only strong in scholarship but he was so highly regarded by the tactical department that he was chosen in his last year as one of the four captains of the cadet corps.

The first of these two honors may come to a man by dint of hard work, the second is the result of the deliberate judgment of his superiors, but the third is based solely upon the respect, affection, and confidence of his fellow students. And no man in his class stood as high with his fellows as Goethals. A classmate told me that one of the things that chiefly distinguished Goethals at West Point was his loyalty to his class; he wanted to attain success for himself, but he also wanted the whole class to make an unexampled record. He was often found coaching or tutoring the less able men to bring them up to the standard. It was no accident that won for Goethals the highest honor within the gift of his fellow students — election, prior to graduation, as president of his class. It is thus noteworthy that before he left West Point he had already displayed those high qualities of character, as distinguished from intellectual brilliancy, which mark the true leader. He was soundly respected by the men who knew him best.

After further training in the army engineering school at Willet's Point, Goethals began the long quiet service of the army engineer in time of peace. He says that he got his real start while serving under Colonel Merrill at Cincinnati.

"The most unfortunate thing about you," Colonel Merrill told him when he reported, "is that you are a lieutenant of engineers. If you can subordinate that fact you may succeed."

"I'm here to learn," said Goethals.

So Merrill started him at the bottom as a rodman, under trained civil engineers, and he worked his way up to be foreman.

When the Spanish War broke out, Goethals thought his great opportunity had come, and he was ready for it; but unfortunately he was chosen as chief engineeer of the First Army Corps and was sent to Porto Rico — where nothing happened.

While this was a great disappointment to him he returned to his former work with unabated energy.

All the time, however, he was gaining practical experience which was to fit him for the great task at Panama. In his various assignments he dug canals, built locks, constructed fortifications and bridges, handled men, did everything, in fact, that he was afterward called upon to do on a much larger scale at Panama. His most important works were the construction of dams, canals, and locks at Mussel Shoals in the Tennessee River, and the extensive fortification and harbor work at Newport, Rhode Island. In 1903 he was called to Washington as a member of the general staff, one of the first engineer officers to be so appointed. Here he did what he had been doing all his life, inspired the strong and able men with whom he came in contact with a sense of confidence in him and confidence in his sound judgment, loyalty, ability. When it came to the point of choosing a man to send to Panama, "we all thought first of Goethals," General Mackenzie told me. For six years now he has been supreme at Panama, and to him more than any other man is due the success of the greatest engineering enterprise in history.

Some other personal facts should also be known: Colonel Goethals was married in 1884 at New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Miss Rodman, a daughter of an old and prominent family of Quaker merchants. His older son was graduated recently from West Point near the head of his class and is a lieutenant of the engineers, serving under his father at Panama. His second son, now a student at Harvard, will be a doctor.

Colonel Goethals's success has been due to a few broad, solid, simple principles upon which he has founded his life. At the basis lies the quality of loyalty. "There is no success," he said to the students at West Point, "without this quality. The man who is disloyal to his profession, to his

superior, or to his country, is disloyal to himself and to all that is best in him."

He believes profoundly in action, in taking responsibility. "The world today," he says, "is above all else a practical world and it demands results. What it is looking for is men who can and will do things. It is recorded of Lord Kitchener that, when during the South African Campaign a subordinate officer reported to him a failure to obey orders and gave reasons therefor, he said to him: 'Your reasons for not doing it are the best I ever heard, now go and do it!' That is what the world demands to-day."

Above all, in his relationships with his fellow men, he has the true spirit of democracy. He believes in men and he believes in the Nation. He believes, as he says, in being "considerate, just and fair" with his associates, "treating them as fellow members of the great Brotherhood of Humanity."

And finally he believes that the incentive to achievement should be the sense of duty to one's self and one's country, not the hope of reward either in profit or in fame. His is almost the stern view of the old Stoics.

"We are inclined," he says, "to expect praise or reward for doing nothing more than our duty, when as a matter of fact we are entitled to neither, since we have done only what is required of us."

Such a man is not easily stirred from his purpose, nor deceived by popular commendation, nor shaken by popular disapproval.

"The plaudits of our fellows," he says, "may be flattering to our vanity, but they are not lasting; by the next turn of the wheel they may be changed into abuse and condemnation."

Such, in short, is the man chosen for this great new task of national leadership. We may be proud in America of our broad acres and rich mines and wonderful forests and busy factories, but we are truly rich only as we can produce such men as Colonel Goethals, and give them the environment favorable to the exercise of their largest powers.

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ANNA A. GORDON

By Luella F. McWhirter

WE, of the present generation, are witnessing an era of temperance sentiment such as the world has never known. To those who have not studied the matter historically, the temperance reforms in Europe and in the Orient, entire States in America voting "dry," a prohibition army and navy, and the slogan "On to Washington," all seem little less than miraculous. But the movement is not a fungus growth. It has its roots deep down in the hearts of a loyal people who will not be silenced until they accomplish their end. The seeds were largely sown by a quiet, unassuming woman, to whom, more than to any individual now living, is due this change in public sentiment the world over. For many years as general secretary of the World's Loyal Temperance Legion, Anna Adams Gordon planted total abstinence ideals in the hearts of thousands of children, and taught them that "every man's weal should be each man's care." To-day, in accord with the songs she wrote for them, they are lifting their voices in a mighty demand for the protection of home and state.

Miss Gordon is the logical head of the great organization whose forces she is now directing. As the secretary and intimate friend of Frances E. Willard, counsellor and vice-president to her successor, Lillian M. N. Stevens, she has been familiar with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union almost from the beginning. To-day the national organization numbers three hundred thousand women united in a society unparalleled in its effective machinery, its devotion and self-sacrifice. Its capable, modest leader is Anna A. Gordon, the embodiment of its highest ideals.

Anna Adams Gordon was born July 21, 1853, in Boston, Mass. She is the daughter of James M. and Mary Clarkson Gordon. The father was Scotch and the mother English. Both were Christians and ardent abolitionists. There were

several children, one of whom, the late Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, founded a college for girls in Madrid, Spain, where she with her husband and family held a position of large influence for thirty years.

In the Gordon home God was reverenced and attention was given to the individual development of each child. Daily at family prayers the Scriptures were read, and there were always music and the singing of hymns. Frances Willard has told us that at no place did she ever hear such beautiful voices in song in one family. The father was prominent for many years in the councils of the Congregational church, serving in different capacities. For a quarter of a century he was treasurer of the board of commissioners of Foreign Missions. The atmosphere of that home was conducive to the development of the true, the beautiful, and the good in the lives of those who shared its beneficent influence.

Anna was a happy, bonnie little girl, with sunny brown hair, and large, beautiful, appealing eyes. She could sing almost as sweetly as the birds she loved, and by the time she was ten years old, she played the hymns that were sung at family prayers. She dearly loved flowers, pets, and smiling, winsome babies and was blessed with a tender, sympathetic spirit.

She was three years old when her father and mother moved from Boston to Auburndale, a beautiful suburb. A glimpse of the child's first day in the new home shows Miss Gordon's essentially esthetic temperament. "She had been missed by members of the household, and a search was made, resulting in the discovery of the child leaning over an old cane-seated chair, which had blossomed into a miniature bed of violets under her magic touch; the child's eyes had been quick to spy the blossoms, her small hands scarcely less quick to transfer them to the old cane seat, dropping them one by one into the perforated surface."[1]

Miss Gordon attended the Boston high school and later Lasall Seminary and Mt. Holyoke College. She spent a year with her sister in Madrid, and upon her return continued her musical studies until she met Frances E. Willard at

[1] *Union Signal*, April 30, 1914, p. 6.

one of the Moody revival meetings in Boston, in 1877. Of this meeting Miss Willard once wrote:

"On my going to conduct the women's meetings for Mr. Moody, there was no one to play the organ; an earnest appeal was made and after a painful pause and waiting, a slight figure in black with a music roll in her hand came shyly along the aisle, and Anna Gordon gently whispered, 'As no one volunteers, I will do the best I can.' That very day she had taken her first lesson on the organ, meaning to become mistress of that instrument, but something greater had come into her life a fortnight earlier. Her brother Arthur, eighteen years of age, and nearer to her by years and temperament than any of the others (a devoted Christian boy who stood in the first rank at the high school, and was preparing for Amherst College with the expectation of becoming a minister), had suddenly died. This was Anna's first sorrow, and broke up the deep springs of her sweet nature. She had been a Christian and church member since she was twelve years old, but a deeper current Godward now flowed through her soul. This was her first visit to Boston after her brother had gone, and she had just attended Mr. Moody's noon meeting, in which the text had been, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it,' and had promised in her inmost heart, she would try to do helpful things as the opportunity offered; and behold, the very first 'opportunity' was to come forward before twelve or fifteen hundred waiting women, and 'start the tune.' When I knew these things, I said in my heart, 'This is a rare young spirit.'

"I wish I could picture her as she looked then in her sweet youth, with eyes that were the mirror of an absolute truthfulness, no less than the utmost kindness and good will, with soft, fair hair over a forehead that my mother used to say was 'one of the most urbane and symmetrical she ever saw,' with a pretty complexion and a smile full of humor and good will. She was hardly of medium height, and of slight figure, with a remarkably alert bearing, and quick gliding step. She had that noiseless way of getting about, and doing things with-

out one's knowing that she did them, which I have not found to be a common characteristic."

For three months Miss Willard led those great meetings for women, and at her request Miss Gordon played the organ at every meeting. They became friends, and soon Miss Willard gave her correspondence to her care. Concerning this, Miss Willard said:

"In the prompt and accurate execution of commissions, tactful meeting of people, skilful style in correspondence, I have not known her equal. As soon as the meetings were over, she had a lecture trip ready for me, extending all through New England. I remember she brought her plan to me in a little book ruled in red and black ink, showing the town, the hostess, the place of meeting, the time and place of trains, indeed every item that one need wish, so that I used playfully to say, if I should only pin Anna's directions on my back, I could go the country over in the capacity of an express package."

At the close of the Moody meetings, the friendship of Miss Willard and Miss Gordon had become so great that Miss Gordon went to Rest Cottage to live with Miss Willard and to become her private secretary.

When Miss Willard's work as president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union became heavy and absorbing, it was Miss Gordon who superintended and arranged all of her engagements. She shielded her from all petty annoyances and detail work. In the formative period of the organization, together they visited every town of over ten thousand population in the United States, holding one or more meetings in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

After Miss Willard organized the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, uniting the temperance women of many nations in a peaceful warfare "For God, Home and Humanity," the new international relations increased the already heavy demands upon those in leadership. It was Miss Gordon who accompanied Miss Willard on all her travels in the United States, in Canada, and in Europe. At one time

they spent a year in England, much of which time they were guests of Lady Henry Somerset, who later became president of the World's W. C. T. U.

For twenty-one years Miss Gordon stood by Miss Willard in the temperance work. They were the closest of friends. Concerning that friendship, Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevenson has said:

"She was a part of Miss Willard's very self, as few daughters are parts of their mothers. Her love for the great leader seemed a composite of all loves.

"More truly than any other love I have ever known, was it absolutely free from the faintest shadow of personal jealousy. Other friends came in to that many sided life (of Miss Gordon), her interests were world wide, and many great natures were attracted to her winsome personality, but this early love (for Miss Willard) never wavered, never knew doubt or the shadow of turning, never put the thought of self before the interests of her friend. 'I hope it will not seem irreverent,' said Miss Gordon to me, 'but I took it as my motto long ago, "I love them that love her," and no one can love her too well to please me.' Is it any wonder that so great a nature should have found close kinship with the greatest woman of the century . . .?

"What Anna Gordon was to Frances Willard, eternity alone can show. She touched her life, not alone through the channel of its deep affections, but through the manifold, broad channels of her work for humanity. Not one of the great leader's plans and purposes were ever withheld from her friend, and while her fertile brain originated the seed thought, to Anna Gordon was given the privilege of preparing the soil in which that thought might come to its perfect maturity. Frances Willard was the genius, but Anna Gordon made the environment in which that genius came to its fullest development. Her capacity for detail has always been marvelous, and through all the years she was Miss Willard's constant companion, whether in traveling, or at Rest Cottage, Evanston, Illinois, at home or abroad, it was upon her that the detail work devolved. She planned the trips; she cared for the

finances; she sheltered and protected from petty cares; and she made it possible for that mighty intellect to give itself without reserve, without restraint or hindrance, to the work to which she was called. An 'Organized Providence' she certainly was, and a necessary complement to Miss Willard's inmost nature and life.

"The 'divinity that shapes our ends' ordained for Miss Gordon a mission that an angel might well envy, and so long as the name of Frances E. Willard lives in the minds of men and women and upon the pages of history . . . so long will the name of Anna Gordon be linked with hers; and as a new Damon and Pythias, or better still, a new David and Jonathan, they will take their place among the immortal few who have proven that earthly friendship may be a flower of heaven's own planting, and that the greatest privilege which can come to a mortal life is that of loving faithful ministry."

When Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens succeeded Miss Willard as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Gordon became vice-president at large. Valiantly, and with profound efficiency, she stood by Lillian M. N. Stevens. With an unfaltering, unwavering fidelity she met the duties of close counsellor and coadjutor. Her fidelity and her loyalty to Mrs. Stevens during their years of close companionship was abounding in the spirit of love that "vaunteth not itself." Upon the death of Lillian M. N. Stevens, April 19, 1914, Miss Gordon became the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Gordon has been so closely allied with the work in this country and as honorary secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union since its organization, that she is probably more familiar with the plan and purposes of the temperance leaders of the world to-day than any other person. While she has varied talents, and has given unreservedly of her ability to the work of philanthropy as expressed in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, her life has had a fullness and richness enjoyed by few.

Her outlook is so broad that from her early years she realized, as few of the world's great characters have done, the

part played by children in shaping human destiny, the value of the deeper currents of child life as part of the mighty tide which shall usher in the triumph of righteousness. With such a conception, early in her career she enlisted the children's interest in temperance work. The boys and girls of many countries have been united by her under the banner of the Loyal Temperance Legion, the children's branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Gordon has written much of the literature of the Loyal Temperance Legion — programs for meetings, recitations, stories, and especially, a great number of songs. She is the author of the *Temperance Songster* and several books of Marching Songs. Her temperance songs for children have been translated into several languages. Wherever there is work for temperance among children, not only in L. T. L.'s but in separate organizations and in Sunday schools as well, Miss Gordon's Marching Songs are used, edition after edition being demanded, until the sales now number a million copies.

Miss Gordon is not only the children's temperance song writer of the world, but for many years she has been the editor of *The Young Crusader*, a temperance paper for children that has had a wide circulation in English-speaking countries.

Anna Adams Gordon not only has united the children of many countries in the Loyal Temperance Legion under the banner "Tremble, King Alcohol, We Shall Grow Up," but she has also organized The Young Campaigners for Prohibition in this country.

In Maine when the battle waged fiercest for the retention of the Prohibition Amendment, Miss Gordon, then in Portland, issued a call to the boys and girls of Maine to become Young Campaigners for Prohibition. In all history a call to the children to help in such campaigns had never been made. It was estimated that within six weeks thirty thousand boys and girls, representing the various walks of life, responded to that call and became Young Campaigners for Prohibition. Miss Gordon not only organized these young recruits, but gave them their rally cries and their songs. In nearly every town in Maine the influence of the children's parades, their banners

and their songs were a balance of power against the organized liquor forces of the whole country, notwithstanding the money they poured into Maine in order to defeat "The Prohibitory Amendment."

In all state campaigns for prohibition, since the Maine victory, the Young Campaigners for Prohibition have had an important part.

Miss Gordon's heart responds so tenderly and sympathetically to child life, that by her songs, her writings, and her personality, she is known and loved by children around the world. July 21st, the birthday of Anna Adams Gordon, is celebrated by thousands of children.

Somehow the poetic temperament, the artistic instinct, and overwhelming love for children, have conspired to keep Miss Gordon young. At a great children's meeting held recently in Philadelphia, a stranger remarked, after watching Miss Gordon's marvelous management of the meeting, "How girlish she looks!" Her slight figure, erect carriage and graceful bearing, with her winsome personality give her a distinctly youthful appearance. She is distinctively feminine.

Besides her stories and songs for children, her musical compositions, and many articles and pamphlets on various phases of W. C. T. U. work, she is the author of *The Life of Frances E. Willard, What Frances E. Willard Said*, and *The White Ribbon Hymnal.*

Had Miss Gordon devoted herself to literature, art, or music exclusively, she would have stood out preëminently among the great of her generation.

While retaining much of the conservatism of her New England training, Miss Gordon blends with that conservatism today the wider outlook of humanity, demanding World Wide Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, the Enfranchisement of Women, and Peace among Nations.

Miss Gordon has a poise and reserve most unusual. Her manners and generous sympathies make others feel at ease in her presence, and give to each the feeling that Miss Gordon's interest is particularly personal. There is an indefinable charm of personality that is as rare as is the soul of the

woman. Concerning herself she is non-communicative, accustomed as she is to ministering, and not to be ministered unto. She accepts the admiration and the devotion of friends with sweet humility and utter lack of self-consciousness.

Miss Gordon has ever kept the love of the child so close to her heart that she has seemed to hear its cry for a better opportunity to live and to love. The response of her poetic nature has given us the children's songs set to music, the stories and word pictures that lift all to a higher level and arouse a longing to help others to see God in everything. In her love of child life and love of art and love of music she has sought to make richer the harmonies of every life.

Miss Gordon has been identified with the interests of the organization of which she is now the head almost from its inception. She has spent much time abroad in the interests of children and of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, having crossed the Atlantic twenty-four times. In our own country her name is known and loved in every section of the land. She has accomplished more than any woman of her generation in her work for children.

She has served and conserved the interests of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with a love and loyalty which have few parallels. Love and loyalty are the outstanding characteristics of the many-sided life of this remarkable woman.

As general secretary of the World's Loyal Temperance Legion, her definite relation to and interest in the children of nearly forty nations have given her an opportunity for a knowledge of child life and endeavor unprecedented by any other living person.

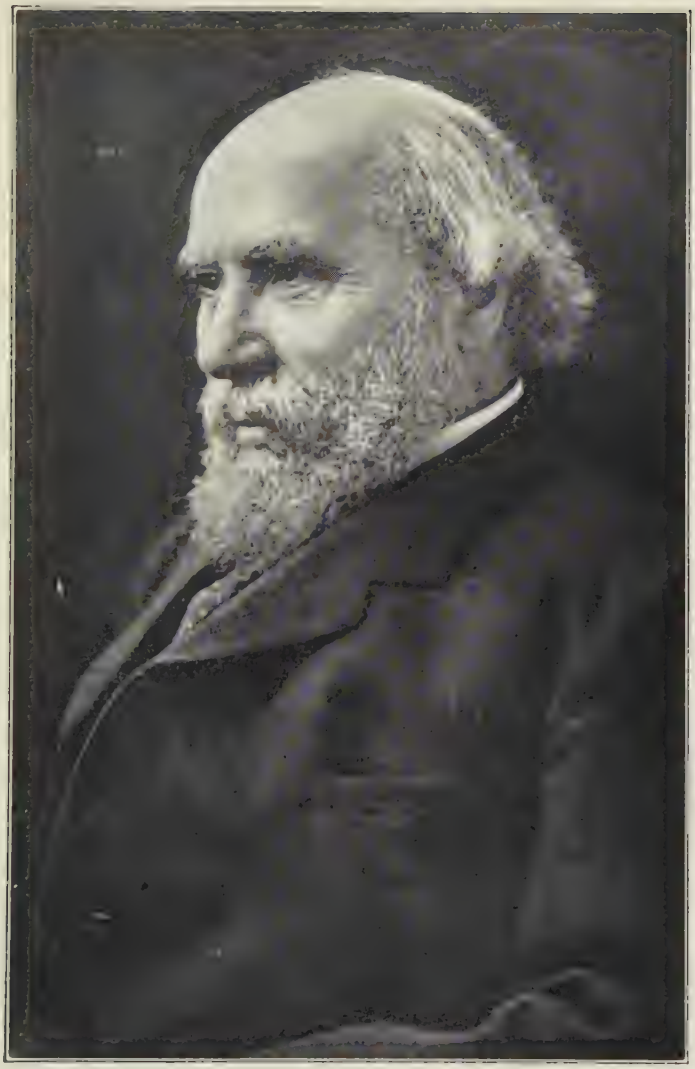
With perhaps the most varied experience in philanthropic work of any American woman, with rare optimism, executive ability and wise diplomacy, Anna Adams Gordon leads the Temperance Women of this country.

JAMES J. HILL

By Andrew Thomas Weaver

ONE of the strangest fallacies to which the human mind persistently clings is that there can be nothing unusual or worthy of admiration in one's immediate surroundings. The extraordinary, the wonderful, the great seem to exist in other ages and to have a peculiar faculty of inhabiting places and climes far from the particular locality in which we live. Great men may have lived in the centuries gone, dauntless warriors may have won memorable victories, fearless discoverers may have lifted the curtain on new continents, wonderful writers may have produced a classic literature; all this may have been accomplished in other lands and in other centuries, but to-day we have no Alexander the Great, we have no Columbus, we have no Shakespeare, and we live in a world of ordinary mortals while genius has returned to the gods.

In the study of the lives of great men we often realize the truth of the saying, that to be great is to be misunderstood. Rarely indeed has a nation or a people yielded the proper tribute of recognition to the men whose names the age and generation have handed on as their richest legacy to all eternity. To the appreciation of true values, perspective is indispensable. Distance not only lends enchantment, but indeed it would almost seem that distance alone can give true comprehension of the worth of men and institutions. It is with a profound conviction that all the great men are not dead; that there are now living, men whose names are being recorded on the imperishable scroll of fame, that we here attempt to set down a story of the life and achievements of a man who has made his mark in the history of this nation, a man who has indeed made the desert to blossom with roses, and has caused a thousand spears of wheat to grow where none had flourished before. To be great may be to be misunderstood, but to be great is not necessarily to be dead.



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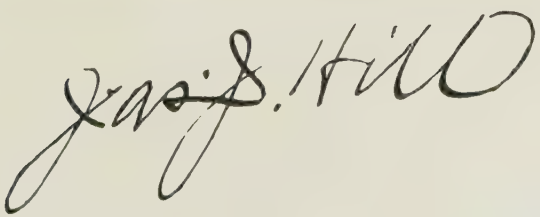

There is no surer way of bringing reproach upon ourselves and opening our judgment to the ridicule of coming generations than through failing to perceive the existence among us of one of the world's truly great men.

In the history of mankind there has been perceptible always a definite and steady movement toward better things. Sometimes the march has gone on slowly and painfully as man has climbed the rough and rugged path of progress. Again it has been a triumphal advance, under a smiling sun, with every circumstance propitiously assisting the pilgrim of the years.

As humanity, in the consciousness of unsatisfactory conditions, in the realization of its imperfect social and economic arrangements has pushed forth towards the higher and more equitable conditions, two great forces have always been operative. Many times we are prone to exaggerate the motive power of lust for material gain in the movement of the race out of old conditions into the larger field of the new. Along with this undoubtedly powerful motive of material gain has ever gone the inspiring power of an ideal. We underestimate the devotion of men to their dreams; we fail to realize what a tremendously important factor in the life of nations has been their devotion to the things which cannot be reduced to money; the things without any suggestion of pecuniary value; those indefinable, ineffable, yet all-moving, omnipotent forces in human life, which for want of better terms we call ideals, visions, dreams.

Think back over history and measure if you can the force of that ideal which called the Trojan prince out from the luxury of the great Phoenician city, led him to sacrifice every personal consideration, and to trust his weary barks once more to the ragings of an unkind sea as he turned their prows northward to a strange land that he might there build up a new nation, and there work out a new destiny for his homeless race, the dream of whose future was the dearest treasure of his heart. Consider, if you will, the religious heroism of the martyrs of all ages who have met dungeon, fire, and sword, and have clung to their visions, though stripped of every ma-

terial possession. Think of the dream that beckoned Washington and his Revolutionary patriots on through the darkness of Valley Forge to the dawn of the day when their ideal was triumphant! When all is said and done, the material benefits for which the heroes of '76 fought, furnished but a small part of the sustaining force which carried them through seven long years of struggle and bloodshed. Indeed, it would be impossible to overestimate the part which ideals have played in every great movement the world has known.

We live in a practical age; in an hour when above the clash and din of a confusingly complex civilization is heard the cry of efficiency. A man's first duty is to be efficient, and our one measure of efficiency seems to be in how much money he can accumulate. We have come to look upon the idealist as a man who has little place in our modern life. We cultivate our ideals in our spare moments, and we are becoming more and more convinced that the twenty-four hour day is too short for many ideals.

This view is the result of a surface understanding of the situation. The only man who is thoroughly practical is the idealist; the one man who really accomplishes things is the man who cherishes ideals, the man who dreams dreams and sees visions and then steps out with dauntless faith in what he has seen and uses the efficiency of this age in making his dreams come true. The man whose life story is to be the subject of this sketch is one who, in the abundance of his success and in the solid accomplishments he has wrought out in the battle of real affairs, has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the practical value of an ideal.

Over three-quarters of a century ago, in the little town of Guelph in southeastern Canada, a boy was born. He came from the sturdy stock of the Scotch-Irish, who had hewed their fortunes out of a wilderness and had made their homes where but a few years before the Indian had roamed in solitary loneliness. This boy went out into the world before he was eighteen years of age, equipped only with an Academy education, without money, without friends, and without influence. Starting from his home in Ontario he made his way

laboriously to the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, in July, 1856. Here he obtained employment in the office of a River Steamship Company, working hard all day and spending the nights in study of the economic necessities of his adopted city and of the transportation problems of the Mississippi valley.

He was now in the service of a Railway Company as station agent. In 1873 the St. Paul and Pacific Railway Company went into the hands of a receiver. This young man, who in seventeen years of hard work had had time to dream dreams now saw before him the first great opportunity of his life. Enlisting the assistance of three associates he took over what were believed to be the worthless properties of the bankrupt railroad encumbered by the enormous debt of over $33,000,000. For the first time James J. Hill had control of a railroad.

Six years later, the road still in feeble condition described as "two streaks of rust reaching out into a desert" was extended to the Red River and connected with the government line from Winnipeg, and the first opening of the great wheat country of the Northwest was made. True, the great Railroad King had but a feeble empire. No one believed in the country, no one believed in the railroad, and few there were who had any confidence in the man who was directing affairs. Those two streaks of rust, however, carried the thrill of life into the Red River Valley, and where barren sands had stretched as far as the eye could reach, great fields of grain waved in the sunlight. Soon the road was able to pay dividends, surplus was collected, and despite the most violent criticism on all hands, the line was extended to Helena, Montana, in 1883.

Ten years later Mr. Hill proposed the extension of the road from Montana to Puget Sound. Between what was then the terminal of the road and the proposed new terminal on the Pacific were the Rocky Mountains, the most insuperable barriers which nature ever placed in the way of railroad construction. But worse than mountain grades, bad as they were, was the fact that the great panic of 1893 was sweeping over the country. The proposal for the extension of the road in the face of these difficulties first awakened ridicule, then

active resistance, and finally the bitterest of opposition. The New York financiers held a meeting to voice a protest in condemnation of "wildcat" railroading. Mr. Hill rose serenely in their meeting and said, "I have a property in the Northwest which New York bankers cannot prevent me from developing. My Board of Directors is the only body that can do that, and they can do it only until the next election."

Upon his return to St. Paul he found that his board of directors had blocked his plan and had passed a resolution denying the proposed construction of the new line. Mr. Hill called a meeting of the directors and when they were in the council room, he locked the door, put the key in his pocket and said, "Now gentlemen, we will stay here until you reverse your action." The budget was passed, the construction work went forward until finally the shrill whistle of a Great Northern locomotive broke out over the placid blue waters of Puget Sound, and the first transcontinental railroad, built without the aid of a cent of government money or a foot of government land, was finished.

Shortly after this the Northern Pacific Railroad was added to the system as the result of a tremendous financial battle with Harriman. In the course of the struggle common stock in the Northern Pacific Railway rose from 25 cents to $1,000 a share. The next step was the purchase of the Burlington system. The boy who had gone out from Guelph, Ontario fifty-five years before almost penniless paid $200,000,000 in cash for this railway system. For nearly half a century, in times of prosperity and in times of financial stringency, Mr. Hill's corporations have never passed a dividend.

In the mind of James J. Hill we have a magnificent illustration of what the poet has called a noble discontent. The heights which he has reached to-day are but the stepping stones to bigger things for the morrow. Not only has he dominated the overland transportation of the great Northwest, but he has also secured a firm grip on the traffic systems of lake and ocean. The products of the great wheat fields poured into the mammoth milling industry of the Twin Cities are shipped out on his giant steamships to Chicago, Detroit,

and Buffalo. Yes, even the teeming millions of the Orient receive their bread from the holds of the mightiest leviathans that have yet carried the American flag over the Pacific.

It were as impossible as unnecessary to attempt an enumeration of the incalculable and immeasurable activities of this man's life. For five decades the people of the Northwest have recognized in him the master spirit of their industry. To him have been yielded the rich rewards which the world always has for the man who contributes to its well-being. It is not our idea of gratitude to bear the laurels of our esteem to the graves of those who have bravely wrought. Posthumous gratitude is the tribute of an unworthy beneficiary. We should bear to these men the grateful appreciation of a nation and a people conscious of the service that has been rendered to us.

As we look into the book of his experience we are stricken with wonder at his humble beginnings and at his matchless achievements. We see the fifteen year old boy a hewer of wood as was the great Lincoln. We see him working all through the day; then reading and studying late into the night. We see him as he sets out toward the West, the call of the unknown in his heart, before his eyes the vision of a transformed continent. We see him past the close of his allotted threescore years and ten, upon his head the snows of the deepening winter, within his grasp the sceptre of an empire carved out of a desert, and with profoundest reverence we seek to know the secret of his extraordinary life.

True it is indeed that genius is the boundless capacity for hard work. Thomas A. Edison, the greatest wizard in the long history of invention, has defined for us the genius that succeeds, in his epigram, "Genius is five per cent. inspiration and ninety-five per cent. perspiration." How apt we are to explain failure and success in terms of blind chance and fortune. How ready we are to excuse ourselves, our lack of industry, our apostacy to the ideals we have never served, by claiming the immunity of those whose careers have been wrecked by the ruthless hand of fate. How willing we are to ascribe wonderful accomplishment, heroic achievement, and

all the panoply of triumph to the same blind goddess. It is not an uncommon thing for us not only to fail in rendering praise and honor where they are due, but there are always with us carping and captious critics who can glibly explain away the merit of a battle won through years of bitter sacrifice, magnificent endeavor, and unceasing toil. We should not look down upon a man who is successful; we should not suspect him of injustice because he has forged ahead of his fellows; we should not criticize a man because he is rich.

What are some of the factors which have made this man so successful? What are the mental habits and characteristics which are worthy of emulation? First of all he had natural ability. He was given the legacy of a sound body and a sound mind, but in these things we do not feel him to have been superior to many others. To have these things, alas, is not to be successful. Thousands with his natural endowments have failed, many without them have graven their names deep in the marble of the ages. To his natural ability was added an overmastering ambition. As a boy he read and re-read the life story of Napoleon and he deliberately sought to pattern his life after that of the great conqueror. The trenchant, virile prose of Thomas Carlyle painted many a picture on the canvas of his fancy. The lode star of his fortune was raised in the West as he read Irving's *Astoria*, and with the supreme confidence of a strong man who has caught a vision, who has seen in the cramped present the latent possibilities of an expanded future, he moved out to the realization of the unseen. In such a man we are not surprised to find other characteristics of the conqueror — quickness of decision, an impatience with unnecessary delay, an understanding of men, all these have contributed to his triumph. When asked for the key to his success he says, "Whatever I have accomplished has been due to taking advantage of opportunities, and I have not been watching the clock. The simple truth is that any man who attends to work will succeed anywhere." He grasps the details of the present, he puts his feet squarely on the firm ground of an accomplished fact and

then looks out into the future. One of his employees once remarked, "He expects everything to be done yesterday."

Like the old Roman he serves his country because he is wise enough to recognize the mother of us all. This man sees in the soil the possibilities of a regenerate nation and the influence which he has wielded in the development of the greatest agricultural region in the world cannot be overstated. At an age when most men have laid down the active duties of life, he is busily at work in the study of the great problems which confront a growing American population who are losing the virility which comes from a hand to hand struggle with the soil; a generation who are deserting the farm and fleeing blindly to the supposed advantage of our great urban centers. He says, "Men without land are a mob, and land without men is a wilderness." Recently this seer of the truth gave voice to the following warning: "With something of that prophetic insight which seems to remain to men even in the lowest estate, the people of our huddled population centers have applied the most bitterly ironic expressions they could coin to those thoroughfares where are congregated all the garish and offensive symbols of the idleness, ostentation, decadent mentality, and moral corruption that eat forever at the vitals of this century's civilization. Not there, never there, but among cool woodlands, by still waters, through fields burdened with bounty, which nature yields unceasingly to those who have come under the pleasant rule of her laws and learned the lessons that she has put for ages before unwilling minds — up to the gate of the farmstead where alone man can ever find the full message that this life holds for him, thither runs the great white way."

When the famous Northern Securities case was before the Supreme Court of the United States and dissolution of his corporation was imminent, Mr. Hill expressed a profound truth when he said, "I have made my mark on the surface of the earth and they cannot wipe it out with a court decision."

In the early part of the nineteenth century some of the foremost statesmen of their time stood on the floor of the United States Congress and delivered vigorous philippics against

the expenditure of governmental energy and money in the development of what they thought was an arid and unprofitable expanse of territory in the Pacific Northwest. Even as they were speaking there were two dauntless souls who had gone forth into the wilderness; with prophetic eye had seen its possibilities, and were fighting their way through the terrible blizzards, through the mountain passes, and across the weary plains back to civilization, to lay before the government of the United States their dream of what the country might become. To-day the dream is a reality, a reality in beauty, wealth, and importance, beyond anything they could have dreamed. The mountain torrents of the Rockies no longer tumble down their shaggy sides to pour their wasted strength into the peaceful sea. Other visionaries have come, the rivers have pulsed their life-giving waters through a million arteries netting the dusty plains until the harvest has yielded bread to the hungry millions of a nation. Land that was once valueless is now almost beyond price. Through the heart of this mighty empire of the Northwest wind ten thousand miles of steel, those conductors which first carried the electric spark of life to the great wheat growing region of the North American continent.

The man who built those railways brought to the city of St. Paul the first fuel coal which turned the wheels of her great milling industries. He brought the first carload of wheat to the mills. He shipped the first barrel of flour out of the Northwest, and he has been a central figure in every great enterprise wrought out among his chosen people. He stands to-day as the man with the largest transportation interests in the world.

From the millions of acres of waving grain, from the whirling wheels of those great industries which have been made possible through his service, from the hungry nations of a changing Orient, to whom he has carried American food, from the hearts of a nation, who in honoring him honor themselves, there rises the mystic symphony of a world's tribute to the man who fearlessly believed in a dream, who followed through years of sternest battle the vision he had seen, upon whose

brow rests the jewelled crown of conquest and achievement — James Jerome Hill, Prophet and Empire Builder.

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EMIL G. HIRSCH

By Joseph Leiser

ACCORDING to Carlyle, a man's sincerity is the test of his greatness. His great men were those who believed in their mission as a God-appointed task, which they were elected to fulfill, with fire and sword if need be, but ever and anon with a faith that suffers martyrdom, and knows no peace of mind until the consecrated duty is accomplished.

Those heroic personalities whose lives have chaptered history and whose deeds mark the epochs of humanity were dominated by a sacred devotion to their mission in life. However great or little the part they played, its value to humanity was measured by the sincerity wherewith the thing was done. Great men believe in their appointment for the duty they have nominated themselves to achieve. Their faith in themselves inspires them to do and dare and to translate that inspiration to others. This is true of all great leaders and it is true of Emil Gustav Hirsch.

Rabbi Hirsch believes in his interpretation of Judaism as the solution of the perplexing problems that beset the modern world, and this belief is fortified with a profound scholarship. This conviction has gained strength and reënforcement from the years of patient study and practical application in all the varied activities assigned to a great personality.

With a gift of speech that is in itself genius, Dr. Hirsch has taught these truths: that man does not live by bread alone; that society is composed of human beings mutually interdependent; that the strong by reason of their strength must protect the weak; that righteousness exalts a nation; and that the Jew is chosen in the providential plan of the universe to teach the law of righteousness and justice to all humanity, since from Zion came the word of God and the Jew was espoused of old to proclaim it. The Jew is, by reason of his Jewish parentage, endowed with the inalienable duty of teaching mankind the law of man's social obligation to his fellowmen. Through

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Emil G. Hirsch

every sermon of Dr. Hirsch there echoes the proclamation that the Jew has been elected by God to inculcate love, mercy, and justice throughout the world and to illustrate it in his own life, that others may be thereby ennobled.

The destiny that accrues to the Jew by reason of his historical position among the children of men is the key whereby to read the simple annals of the life of Emil G. Hirsch. His career is singularly free from spectacular or romantic elements. It has been a studious life, more the conventional life of a scholar, fond of the cloistered quiet of libraries, than the active life of a propagandist. While not averse to the fray, his fondest satisfaction is the assurance that he has weaponed his allies with motives, ideals, and purposes.

In this age when all intellectual concepts, no matter how abstract or intangible, are personified under the guise of a movement, with its battalion of officers and committees, meetings and conferences, Dr. Hirsch has preferred to study these meetings from printed official reports rather than to be one of the attendants. When the exigency of the case has demanded his presence, however, his leadership has been instantly felt and his recognized ability has told in the effectiveness of the conference. When it was rumored that he was to speak, the hall would be crowded: for he is a keen debater, quick at retort, cutting in rebuttal, and always master of the subject under discussion.

This disposition to seek the solitude of the study rather than the open arena accounts for his absence in all those manifold activities to which Chicago, more than any other city of our country, is so fully alive. Dr. Hirsch's name may be listed among the officers as honorary president, but he has never gone forth to attend to the detailed work of the movement at hand. It was due to his influence that the Jewish Manual Training School of Chicago was founded, although the actual working out of this educational régime was the life work of the late Dr. Gabriel Bamberger. He was among the first to advocate the federation of Jewish charities and to systematize the work on a business basis, with recognition of the psychological and economic causes that were operative in the circum-

stances of each applicant. He headed the Civic Federation, the Chicago Public Library, and was a member of the State Board of Charities.

No man has ever taught more eloquently or emphatically than he that results are correlated to thoughts and that the thinker who first divines an idea is entitled to greater, or at least as great credit, as the man who actually translates it into action. Often in his sermons he has told his congregation that the engineers who conceived the idea of the St. Gothard Tunnel and not the European bankers who purchased the stocks, are the greater servants of humanity. In an age surrendered wholly to business, where results are symbols of profit, he punctured the arrogance of business by the pointed lance of this truth, that the thinker precedes the doer. Chicago needed the corrective of this truth, for business was growing haughty and was vaunting its prowess. Dr. Hirsch pleaded for the scholar, the thinker — pleaded eloquently for the humble teacher or scientist toiling upward in the night that from his investigations business might profit. In this alignment with the thinker instead of the doer, with the scholar in contrast to the active man, Dr. Hirsch has been consistently in keeping with the function of his life's work. No man occupying the pulpit of an American Jewish congregation ever entered upon his task with more qualifications or better equipment. He has a mind that is keen, receptive, eager, and alert. His memory is the faithful warden of his intellect, unerring and retentive to a wonderful degree.

No explanation of the career of Emil G. Hirsch can be written, however, without referring to the career of his father, Samuel Hirsch, and to the influence he exerted on the thinking and theories of his son. Dr. Samuel Hirsch was a Jewish philosopher and rabbi, living in the Duchy of Luxemburg. As a young man he prepared himself for the profession of bookseller, or librarian, a vocation that required a vast scholarship. Samuel Hirsch obtained his Ph. D. degree at a time when most Jewish youths were kept out of university circles by prejudices within their own Jewish communities as well as by prejudices without. Then he became a rabbi in Luxem-

burg, where his son, Emil Gustav, was born, May 22, 1852, and there he began a series of philosophic studies that resulted in the publication of three great books in which the thesis that man is the greatest manifestation of deity may be broadly accepted as the underlying thought of all.

Emil inherited much from his father, and upon no theme does he speak with more reverence than upon that of his father. Daily associated with a very learned and penetrating thinker, he absorbed the rudiments of a college education before he reached his tenth year. In that home three languages were in daily use — French, German, and English. His mother spoke English fluently, having lived for a time in England previous to her marriage. In 1866 his father was called to the ministry of Congregation Keneseth Israel in Philadelphia, and the family came to this country. Emil continued his education at the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia.

Upon his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in 1872, he went to Germany and studied at the University of Berlin, 1872-1876, and at Leipzig; receiving the degree of Ph. D. at the latter. Philosophy and theology were his specialties. Then he attended the Jewish theological seminary in Berlin, where he came into intimate contact with some of the most eminent Jewish scholars of their generation, foremost among them being Leopold Zunz and Abraham Geiger, to whom the reform movement in Judaism owes its philosophic and historical basis.

His high esteem of the profession of rabbi was an inheritance from his father. Dr. Samuel Hirsch exalted the profession of rabbi high above that of any other vocation, and his illustrious son has enthroned it on the same lofty pinnacle. He who would aspire to the rabbinate must be inspired, first, with the zeal to know what Israel is dedicated to proclaim to the families of men; and second, with the moral courage to announce it. The teacher of Israel is by the very terms of his contract a scholar and an enthusiast, an idealist, burning with prophetic zeal to speak forth without fear. To equip a novitiate for the function and office of rabbi, scholarship is the unalterable prerequisite. The teacher of Israel must possess

intimate knowledge of Israel's career, in all its ramifications. To this standard Dr. Hirsch has set himself during his long studious life.

He has ever been conscious of his long intellectual ancestry, of his spiritual affiliation with a company of saints and scholars, men who eked out a niggardly existence in the contracted quarters of noisome Ghettoes in the Middle Ages. He feels himself allied to the great rabbis living to-day in the squalid chambers of little Russian towns, meditating on the law day and night, rabbis whose sole treasure is the wealth of their wisdom. He is brother to the sages and teachers in Italy, France, Germany, and England. With these he feels himself one. These men would rather suffer martyrdom than submit to the clamor of the world; like the homesick captives beside the streams of Bablylon, they would rather cut the tongues out of their mouths than to belie their faith.

It may safely be stated that there are few books written in Hebrew which he has not read either in part or in toto. Only those familiar with the century-long intellectual activity of the Jews have any adequate conception of what a gigantic task this is. It covers the enormous realm of the Bible, the sea of the Talmud, the midrashim, the commentaries of the Middle Ages, the poets and philosophers of the Spanish era, the translations from Arabic philosophers, the codifications of the law by Maimonides and by Joseph Quaro. It includes the Cabala and mystic writers of Italy and Safed; the prayers, responses, petitions, and pityuim of the Middle Ages, not to mention the revival of neo-Hebraism under the Zionistic movement in Russia to-day.

The contact of the Jews with mankind has been unique and it has made them cosmopolitan, flexible, adaptable. He who would interpret Israel must know the various influences that have moulded the Jew — he must know not only his own vernacular and the dialects of Hebrew; he must also read Greek and Latin.

But Dr. Hirsch knows not only the message of men who speak to us from the past, but the message of men who are

alive to-day as well. He speaks all the modern languages of Europe.

His vast scholarship has stood him in good stead. He has not only taught men much; he has led them away from the pitfalls that lurk behind half-truths and superficialities. He has the courage to say "no" when the multitude says "yes." He can point out the blind alleys where others see but the primrose path.

Two incidents illustrate this. One was during the first conference of liberal religions, held in the Old Sinai Temple, Chicago. Liberal clergymen of unorthodox faiths had gathered in his Temple. The common denominator of all religions was emphasized. A new era was imminent, it seemed, because the radical element among the Jews was joining with other unfettered denominations into a common brotherhood. The age-long seclusion of the Jews was apparently ended and the Jew was about to clasp the hand of his fellows under new auspices. This, at least, was the impression the speakers attempted to create. They meant well, but they did not interpret Israel aright, and it required a man of Dr. Hirsch's courage and learning to set them right.

"Not in spite of, but because we are Jews, do we enter into this conference," he thundered with all the force and eloquence at his command. "The Jewish aspiration is to fraternalize all the children of men. In the most sacred hour of our synagog we pray for the advent of that day when all humanity shall be united by a common bond of brotherhood. Before Christianity was born our sages said the righteous of all nations will inherit eternal bliss. Not away from Judaism, but back to Judaism is our ambition — to acquaint all mankind with the passion of Israel for the eventual salvation of all earth-born creatures.

"Abolishing the superfluous ceremonies did not alter the divinely imposed purpose of the Jew towards humanity. His spiritual charge is as vital to-day as of old. His is a historical mission, imposed by birth, and this purpose can not be lessened or abated by joining forces with other peoples. On the

Jew still rests the obligation of carrying the ark of truth and righteousness into the camps of all peoples."

Another incident which reveals the man's courage and breadth of mind referred to women adopting the profession of rabbi. It was at the time when women were beginning to enter the professions. Law, medicine, architecture, engineering — professions that had formerly been the prerogative of men — were opening to women. Why not a woman rabbi, too? Caroline Bartlett Crane and Anna Howard Shaw—to mention only the most eminent women preachers — were adorning the Christian pulpit. Why not a woman in the Jewish pulpit? Jewish women favored it. Women's clubs and literary societies were advocating such a step.

"There is no objection to a woman occupying the Jewish pulpit," said Dr. Hirsch, "but if a woman adopts the career of rabbi, she must also adopt the obligations of men in scholarship and earnestness. Maudlin emotionalism, faithful imitation of clericalism will not be accepted as a substitute for sound scholarship and a thorough familiarity with the literature and philosophy of the Jews."

His position with reference to women in the pulpit is characteristic of his entire attitude towards the pulpit. To him religion is not an unnatural function, superimposed and taken on and discarded as whim dictates. Religion is a natural function. It is the expression of man's relation to his fellows. It interprets his place in the world and outlines his path of duty. It fortifies him with a purpose and gives him the elements whereby to dedicate himself to a noble life. It dignifies life and allies him with the noble band whose service is the betterment of humanity.

Having this thoroughly manly and Jewish view of religion, he never countenances emotionalism or hysteria in the pulpit. The religious way, he teaches, is the natural way. A house of worship does not require low, mournful voices, or sepulchral tones. "David sang and danced before the Lord." In God's house men can laugh and speak as they do in their stores or homes. In the house of assembly they dedicate themselves

anew to their daily tasks. The entire world is to become holy, is his message.

Dr. Hirsch expounds Judaism, not as a bundle of laws, but as an attitude towards life, a way of living a clean, simple, useful life of service and mutual helpfulness. The Jew, being obligated by his Jewish birth to fulfill his duty of social service of love, justice, and righteousness to all his fellows, could not shirk that duty without backsliding. His ceremonialism is the medium through which he expresses his spiritual truths, in fulfilling which he is to achieve his reward on this earth.

That Judaism did not come to its completion with the birth of Jesus and the rise of Christianity is one of the points Dr. Hirsch ever impresses on his non-Jewish hearers. Again and again in the columns of the *Reform Advocate* he has exposed the conceit of prelate and priest in Catholic, Protestant, and even liberal religions, and has showed that Judaism has not suffered an arrested development since the advent of Jesus, but is constantly evolving into higher and more spiritual states.

Dr. Hirsch also has positive views on Jesus. Jesus is accepted as the ripest flower of his generation. In him culminated the revolt against ceremonialism and priestly arrogance and political oppression and monopoly. Dr. Hirsch reveres the courage, the eloquence, the martyrdom of Jesus, ranks him among the prophets of Israel, dowered with the inspiration of an Isaiah, and the moral earnestness of an Amos: fearless as Elijah and heroic as Nathan. In him flowed the genius of the Jew, who, amid the thunder of Sinai, proclaimed the "thou shalts" and the "thou shalt nots" to humanity. Jesus summarized the spiritual and ethical laws of the Judaism of his day, and restated in a popular form the truths that every rabbi knew. The Lord's Prayer is a Jewish collect, a string of pearls gathered from the jewelled casket of Israel's prayers and aspirations.

The courage of the man Jesus, the Galilean carpenter, whose burning zeal fired him with the courage to cleanse the temple of the money changers, appeals to the innate manliness

of Dr. Hirsch. Jesus heard the voice of God as did Moses and Abraham before him; as did Samuel and the prophets; as have the sages and teachers of Israel in ages past and in our own time. His divinity was the divinity of all lovers of their fellowmen. "When you were sick, I visited you; when you were hungry, I fed you; when you were naked, I clothed you; and as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, so have you done it unto me," is the simple truth of Judaism that Jesus as a Jew fulfilled in his own life.

Dr. Hirsch was never among those who would restore Jesus to the synagog — Jesus never left the synagog. Paul more than any other theologian divested Jesus of his humanity and apotheosized him into an abstraction. Paul, the tent-maker, was a reactionary. His conception of a vicarious atonement is Semiticism. The sacrifices of the temple so wonderfully explained by Robertson Smith, survived in Paul. By grafting neo-Platonism upon Semiticism, he created a theology. Jesus is truer than Paul to the spirit of the synagog.

Two movements within Judaism of the present age have profoundly affected it. One of these movements is Zionism; the other, the institutionalizing of the synagog. No one immediately involved in Jewish affairs can avoid participating in them as opponent or supporter. Dr. Hirsch was early drawn into the controversy that raged about him.

Zionism is of European importation. Coming into prominence under the organizing genius of Dr. Theodore Hertzl it sought so to organize the scattered remnant of Israel that the ancient patrimony of Israel — Palestine — should again be restored, and the Jewish people established in a land of their own. The restoration of Palestine is an ancient dream, but at no time has the appeal been received with greater prospects of realization than in the present era. Some of the most illustrious names in Europe are enlisted in the cause — conferences and conventions have been held annually and far-reaching measures have been introduced.

Influential and stirring as the Zionistic movement has been — the only movement within Judaism that has been so active — its intent no less than its philosophy is totally at variance

with the historical outlook of the Jew. The purpose of Zionism is to concentrate Israel on a given territory — the object of historical or reform Judaism is to spread the Jewish concept of man and God over the entire world. As an exponent of the spiritual message of Israel — with emphasis on the ethical instead of the ceremonial — the position of Dr. Hirsch can be foretold. He has not been insensible to the urgency of the movement in Europe in view of the galling events in Russia and Roumania, to mention only the most brutal. But as a solution of the Jewish question — if there is any — Zionism is a survival of that nationalism with which all Europe has, of late, been obsessed. He has, therefore, opposed it consistently, but with sympathy — giving welcome to its advocates and leaders, supporting morally and financially such undertakings as the establishment of trade schools in Palestine.

Dr. Hirsch has opposed all tendencies toward Jewish nationality. "The Messiah was born on the day the Temple fell" is a mysticism of the Talmud which reflects a wonderful thought and explains the contention of the reform movement. Israel is to go forth and teach all mankind its truths. The ultimate hope is that from the rising to the setting sun, from the north to the south, every place and land will become as sacred as Jerusalem and that the word of God will be spoken everywhere. "All my people shall be holy," saith the Lord.

Another tendency of the present era which is engaging the attention of Jews is that to institutionalize the synagog. At first Dr. Hirsch opposed the introduction of institutional features but later he came to see that in large centers of population, institutions unfettered by commercialism must be created to counteract the debasing influences of amusement resorts whose sole purpose is to prosper the owners. When the new Sinai Temple was built the need of a social center was recognized so clearly that a separate building was constructed for institutional work. Sinai Center aims to afford the people of the community a means of ennobling and enriching their lives.

"Raise up many disciples," is the admonition of an ancient Jewish teacher. When the University of Chicago was found-

ed, in 1892, Dr. Hirsch joined the Semitic department and still holds a professorship there. For three years he taught classes regularly. One of the purposes of the department was to prepare Jewish students for the rabbinate. Three students entered the university for this purpose and graduated, but none of them is now actively engaged in the Jewish ministry. In the strict interpretation of the word, Dr. Hirsch has not raised up disciples. He did not want his students to imitate him in thinking, much less in mannerism. He served his students best by making them independent of him. "Think out your own world concept," he said. "Differ with me if you must, but do not follow me."

In a larger sense, however, Dr. Hirsch has raised up legions of disciples in his own faith and among those whose fellowship is historically separate from the synagog. He has been the spokesman of Judaism to the Jews and has been the glorious representative to the non-Jews. No man in this country has ever expounded Judaism to Christians more eloquently or more learnedly. He has been concerned not only for the Jews but also for the destiny and mission of America as a democracy, the haven of refuge for the oppressed of earth. If to-day the Jew is appraised at a higher value than ever before, it is due to the eloquence of Emil G. Hirsch. His pulpit has not been Sinai Temple, Chicago, alone, but every city in America, and England, Germany, and France.

He has been officially connected with three pulpits in his long and busy career: the first, Baltimore; the second, Louisville; and the last, Sinai Temple, Chicago. He entered Sinai a young man and has served his people as a teacher for over thirty years. No man in the city of Chicago has been more influential in molding the ethical, sociological and religious conceptions of the citizens of the Middle West than he. No man is more venerated for his learning and purity of character. His name has been on the tongues of thousands but never with a word of reproach. A reverential son, he is a devoted father, a loyal, sympathetic friend to those who merit his friendship, ever quick to hear the cry of distress and to plead for the widow and orphan.

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

By De Witt Clinton Sprague

FROM my earliest remembrance, from the time before I could read, when I made up stories to match the pictures in the first book I ever looked at, 'one continuous purpose' of literature has run through my life. Now in my seventy-third year a proof of the things I have last written is as wondrously precious as that which I printed from the types put together with my childish hands, when I could have been only about seven, in an essay on *Human Life*. The theme is one which in manifold phases has engaged me since, and I suppose will flatter my notice to the end." The statement here recorded from Mr. Howells's own confession is significant as showing the subject-matter of almost exclusive interest to William Dean Howells, poet, essayist, critic, dramatist, novelist, and lover of mankind. The constancy of devotion to the craft of literature to be found in the paragraph quoted is the secret of the distinction of style for which Mr. Howells is justly admired, for style *is* the man, and long literary service is necessary to give such veteran character to the man-of-letters that his language can express with inevitable word, phrase, and sentence whatever message Divine inspiration or his own self-experience may give him to deliver. In the words, *stories to match the pictures*, there is indication of the attitude of Mr. Howells toward life on the one hand and toward literature on the other — the story is written after the picture has been looked at. Mr. Howells's literary creed and active performance have been to conform his truth to the outer reality, and not to deform the picture of reality to match a questionable truth.

In 1865, Mr. Howells, a young man of twenty-seven, was wondering what turn his enterprise must take to support his family. For the past four years he had been living in Italy, as United States consul at Venice. His term of office was nearing its close, and, although he had faithfully spent the

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W. D. Howells.

leisure of the position in the service of literature and had written much poetry and some prose sketches, but five of the poems had been accepted and only newspapers had accepted his letters describing Italian life. In view of the uncertainty of employment after his return to America, it was essential that he should have the confidence in his own literary power which only acceptance by a periodical of high standing, and encouragement from a master of the craft could impart. Hitherto the youthful writer had hoped to write poetry which would bring him fame and fortune. To be sure, he had achieved some renown as a writer of a few poems, a biography of Lincoln, and newspaper sketches, but to no such degree or amount as his heart desired. It was not strange, then, that an enthusiastic letter of acceptance from James Russell Lowell, editor of the *North American Review*, should nerve his heart to re-enter the conflict against an inert public, and not let it rest until it gave him recognition. The article accepted by Mr. Lowell was *Recent Italian Comedy*, which revealed to Lowell the solid critical power, the charm of manner, and the promise of a greater future for this beginner in a literary career. In the statement, already quoted from, entitled *The Turning-point of My Life*, Mr. Howells suggests the two related questions: Was this the real turning-point of his life? Was the choice of a continued literary career made *for* him?

In answering these questions, we must briefly review Mr. Howells's life from its beginning to this twenty-seventh year. He was born in a family of unusual character and essential culture, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, on March 1, 1837. Three years later his father, a newspaper editor, removed to the southwestern part of the state, to Hamilton. As the family lived here for nine years, the earliest coherent memories of the boy were of this place. He has written an account of these glorious years in the most intimate confession of boyhood ever written, *A Boy's Town.*

The library at his home was probably the best in the town, and very early William became accustomed to hear poetry read aloud and to love to read for himself. His earliest

recollected reading was from about the age of ten, when a book of Grecian and Roman mythology, Goldsmith's *Histories of Greece and Rome*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Poe's *Tales*, and Irving's *Conquest of Granada* were his first books. Hearing his father read Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Howells wrote a Roman tragedy in the easy measure of that poem. Before he knew anything of English grammar, he began to study Spanish in order that he might write the life of Cervantes. William's father had bought a Spanish grammar from a returned volunteer of the Mexican War; from this book, after long years of study, the boy learned the Spanish language and English grammar, too. He tried to imitate Poe in a story called *The Devil in the Smoke-Pipes*. Scott, Campbell, and Goldsmith furnished him models for poetic imitation. Mr. Howells says of this imitative spirit of his boyhood, "I have never greatly loved an author without wishing to write like him. It was a long time before I found it best to be as like myself as I could, even when I did not think so well of myself as of some others."

Mr. Howells had little schooling; the printing-office of his father was his school from a very early time. Taking into account the literary knowledge of the father, and his excellent ideas as to the educational duties of parents, this fact was fortunate for the training of the future editor and literary artist. No habit of idleness was allowed to undermine the strength of the boy's character, and his own active mind incessantly gave him employment in reading, in studying language, and in his literary attempts.

When William was twelve years old his father bought the Dayton *Transcript*, and removed his family to Dayton. Here Shakespeare was brought to the boy's notice by a company of players such as struggled along in those days. He saw *Hamlet, Macbeth*, and *Richard III* many times over, for the company was liberal with passes to the *Transcript* office. The paper failed after two or three years, and the family went to live in a log-cabin in the woods on the Little Miami River, where a prosperous uncle had bought a mill. During the year spent here William read Longfellow's *Spanish Student* and

Scott's *Poems*, and wrote a diary and some poetry now entirely forgotten.

The next sojourn of the young literary aspirant was in Columbus, where his father found work as reporter of legislative proceedings for the *Ohio State Journal*. William was employed as a compositor. He was fourteen years old and began to cherish a definite literary ambition. One of his poems, written at this time, on Spring, was the first piece he ever had printed. Soon after he began to read Pope, and a long period of imitation of that poet, who aimed above all things else to be correct in his use of language, set in. Of this imitation he writes, "I learned to choose between words after a study of their fitness. . . I could not imitate Pope without imitating his methods, and his method was to the last degree intelligent." We must not assume that the young poet was living in a world of fancy to the neglect of the real world of work and play and difficulty. He writes of this period, "I was very fond of my work, and proud of my swiftness and skill in it. Once the foreman offered me a holiday, but I would not take it. What went on in the office interested me as much as the quarrels of the Augustan age of English letters and I made much more record of it in the crude and shapeless diary which I kept."

The few years following his first Columbus employment Howells spent in Ashtabula County, where his father edited the Ashtabula *Sentinel*, which was removed from Ashtabula village to Jefferson after six months. William became a subeditor. Byron, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ossian*, Shakespeare, Holmes, De Quincey, Thackeray, Ik Marvel, Dickens, Wordsworth, Lowell's *Lectures on Poetry*, Chaucer, Macaulay, Poe's *Criticisms*, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Four English Quarterlies, books of fiction, drama, and history in Spanish, Curtis's works on Oriental travel, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and *Kavanaugh*, Tennyson — all became known to him, besides much Spanish drama and German poetry, especially Heine's, and all influenced him. In a little space under the stairs in the low, rambling house where the family lived, he wrote, imitating Pope, or Ossian, or Longfellow, or Tennyson. He be-

gan to print a serial story without determining how it was to end. It commenced in imitation of Ik Marvel, continued after the manner of Dickens, and ended in some way which Howells does not record. He undertook the study of French, German, Latin, and Greek, and continued reading Spanish. Of this time he writes, "My day began about seven o'clock, in the printing-office, where it took me till noon to do my task of so many thousand ems, say four or five. In the afternoon I went back and distributed my case for the next day. At two or three o'clock I was free, and then I went home and began my studies; or tried to write something; or read a book. We had supper at six and after that I rejoiced in literature, till I went to bed at ten or eleven. I cannot think of any time when I did not go gladly to my books or manuscripts, when it was not a noble joy as well as a high privilege."

While he was living in Jefferson, Howells determined to leave printing and study law with the nephew of a United States senator, Benjamin Wade, famous in his day, who lived in the village. William soon found that he had no energy left for literature after a day's reading of Blackstone. He tried law for a month, and then gave it up, returning to literature and the work of the printing-office. Howells's character and acquired mental habits being such as have been indicated, it seems that there was no choice, but a certain straight path of literary endeavor which he must follow if he would live.

When William was nineteen his father got a legislative clerkship at Columbus. The son agreed to furnish a daily letter telling of legislative occurrences for the Cincinnati *Gazette*. The young man used the State Library freely. At the end of this legislative session the Cincinnati *Gazette* offered him the position of city editor. He was to have charge of local reporting and he went to the city to fit himself for the work by actual reporter's experience. He tried this one night and, satisfied he would not be suited to the work, turned his back on a thousand dollars a year. He returned home and continued to read Heine, who now became his master and teacher of a style which he followed for several years in verse.

In the fall of 1859 he accepted the position of news editor

of the *Ohio State Journal*, reorganized under a new Republican management. Howells's work included writing literary notices and book reviews, to which he gave chief attention. He entered the society of the capital and appreciated the happy, free, and cordial atmosphere with all the zest of a well-occupied, enthusiastic young man of twenty-two. George Eliot, Hawthorne, and Goethe were the new friends of the inner world of literature whom he came to know in the two years spent at this post. He sent some poems to the *Atlantic Monthly* and Lowell accepted six of them. Two books in which Howells had part were published in 1860; the first was *Poems of Two Friends*, by Howells and John J. Piatt; the other was *The Lives and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin*, to which Mr. Howells contributed the biography of Lincoln.

With the money obtained from the biography of Lincoln Mr. Howells made a trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thence by rail to Boston. There he met Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Emerson, and Hawthorne. He asked James T. Fields for a position on the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but learned that all positions were filled. From Boston he went to New York and came in contact with Walt Whitman and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Less as a reward for his services in the Republican campaign of 1860 than because Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay, Lincoln's private secretaries, were interested in him, Mr. Howells was appointed consul at Venice.

"During the four years of my life in Venice the literary purpose was with me at all times and in all places," writes Mr. Howells, ". . . the literary defeats [in poetry] threw me upon prose; for some sort of literary thing . . . I must do if I lived; and I began to write those studies of Venetian life which afterwards became a book." He had studied Italian from a grammar taken with him on his voyage to Venice. Dante became known to him, but modern Italian literature — the comedies of Goldoni, the novels and poems of Manzoni and D'Azeglio — had greater interest for Mr. Howells. *Recent Italian Comedy*, and, later, *Modern Italian Poets* were the literary fruits of this reading and study.

These four years abroad determined the domestic happiness of Mr. Howells. On December 29, 1862, he was married to Miss Elinor G. Mead, of Brattleboro, Vermont. The wedding took place in Paris.

Recurring to the questions: — Was Lowell's acceptance of *Recent Italian Comedy*, in 1865, the turning-point in Howells's life? Was the choice of a literary career made *for* him? We can plainly see the answers. Lowell's recognition marks one of that poet's claims to the foremost place he then held in American letters. Had not Mr. Lowell done so, some one else, more tardily, perhaps, possibly less fortunately for the author, but as surely as real genius is appreciated in America, would have accorded him the recognition he deserved. Mr. Howells had been making the choice of his life-work by his constant association with the great masters of the world's literature, by his painstaking care to learn to write, by his friendships already formed with living men eminent in American literary centers, and by being well-prepared. A literary habit was his, and law, newspaper work, or anything else could not break this habit, for by his twenty-seventh year the habit had become hardened into character, and Mr. Howells was a literary man or nothing.

Returning to America, for a year Mr. Howells wrote for the New York *Times* until he was asked to contribute solely to *The Nation*. In 1866, Mr. Fields, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, asked Mr. Howells to become assistant editor. Mr. Howells accepted the position at fifty dollars a week, and so, within two years of the time of his discouragement at Venice, he was in an assured position with the most august and scholarly periodical in America. In 1872, on the retirement of Mr. Fields, he became editor of the magazine and remained in charge until 1881, when he resigned to give himself up to general literary work.

Since leaving the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Howells's editorial work has been limited. He conducted the department in *Harper's Magazine* called "The Editor's Study," from 1886 to 1890. In 1900, for a short time, he was editor of the *Cosmo-*

politan Magazine. From 1900 to the present he has written "The Editor's Easy Chair," of *Harper's Magazine.*

The manner in which Mr. Howells became a writer of fiction is significant of his literary theory and method. In 1872, he framed in the story of the wedding-journey of a newly-married pair the notes and observations of his trip down the St. Lawrence in 1860. He had no high opinion of the fictive element, but was agreeably astonished to learn from a friend, to whom he had submitted the story for judgment as to which portions were real and which were fiction, that some of the incidents of Howells's own invention seemed real to the reader. He has continued to write after this fashion, recording the realities of human life, as they revealed their truth to him, in such manner as to transfer the impression of their reality to the reader.

For ten years Mr. Howells wrote stories and novels of perfect art, which delighted all who read them, especially the cultured and academic public such as in all its *impossible* social helplessness Mr. Howells good-naturedly satirized in the steel glass of his realistic method, which so reflected to the flattered self-complacency of "polite society" its own genteel image that in the brightness it missed the criticism.

Accordingly, in 1883, when Mr. Howells began a deeper, more serious delineation of human life in *A Modern Instance*, and continued it in *A Woman's Reason, The Rise of Silas Lapham, The Minister's Charge, Annie Kilburn*, and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, the helpless, "exclusive" reviewers and criticasters deplored the passing of the "gracious charm" of his earlier *A Chance Acquaintance, A Foregone Conclusion, The Lady of the Aroostook, A Fearful Responsibility.* It is true they gathered consolation from the fact that he entertained them with a series of light farces and one novel of manners, *Indian Summer.* The chief difficulty for these readers seems to be that they resented the turning of attention to uncultured types of people and to vulgar sections of social life by this master of a culture easily recognized as superior to their own. They had deceived themselves into the belief that they themselves were the only fit subjects for the art of Mr.

Howells, whom they regarded as an acclimated Bostonian interested in nothing outside their own narrow circle and with sympathy no wider and imaginative insight no keener than their own.

Consequently, when this broad-hearted, clear-seeing American portrayed in his novels such of his countrymen as worked with their hands and rendered possible the *cultua* of the elegant social epicureans, the latter lamented Mr. Howells's departure from his earlier high artistic standards. Since the publication of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, in 1890, Mr. Howells has shown that this expression of a changed interest in human life was due to the influence of the great Russian writer Tolstoy. "Tolstoy awakens in his readers the will to be a man; not spectacularly, but simply, really. He leads you back to the only true ideal, away from that false standard of the gentleman, to the Man who sought not to be distinguished from other men, but identified with them, to that Presence in which the finest gentleman shows his alloy of vanity, and the greatest genius shrinks to the measure of his miserable egotism. . . From his supreme art I have learned forever to place art below humanity." Mr. Howells came to know Tolstoy, not earlier than 1887 — "after I had turned the corner of my fiftieth year" — and this corresponds exactly to the period in which he widened his outlook to see the whole social range of New York City, to which he gave expression in the most representative single American novel, *A Hazard of New Fortunes.*

Mr. Howells states his literary belief most forcefully in the directions given to young writers: "Look to nature and to actuality for your model — not to any book, or man, or number of men. Be true to yourself. Write of that of which you know the most, and follow faithfully the changes in your feeling. Put yourself down before common realities, before common hopes, common men, till their pathos and mystery and significance flood you like a sea, and, when the life that is all about you is so rich with drama and poetry and the vista of human thought and passion, so infinite that you are in despair of ever expressing a thousandth part of what you feel, then all

idea of discipleship will be at an end. Your whole aim will be to be true to yourself and your infinite teacher, nature, and you will no longer strive to delineate beauty, but truth, and, at last, truth will be beauty."

Some critics of differing aesthetic creeds have urged that Mr. Howells is not and can not be consistent with the theory stated above. They claim that to follow his belief he must be a mere camera and show in his novels, as a camera does on its film, a mere physical impression of the appearance of reality; this, they charge, Mr. Howells does not do. Of course he does not; he is an artist. The difference between the realism of Mr. Howells and the romanticism of some other writers is not, as most critics seem to think, a difference between the pseudo-objectivity of realism and the subjectivity, or artistic personality, in romanticism, but a difference between the kind of subjectivity Mr. Howells consciously expresses and the kind of subjectivity the romanticist thinks himself to express. For the realist is subjective; otherwise he would be no artist; he aims and succeeds in giving a true rendering of things as they are — to his eyes; omniscience could do no more; his subjectivity is nearest the real object, and therefore the fusion of himself and his work gives the illusion of reality and the illusion is the requisite of art. The romanticist, aiming at the illusion first of all, has his subjectivity, or self-emphasis, placed on the means of the deception so that he constructs artificially and falsely, and often gains no illusion whatever — for the reader. De Vigny's *Cinq-Mars* is a pertinent example of the latter, and any novel of Mr. Howells is an excellent instance of the former. Mr. Howells never offers the solution of the problem in his fiction; he allows the convincing illusion of reality to state the problem so clearly that the reader is enabled to make his own solution if he has conscience or mind enough to do so. Perhaps the last demand explains the difficulty certain critics have experienced in accepting the greater William Dean Howells.

After all, the comment of no academic critic, favorable or the reverse, is half so valuable in the case of a writer, as the testimony of his fellow-craftsmen. Mark Twain wrote of

Mr. Howells's work in superlative terms: "for sustained exhibition of certain great qualities — clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing, he is without his peer in the English-writing world. His pictures are not mere stiff, hard, accurate photographs; but photographs with feeling in them. His is a humor which flows softly all around and about and over and through the mesh of the page, pervasive, refreshing, health-giving, and makes no more show and no more noise than does the circulation of the blood."

Mr. Garland, in the most nearly adequate appreciation of Mr. Howells's greatest novel, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, states, "Howells is greatest when most humble, perceiving and recording realities. . . He is self-confident . . . bows only to truth. Genuine love for reality must be the condition of mind on which the law of realism is founded. . . Mr. Howells stood for this amid assaults which would have driven another from the field."

Mr. Winston Churchill made the most comprehensive and concisely spoken speech of congratulation at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Howells's seventy-fifth birthday on March 2, 1912, in New York City. He said, "Analyzing with some definiteness what Mr. Howells has meant to me, I find that he stands for honest workmanship — how the thing is done; — a consistent philosophy — a viewpoint of life; — and for the purity of the language. He has kept himself and his work clear of the commercialism and materialism which have swept over the country."

Mr. Howells has written many valuable records of travel in America and abroad, in addition to the earlier Italian sketches, but those of greatest fascination for the lover of the real Mr. Howells in life as well as in literature must be those of the country of his boyish air-castles — Spain. The great writer has now reached the venerable age of seventy-seven but he is still the young Howells. Witness his own testimony at the beginning of *Familiar Spanish Travels*, "As the train took its time and ours in mounting the uplands toward Granada on the soft, but not too soft evening of November 6, 1911, the air that

came to me through the open window breathed as if from an autumnal night of the middle eighteen-fifties in a little village of northeastern Ohio. I was now going to see, for the first time, the city where so great a part of my life was then passed, and in this magical air the two epochs were blent in reciprocal association. The question of my present identity was a thing indifferent and apart; it did not matter who or where or when I was. Youth and age were at one with each other: the boy abiding in the old man, and the old man pensively willing to dwell for the enchanted moment in any vantage of the past which would give him shelter. In that dignified and deliberate Spanish train I was a man of seventy-four crossing the last barrier of hills that helped keep Granada from her conquerors, and at the same time I was a boy of seventeen in the little room under the stairs in a house now practically remoter than the Alhambra, finding my unguided way through some Spanish story of the vanished kingdom of the Moors."

Although in his youth Mr. Howells never went to a university, in his maturity the great universities came to him. Oxford, Harvard, Yale, and Columbia honored themselves in honoring him with the highest degrees in their gift. Through countless difficulties and discouragements Mr. Howells has gained and held the proud place of Dean of American Letters and a place in the hearts of the young American readers of all ages, which is more valued by him than the pride of his distinguished position. He, of the whole group of notable men-of-letters in American annals, is the most completely representative of all that is best and deepest in American life. Some of these American characteristics for which he stands are: honest workmanship, continental breadth opposed to provincialism, insularity, or old-world worship; in his highest efforts art is always placed below humanity; always he succeeds in seeing the situation sanely, with the large, charitable American sense of humor. One of our sanest of American critics has stated that more and more is the quality of craftsmanship held in esteem, since, after all, the message any writer has to deliver is the gift of God and the writer's contribution is the manner in which he delivers the message. The

great picture of humanity in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, the greatest American novel, shows us a message which is God-given, and critics should hesitate in their criticism of Mr. Howells for delivering it; they should rather give him the highest praise for the clear and flawless art of its presentation which is due to the lifelong industry and the resulting constant readiness for the exercise of the writer's craft, to the character of the man and literary artist, William Dean Howells.

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HELEN KELLER

HELEN KELLER

By Evelyn M. Butler

IN the summer of 1894, at Chautauqua, New York, one day the writer noticed on the dock a group of people just arrived by boat. In the party was a young girl, walking arm in arm with a distinguished looking gentleman. She was leaning forward with her face turned slightly toward him. Her whole appearance, face and attitude, was alive with attention and she was saying distinctly some such words as, "Is it then possible that . . ."

This young girl, distinguished from those around her at first glance only by a very special alertness, as if she were thrilled with interest, was Helen Keller at the age of fourteen. Seven years before this time she had been not only blind but deaf and dumb, giving expression to daily outbursts of rebellious passion that left her exhausted and sobbing. Now a young woman, easily mistaken for sixteen instead of fourteen years of age, she walked the crowded dock with assurance, self-possession, and charm. Though still deaf and blind, she could speak; her hand passed through the arm of her escort rested on his fingers so lightly that she could follow every movement without impeding them as he communicated with her by means of the single-hand manual alphabet.

Helen Adams Keller was born June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Her father, Arthur H. Keller, was the editor of a paper. As a young man he had served in the Confederate army and had risen to the rank of captain. He was a man strongly attached to his family, of true Southern hospitality, a famous teller of anecdotes; his garden and his trees were sources of constant delight to him. The mother of Helen Keller was his second wife and much younger than he. Through her Edward Everett Hale was distantly related to the family, and he was one of the many eminent men who were cordial, inspiring friends of Helen Keller.

The Keller home in Alabama was named Ivy Green for the

beautiful English ivy which covered the house, the trees, and the fences. Climbing roses hung in long festoons from the porch, and in the lovely garden grew lilies and roses, jessamine and trailing clematis.

The baby Helen was a strong, assertive child, quick, imitative, and precocious in learning to speak. When nineteen months old, in February, 1882, she was taken most seriously ill with acute congestion of the stomach and brain. When the fever left her and parents and physicians were rejoicing in the hope of her recovery, it was discovered that the terrible illness had blotted out the memory of her past and had left her totally deaf and blind.

Pitiful beyond words is the thought of the little child in her world of silence and darkness, trying to make known her wants. Her parents were of course overwhelmed with sorrow and anxiety. Every day brought new outbursts of passionate rebellion from the little girl, struggling against the terrible bonds of silence and darkness. By the time she was six years of age, it was evident that something must be done, no matter how vain results seemed. Dr. Chisholm, of Baltimore, had been successful in some apparently hopeless cases of blindness, and to him Mr. Keller took his little daughter.

The interest and kindness of everyone to her during this trip are typical of the eagerness with which all who have been associated with her, then and later, have striven to bring to her something of happiness. Parents, relatives, and friends, chance acquaintances, and the conductor, all contributed to make the journey a joyful one. But alas! Dr. Chisholm could give no hope — the little girl was totally, hopelessly blind. From Baltimore Mr. Keller took his daughter to Washington to consult with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. The great electrician held her on his knee, amused her and understood her signs readily, but none of his inventions could bring to her light or sound. On his advice, however, Mr. Anagnos, director of the Perkins Institution in Boston, was asked to recommend a teacher, the result of this request being the arrival in March, 1887, at Tuscumbia, of Miss Anne Sullivan.

So important a factor in the development of Helen Keller

has her teacher been that the two have shared almost equally the public's interest. Miss Sullivan is a Massachusetts woman, and was twenty-three when she took charge of little seven-year-old Helen Keller. Almost blind as a child, she had entered the Perkins Institution when fourteen. Here she partially regained her sight and was graduated in 1886. Her preparation for the special teaching of Helen Keller was made between August, 1886, and February, 1887. Miss Sullivan owes much to Dr. Howe, the teacher of Laura Bridgman and the pioneer in teaching the deaf-blind, but her individual achievement is that she discovered how to teach spoken language to the deaf-blind. A woman of strong mentality and splendid character, she was indeed happily chosen to release from captivity the mind and soul of Helen Keller.

It would take long to trace the steps in the education of this little deaf and blind girl who is to-day a broad-minded, talented and charming woman. It is evident that from the first Miss Sullivan tenderly loved her pupil, that she understood how to teach the petted, rebellious child obedience and self-control. She lived with her, played, worked, slept with her. From the wonderful moment when Helen learned that everything has a name that could be spelled into her hand, Miss Sullivan pursued the plan of spelling into her hand all day long everything they did, until the hand language was absorbed by her as spoken language is by an ordinary child.

As soon as communication was possible with the outer world through manual or hand language, Helen's intellectual improvement was marvellously rapid. Her eagerness and delight in learning were evidently great factors in her acquirement of information and a vocabulary. After three months' work, she knew about three hundred words and a great many of the current idioms. At that time her teacher declared: "It is a rare privilege to watch the birth, growth, and first feeble struggles of a living mind; this privilege is mine; and, moreover, it is given me to rouse and guide this bright intelligence." Constantly Miss Sullivan roused and guided, never driving or nagging. It was soon evident that her unusual power of description was not lost upon her pupil, whose im-

agination grew constantly stronger and more vivid. Notice Helen's description of a snowy landscape: "The trees stood motionless and white like figures in a marble frieze. There was no odour of pine needles. The rays of the sun fell upon the trees so that the twigs sparkled like diamonds and dropped in showers when we touched them." From language, the study passed to literature, and spread to botany and zoology, all taught in the most fascinating, informal way in the open air.

In 1890 Helen Keller was told of a deaf and blind girl in Norway who had been taught to speak. Immediately she resolved that she, too, would learn. She took eleven lessons of Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann school. The method of teaching her was to allow her to feel the position of the tongue and lips of some one speaking. At her first lesson she learned six elements of speech. In the story of her life she says, "I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt when I uttered my first connected sentence, 'It is warm.' . . No deaf child can forget the thrill of surprise, the joy of discovery which came over him when he uttered his first word." She was at first very difficult to understand, but she practiced passionately night and day and was constantly drilled by Miss Sullivan. One advantage that Helen had over other children was that her attention could be absolutely centered on the task in hand — there was possible no distraction of sight or sound.

The autumn after she had learned to speak, Helen Keller, now a good-sized girl of twelve years, walked among the falling leaves with her teacher, who described to her the gorgeous colors of the foliage and told her of Jack Frost and his magic touch. It seems that three years before, a friend whom she visited for two or three days had read to Helen by the deaf and dumb symbols a story called *The Frost Fairies.* It was meaningless to her then, for that was before she understood the significance of frost or colors. The incident was not known by either her parents or her teacher — and on her return home Miss Sullivan commenced reading to her *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which so absorbed her that she forgot entirely *The Frost Fairies.* Now after the descriptions of the

autumn leaves and the frost, she sat down and wrote a beautiful, imaginative little story, which Miss Sullivan delightedly named for her *The Frost King.* Teacher and parents marvelled at the descriptive power of the young girl, and the story was sent to Mr. Anagnos, at the Perkins Institution. He, too, was delighted and published the story in one of the Institution reports. It was then discovered that *The Frost King* was unmistakably similar in idea and expression to a story called *The Frost Fairies.* After very careful investigation, Miss Sullivan discovered when and where *The Frost Fairies* had probably been read to her pupil, and gave her theory of its having lain subconsciously in the mind of the child until a realization of autumn and frost really came to her, when the words and images of the story, heard but not understood, came back to her mind unrecognized as anything but her own thought. This explanation is now universally accepted, but at the time Helen Keller and Miss Sullivan were made to suffer keenly under the suspicious questioning of those who believed they had intentionally deceived the officers of the Institution. They were brought before a court of investigation of the teachers and officers and questioned and cross-questioned separately. The verdict was divided, half believing and half rejecting the story. In the account of her life Helen says: "As I lay in my bed that night I wept as I hope few children have wept. I felt so cold, I imagined I should die before morning, and the thought comforted me." The incident was a very unhappy and unfortunate one for both pupil and teacher, and it was long before they recovered from constant dread lest Helen's writings should prove to contain unwarranted imitations.

It was at about this period in Helen Keller's life that her parents and teacher felt the time had come when the development of her character demanded definite teaching regarding God. Bishop Brooks was asked to come to the Alabama home and reveal to the little girl who sat in darkness, the glory and the power of her Creator. Very carefully he talked to her through her teacher of the world's beauty, of light and color and fragrance, of the mountains, the sky, and the sea. When

he came to his message and told her that the maker of this beautiful world we call God, her face lighted up with intelligence and joy, as she quickly spelled with her fingers, "I have known him all the time but I never knew his name."

In the next few years, Helen Keller undertook the study of foreign languages and history, and in 1896 entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies, to prepare for entrance to Radcliffe College. In the preliminary examinations which followed in the summer of 1897, she passed in everything, receiving "honors" in German and English. Miss Keller was in a separate room from other students taking the examination, as she wished to use her typewriter. The principal of the Cambridge School read by means of the manual alphabet all the questions to her. Before taking the final examinations for Radcliffe, Helen Keller intended spending another year at the Cambridge School, but the principal, fearing for her a breakdown in health, would not allow her to take the full amount of work; consequently it was arranged for her to study at home under a tutor. In June, 1899, she passed her final examinations. The questions had been copied for her in braille, that is, the raised, printed letters; no one acquainted with her was allowed in the room. The difficulties of the examination were very great, as of course there was no one to read to her what she had written. In addition, the system of raised characters used was one with which she was not at all familiar. There are two methods of raised writing, one the American braille, the other the English. All her previous school work had been done by the English braille, and only two days before the examination she discovered that her questions were to be in the American braille. She at once attempted to familiarize herself with that system, but found it confusing, especially in mathematics. Charitable as always in her judgments, Miss Keller says: "The administrative board at Radcliffe did not realize how difficult they were making my examinations, nor did they understand the peculiar difficulties I had to surmount. But if they unintentionally placed obstacles in my way, I have the consolation of knowing that I overcame them all."

Her college days were happy ones, though evidently full of difficulties and discouragements. Her constant comment on college life is the lack of time and the multiplicity of tasks — its great disadvantage in her opinion is lack of opportunity for reflection. There is much truth in her remark, "One goes to college to learn, it seems, not to think." She seems to have looked back frequently with longing to her days of "solitude, books and imagination." Another comment she makes on college methods is concerning the "laborious explanations" that deadened so much of the instruction in literature, "the interminable comments and the bewildering criticisms"; and it is with the greatest enthusiasm she speaks of one instructor who brought the literature itself to his class, allowing students to enjoy its power and beauty without needless interpretation or exposition.

More wonderful than the intellectual attainment of Helen Keller is the beauty of her mind and spirit. Imprisoned in darkness and silence, how marvellous that she stretches out eager hands to help the world; that she ever is busy planning for the betterment of the world's condition; that she is interested not only in *The Training of a Blind Child* or *The Education of the Deaf*, but equally so in *The Workers' Right, The Modern Woman*, socialism, suffrage, religion and politics; that out of the silent dark she chants with sweet optimism:

> "O Dark! thou blessed, quiet Dark!
> To the lone exile who must dwell with thee
> Thou art benign and friendly!"

Again and again one realizes in reading her thoughts how far more unfortunate than herself she considers those who are intellectually and spiritually blind.

In two gifts, Helen Keller has been exceptionally rich — books and friends. Of the former she says, "Literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book friends." From her own story of her life we find that as a young college woman, she loved especially Greek and

Latin poetry and Shakespeare's plays. Her comments show her appreciation and perception. Of Virgil and Homer she says that the gods and men in the Æneid move like graceful figures on an Elizabethan mask, but in the Iliad they leap and sing. "Virgil is serene and lovely like a marble Apollo in the moonlight; Homer is a beautiful, animated youth in the full sunlight with the wind in his hair." "Great poetry," she declares, "needs no other interpreter than a responsive heart. Would that the hosts of those who make the great works of the poets odious by their analysis, impositions and laborious comments, might learn this simple truth." Among French writers her favorites when she was in college were Molière and Racine, and of the German, Goethe and Schiller. She says, "My spirit reverently follows them into regions where Beauty and Truth and Goodness are one."

Did any girl ever have such a list of distinguished acquaintances and friends! Among them have been Bishop Brooks, Henry Drummond, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Joe Jefferson, Mary Mapes Dodge, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Dr. Alexander Bell, Lawrence Hutton, W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund C. Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, and John Burroughs. Her dearest and truest friend, however, must ever be the woman who came to her on what she calls "the most important day in all my life" — Anne Mansfield Sullivan, who has been much more than teacher. All that love and sympathy, tact and tireless effort could effect, Miss Sullivan accomplished. Miss Sullivan is now Mrs. Macy, having married the man who compiled and edited the life and letters of Helen Keller with reports and letters of her teacher. Helen Keller has given expression to many heart-felt appreciations of her lifelong friend and guide. Among other things she says, "My teacher is so near to me that I scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate and how much due to her, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her — there is

not a talent, or an aspiration, or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch."

Helen Keller's present home is in Wrentham, Massachusetts. Since her graduation from college she has steadily progressed along the lines of intellectuality, of broad knowledge, and of generous sympathy. She has written much; most important, perhaps, of her publications is *The Story of My Life* with her letters from 1887-1901. This book she had dedicated to Alexander Graham Bell, "who has taught the deaf to speak and enabled the listening ear to hear speech from the Atlantic to the Rockies." Others of her books are *Optimism*, *The World I Live In*, and *Out of the Dark*. In poetry she has done some good work, *The Song of the Stone Wall* and *A Chant of Darkness* probably being best known.

Alertness to the sense of touch gives to Helen Keller's face an expression of bright, concentrated listening. Every change of atmosphere, every vibration, every movement about her is full of significance to her. She describes most vividly scenes of which she can have no conception except through this one sense and through her imagination. Wonderful are her accounts of a storm, the fury of the wind, the creaking and straining of rafters, and the rattling of branches against the windows; or of a hunt, with bridles ringing, whips cracking, and harks and whoops and wild halloos. She loves "to touch the mighty sea and feel its roar." In speaking of her enjoyment of statuary she says, "I sometimes wonder if the hand is not more sensitive to the beauties of sculpture than the eye. I should think the wonderful rhythmical flow of lines and curves could be more subtly felt than seen. Be this as it may, I know that I can feel the heart-throbs of the ancient Greeks in their marble gods and goddesses."

No one after seeing the face of Helen Keller can feel that life to her is not full of engrossing interest and many joys. She has a decided sense of humor which adds to her constantly bright and changing expression. Tall, strongly built and vivacious, a good talker — and a marvellous "listener" — she inspires in those who meet her not pity so much as high re-

spect for her character and learning, admiration for her patience, her charity, her broad and sympathetic interests, and wonder for her unswerving ambition, faith, and achievement.

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ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE

By Maynard Lee Daggy

ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE began his political career in 1880. At this time — a year after his graduation from the University of Wisconsin — he made the announcement that he would seek the nomination for district attorney of Dane County, Wisconsin. This action, quite characteristic of the young man's elemental honesty and straightforwardness, was an unconscious foreshadowing of the political methods that were destined to mark a long career. Although only twenty-five, the age when most men are circumspectly apologetic, young LaFollette presumed to seek public office without first asking the consent of the local political boss. This defiance of the sacred prerogatives of the boss incurred the active opposition of the machine. But the candidate appealed to the sturdy folk of this his native county. After a campaign during which the machine and the boss were ignored, the young non-conformist was elected by a comfortable majority. His administration of the office was distinguished by its impartial enforcement of the law against all violators, high and low, rich and poor, influential and obscure. Two years later he was reëlected, leading the ticket by two thousand votes.

In these four years of official service, Mr. LaFollette was subjected to the severest discipline. With an eye single to the discharge of duty, he went about the routine of his daily task, neither fearing the power of the machine nor seeking its favor. The early days on the farm had tested the moral fiber of the boy, for they were days of struggle against poverty; the years in the University had strengthened this moral fiber of the growing youth, who had caught an occasional glimpse of the great world beyond the campus. Now, the mental and moral habits of boyhood and youth were put to a practical trial and they more than stood the test. In order that every case which he was called upon to prosecute might be brought to a final conclusion in accordance with the pro-

visions of the law, he spared neither time nor energy to discover all the facts and to present all the evidence. In this work were manifested the essential qualities of intellect that have placed Mr. LaFollette among the foremost American statesmen. Concerning the influence of this four years' experience as prosecuting attorney, Mr. LaFollette offers this testimony: "I put my whole force into my work as district attorney and thought of nothing else. It was a keen joy to prepare the cases and present them in perfect order before the court. When it became known that a crime had been committed, I tried always to be first on the ground myself, interview all the witnesses and see all the surroundings in person. It is facts that settle cases; the law is always the same. And this rule applies to things of larger importance than criminal cases. Facts count high everywhere. Whether the matter in hand is railroad legislation or the tariff, it is always a question of digging out the facts upon which to base your case. In no other one thing does a public man more surely indicate his quality than in his ability to master actual conditions and set them forth with clearness. Neither laws, nor opinions, nor even constitutions, will finally convince people: it is only the concrete facts of concrete cases."[1]

The spectacle of a district attorney defying the leaders whose decrees had heretofore been superior to statutes, and enforcing the law in an entirely impartial manner attracted wide attention and occasioned no little comment throughout Wisconsin. Largely as a result of the enviable record made during his term as district attorney, Mr. LaFollette, at the solicitation of friends, became in 1884 a candidate for the Republican congressional nomination. Again his ambitions were opposed by the regular party organization, which put forth every effort to defeat him. But again he ignored the bosses and made his appeal to the people. After a bitter contest he was nominated. In the campaign that followed, the "organization" renewed its opposition, but where it had previously fought in the open it now resorted to secret methods. In

[1] *A Personal Narrative of Political Experience*, by Robert M. LaFollette, pp. 41-42.

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Sincerely Yours
Robert M. La Follette

spite of this LaFollette and his friends, including many former university students, made a valiant fight, and in November he was elected by a small majority.

The six years spent by Mr. LaFollette as a member of Congress — from 1885 to 1891 — were years of preparation for the greater career to which Providence has since called him. Previous to the time spent in Washington he had not fully understood the real sources of political corruption. As prosecuting attorney he had enforced the law against the lawbreaker, but he had not seen the forces of organized greed that lurked behind the violator of law. In the early years of public life LaFollette was like most of the statesmen of the period following the close of the Civil War in his attitude toward the problems of the day. Few of them had discovered the real source of corruption; few had recognized the fundamental economic character of political and social problems. Abraham Lincoln, foreseeing the danger of vast combinations of wealth, admonished his countrymen to beware of the threatening menace of monopoly. Wendell Phillips, prophetic knight of the nineteenth century, warned his countrymen against the despotism of the corporate slave-driver who had grasped the reins of power when the chattel slave-driver was driven from the throne. During the time he was a member of Congress, LaFollette experienced a great awakening and began to see what Lincoln and Phillips had seen. He now understood that the violation of law, as well as other forms of political corruption which he had always considered as caused merely by political conditions, were frequently the effects of class legislation cunningly designed to control the operation of economic laws. He found the halls of Congress besieged by the hired representatives of Privilege, who sought opportunities for the few at the expense of the many. He saw the patrimony of the people bartered away in return for generous contributions to campaign funds. He found that here was the center of an "invisible government" which was gradually destroying the representative form of government guaranteed by the constitution.

LaFollette refused to acknowledge the authority of this

"invisible government"; he even defied its decrees when it spoke through the party leaders or issued its orders through the party caucus. He insisted on debating forbidden issues and asked embarrassing questions whenever the bosses sought to thwart the will of the people or endeavored to rush through legislation of doubtful character. His independence, his unwillingness to follow the party when such blind allegiance meant the betrayal of principle, aroused the hostility of those whose orders he refused to obey. The organized opposition did everything in their power to drive him from public life. The election of 1890 was a hotly contested one. Although Mr. LaFollette was renominated and again led his ticket, the enemy was too strong for him and he was defeated.[2]

Often what seems to be defeat is only victory in disguise. The retirement of Mr. LaFollette from Congress opened to him new opportunities for service. Now he was ready to begin the real battle for representative government. The "Destiny that shapes our ends" and nullifies the petty plans of man with the purposes of Infinite Truth had decreed that the struggle for representative government should be fought out in a single state before it should be made the supreme issue in national politics. When Mr. LaFollette returned to private life as a lawyer in the city of Madison, he was able to see the problems of the state from an entirely new angle. He found that the "invisible government" had its high-priests in state as well as in national politics. The preliminary skirmish against the state political machine revealed the railroads and other corporations as the controlling influence in Wisconsin.

The story of the Wisconsin battle is a familiar one. Year after year, campaign after campaign, LaFollette led and directed the fight, speaking at county fairs, old settlers' meetings, and wherever and whenever he could find an audience. In caucus after caucus the people went down to defeat only to take up the fight with renewed vigor. In several state conventions, even in spite of the fact that a majority of the dele-

[2] While it is true that local conditions in 1890 were against all of the Republican candidates in Wisconsin, it is a well known fact that the efforts of the machine leaders were centered upon the defeat of Mr. LaFollette.

gates had been pledged to the new cause, the machine was able to win a purchased victory. Finally, however, the old line leaders were vanquished. LaFollette was made the candidate for governor, elected by an unprecedented majority, and on January 7, 1901, took the oath of office.

Space forbids a detailed account of the fight for reform waged by LaFollette and his supporters. American political history records no finer exhibition of inspiring moral courage combined with practical achievement. Traitors within the camp as well as enemies from without conspired against the administration. Wisconsin became a national battleground. Every forward step was taken only after a long siege maintained in the face of organized, nation-wide opposition. The press from coast to coast denounced LaFollette as a dangerous demagogue; wealth and influence sought to embarrass him in every possible way and even the power of Federal patronage was used to divide the reform forces and to solidify the opposition. Through it all LaFollette remained the calm, confident leader, sure of the final triumph of his cause. "No compromise" was the keynote of his administration of the Wisconsin government. Every platform pledge was written into the organic law of the state.

This era records the enactment of constructive legislation which established representative government in Wisconsin. Vitalizing this body of legislation was an intelligent public conscience which had been awakened during the long period of agitation. During this era railroad rates were regulated so that discriminations and rebates were prohibited; an efficient railway commission was organized, and the services of all public utilities were greatly improved. Reforms in taxation were inaugurated, and corporations, that under the old order had shifted their just burdens upon the people, were now compelled to pay seventy per cent of the entire taxes of the state. An inheritance tax was established and a state income tax adopted, both of which have proved thoroughly practicable. To safeguard these reforms and to insure their permanency the direct primary was adopted. Secret lobbying was prohibited and provision made that all arguments either in favor

of or against any proposed bill, should become a matter of public record.

Progressive legislation, designed to protect the producers of wealth, was a noteworthy achievement of this administration. "Wisconsin now easily leads the states of the Union in its body of labor legislation. Child labor has been reduced and the children kept in the schools. Excessive hours for women workers have been abolished. The doctrine of comparative negligence has been adopted for railways, and the long hours of trainmen have been done away with. The most carefully drawn of all workmen's compensation laws has been adopted . . . and finally our new Industrial Commission, modeled after the Railroad Commission, has been placed in charge of all the labor laws, with *full power to enforce* the laws and protect the life, health, safety and welfare of employees."[3]

The wide-spread interest in these reforms and the intensity of the struggle which preceded their adoption, gave LaFollette a reputation that was even more than national. The progressive element in the Republican party throughout the country came to regard him as a national leader. Fortunately, the long years of struggle in Wisconsin had produced an intelligent and an alert citizenship and had developed leaders whose honesty and efficiency made them worthy of public confidence. The people of Wisconsin felt that their leader was peculiarly fitted for service in the field of national politics and in 1905 they elected him to represent them in the senate of the United States. His entrance into the senate was hailed with enthusiastic approval by citizens of all parties in every section of the country.

A new epoch began in the United States senate with the entrance of LaFollette. "Senatorial courtesy" and "senatorial tradition" which had long controlled the deliberations of this body had furnished many a timid statesman with an excuse for repudiating the principles he had loudly proclaimed upon the stump. There had been occasional revolts, but little actual reform had taken place. LaFollette was not unaccustomed

[3] *A Personal Narrative of Political Experience*, pp. 309-310.

to the subtleties by which insurgents are usually brought into line with things as they are. The leaders of the senate were not in harmony with the radical sentiments of the people. These leaders regarded the new senator as a disturber of senatorial tradition who must be speedily and effectually silenced. Every effort was made to negative his influence. He was given appointments on committees where he was afforded little opportunity to exercise the expert knowledge gained through years of study and practical experience. He was made to understand that no consideration would be given to any measures he might introduce if they contained ideas that might interfere with the party program or threaten party discipline.

During the debate on the regulation of interstate commerce, an incident occurred which illustrates the attitude of the leaders of the senate and reveals the uncompromising courage of this tribune of the people. The incident is thus described by Senator LaFollette: "I had not been speaking more than ten minutes before I found myself without any Republican colleagues to listen to me, aside from the presiding officer and the Senator from New Jersey, Mr. Kean, who seemed to have been left on guard. I understood perfectly well that I was being rebuked. It was not altogether because I was a new man in the Senate, but I had no sympathy, no fellowship, no welcome from the Republican members of the Senate when I entered. I knew that I was familiar with my subject. I had studied it for several years. In Wisconsin it had been the one subject, above all others, which had been discussed, investigated, and legislated upon. I knew that things had been done there in a fundamental way, and that I had been a part of the doing, and I felt that my experience should be of some value to the country. So I could not help saying:

" 'Mr. President, I pause in my remarks to say this. I cannot be wholly indifferent to the fact that Senators by their absence at this time indicate their want of interest in what I may have to say upon this subject. The public is interested. Unless this important subject is rightly settled, seats now tem-

porarily vacant may be permanently vacated by those who have the right to occupy them at this time!' ''[4]

Time has vindicated Senator LaFollette. Within less than a decade he has reached a position of recognized leadership and commanding influence. Most of the senators who sought to rebuke and discipline him have been retired from public life and many of his opponents in other fields of national politics have been hurled from the seats of the mighty. Every legislative advance, either in the regulation of railroad rates or in the revision of the tariff, has been a practical recognition of the political ideals of Senator LaFollette. The growth of the progressive movement within the Republican party is the concrete result of the Wisconsin idea transferred to the arena of national politics. Whatever part this movement may play in the future drama of American politics it will be compelled to reckon with the leadership of Robert M. LaFollette.

That Senator LaFollette was the ''logical'' candidate of the Republican party for president in 1912 is quite generally admitted by impartial students of contemporary politics. Also that he was the first choice of the rank and file of the party is undoubtedly true. The circumstances leading to his defeat in the convention are not a matter for discussion in this place. However, it is only fair to say that he was generally regarded at the close of the campaign of 1912 as stronger than ever in the confidence of the people who believe that he will continue for many years as a leader in the cause of democracy and representative government.

Modern civilization is complex, its problems are intricate. The conditions of present-day life reveal the utter uselessness of the old method of political diplomacy with its policy of evasion and compromise. The new statesmanship is concerned with the establishment of economic and social conditions congenial to the development of better and happier living.

The subject of this sketch typifies the essential honesty of this new school of statesmanship. Honesty has always been

[4] *A Personal Narrative of Political Experience*, pp. 411-412.

the keynote of his private life and his public career. The political life of this twentieth century statesman has been one of rare consistency. He has offered a new interpretation of the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," in its application to the vital problems of modern life. He rejects the policy that would secure temporary results through makeshift methods; he prefers to work out completely the problems of legislation without resorting to compromise. "In legislation," he says, "*No bread* is often better than *half a loaf.* I believe it is usually better to be beaten and come right back at the next session and make a fight for a thorough-going law than to have written on the books a weak and indefinite statute."

Senator LaFollette has had a notable career as an orator. He became interested in public speaking during his college days when he successfully represented the University of Wisconsin in the Northern Oratorical League. While a student in the university he was an active member of the debating society which, to this day, is famous for the research work which it demands of its members who are training for debate. His experience as a student in debating and public speaking furnished the foundation principles that in later years were so effective in the work of platform agitation and education. To-day he ranks with the masters of American eloquence. He has risen to this position solely by virtue of intellectual force and through unremitting labor. He has been favored by no genius other than the capacity for hard work. His attainments disprove the theory that a large physique is necessary for oratorical success. In stature he is below the average but is vigorous and athletic. He is always logical in thought and he always clothes the thought in words chosen with such nice precision that their meaning cannot be misunderstood. In his oratory there is the warmth of imagination and the depth of sympathetic insight which suggest the classic eloquence of James Otis. There is the enthusiasm, the reflection of truth through personality that marked the dramatic rhapsodies of Patrick Henry. Under the influence of his eloquence thousands of Americans have been mentally quickened, their moral

natures have been aroused, and they have gone forth like the patriots who listened to Otis and Henry, to do and to die for their country's good.

Mr. LaFollette is a man of great personal charm. His warmest friends are those who have known him in the close intimacy of private life. He is thoroughly democratic in spirit and in manner. He is a brilliant conversationalist, a gracious and genial host, a good neighbor, and a devoted friend. In every relation of private life he is generous and kind without the slightest trace of condescension. Of intense convictions, strongly assertive when occasion demands, and firm and positive when he has reached a decision, he is yet as fair to his enemies as he is faithful to his friends. When not engaged in official duties, he lives quietly on his farm near Madison with his family. During all the years of his political career, Mrs. LaFollette, who is a university graduate and a woman of wide interests, has been her husband's "wisest and best counsellor."

Mr. LaFollette confidently faces the future. Believing with Wendell Phillips that no question is ever settled until it is settled right, this uncompromising advocate of the people's cause will continue to inspire his countrymen. To those who seek the opportunity for service, Robert M. LaFollette offers this hopeful and inspiring message: "There never was a higher call to greater service than in this protracted fight for social justice. I believe with increasing depth of conviction, that we will, in our day, meet our responsibility with fearlessness and faith; that we will reclaim and preserve for our children, not only the form but the spirit of our free institutions. And in our children must we rest our hope for the ultimate democracy."

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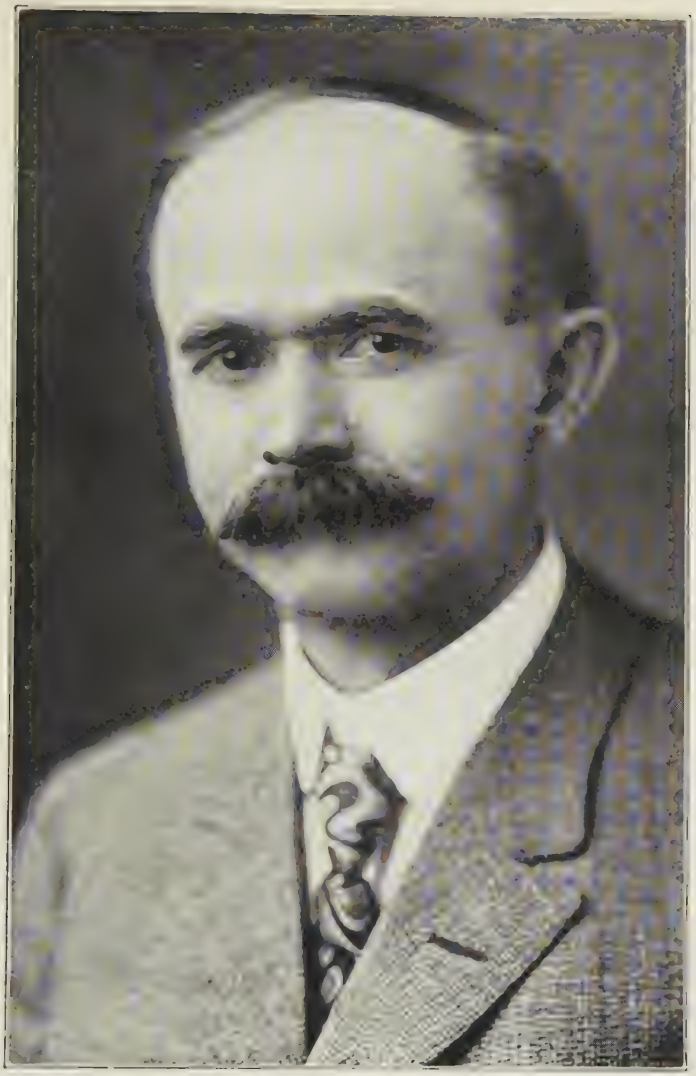
BEN B. LINDSEY

By Thomas Le Grand Harris

SOCIAL progress at first was like the motion of a glacier — too slow to be perceived at all except by observation and comparison after long intervals of time. The movement is now much more rapid and is due to causes wholly different. One of the most potent of these is the genius of really great men whose efforts are directed toward making the world better. He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to mankind. Likewise he who solves a difficult social problem has made a genuine contribution to the progress and happiness of his fellows. Among the Americans of this class is Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey, born in Tennessee in 1869. His father was a Confederate army officer who served on the staff of General Chalmers in aid of the Lost Cause. The family fortune having been lost in the war, the Lindseys came North where the father, who had been bred a Southern gentleman, died from overwork in a few years. The widow was left to face the world with four little children and very scanty means.

The subject of this sketch, being the eldest, had many of the trials and experiences which naturally come to a fatherless lad under such circumstances. At the age of twelve he became a messenger boy and also managed a newspaper route. He attended night school and made the most of such advantages as were within his reach. In due time he won his way to a bachelor's degree in a Western state university, after which he prepared for the profession of law and was duly admitted to the bar in 1894. His profession naturally leads the way to political life. Being a man with a normal amount of honorable ambition, he soon made a beginning in politics. He hoped to become district attorney but was unsuccessful. As matters turned out it was probably very fortunate for him and for the hundreds of boys who have been influenced by him that he did not realize his ambition in this instance. He was,



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Ben B. Lindsey

however, soon afterward appointed to fill out an unexpired term as county judge in Denver and began his work on the bench merely as an obscure young lawyer who had received a promotion and who was wholly unknown to fame. This was on January 8, 1901.

At this period of his career he had in his thoughts neither plans nor theories for any work of an unusual character but only the idea of doing his whole official duty with whatever energy and ability he possessed. Here cases in great variety came before his court, and the regular daily round of business was transacted just as it had been done for many years previously. Many children were brought before this court on charges of theft, burglary, and other crimes. They were tried in precisely the same manner and under the same procedure as were grown-up men and women, and if found guilty they were promptly sentenced to serve terms in the State Industrial School at Golden. This was part of the regular system provided for by law. A boy might be brought into the district court or the justice court as well as into the county court over which the new judge presided. The result was the same in the event his guilt was established.

One evening, when the shadows were lengthening and the county court was grinding out its usual daily grist of cases with increased speed so as to dispose of the business on its regular calendar for that day, a case of petty larceny was called. The "thief" was only an Italian boy of tender years who had violated the majesty of the law and offended the dignity of the State of Colorado. His offense was that of picking up coal along the railroad tracks in order to have a little fire at home. A policeman and witnesses soon made a clear case against the urchin. His guilt was evident and the youthful judge pronounced the sentence which the law prescribed for such an offense and hastily called the next case, for everybody was anxious to get through with the day's work and go home. Just at that moment, however, a prolonged shriek rent the air of the court room and attracted the attention of everyone. It was the shrill, agonized cry of a forlorn, un-

couth woman whose appearance was not unlike that of a cave dweller of long past ages.

Such happenings are not unknown in public courts of justice. But the dignity of the court had been violated and the bailiff, whose duty it was to see that order was kept, made a move to eject the disturber from the court room, when the judge stopped the machinery of the law and, calling the poor woman to his side, talked with her and the boy together. He suspended the sentence and later visited them in their humble home. With the help of the mother and the coöperation of the boy himself the youth was saved from the operation of what had been previously the inexorable penalty of violated criminal law. In this way a boy, not really bad but who, in a moment of temptation, had appropriated something of trifling value, was saved from the beginnings of a criminal career. To-day he is a respected and useful member of society.

Not long afterward a burglary case was set for trial in this young judge's court. When the time came he looked around for the criminals. Three frightened boys, not one of whom was more than sixteen, were brought before him. Upon inquiry it turned out that the burglary had been committed in a pigeon loft, the owner being a peevish old man who claimed that the boys had long annoyed him and now had robbed him of some of his choice birds. The boys said that pigeons of a choice variety belonging to them had "taken up" with those of the old man and that they were only trying to get them back again. But this was burglary and under the criminal law boys guilty of this crime must be sent to the reformatory. Something in the appearance of the old man and the circumstances of the case reminded the judge of his own youthful days. He asked more questions of the old man to learn the exact location of his pigeon loft. The judge was not mistaken. He recalled that when a boy he was a member of a "gang." Boys instinctively associate themselves in gangs to do mischief. His own gang had planned and successfully executed a "burglary" of this same old man's pigeon loft. The judge whose duty it was now to sentence these boys to prison had once helped to plan just such a burglary himself when a

boy, but his "nerve" had failed him at the last moment and he had not actually entered the barn with the boys who helped themselves to the old man's pigeons on that occasion.

It seemed unfair that normal, healthy-minded boys should be sent to prison for an offense like that — something which might have happened to the judge himself in the days of his youth.

A hasty examination of the statutes seemed to make it unnecessary to deal with these cases in the usual way. A school law enacted only two years or so before that time provided that such youths might be treated as juvenile disorderly offenders and not as burglars or thieves. The judge took the boys to his private room and talked with them in a friendly and familiar way, showing them how weak and unmanly it was to take property that belonged to others even though it were only pigeons. He assured them, further, that he had no sympathy with any boy who would tell on the other fellow but asked them to have the whole gang come in and report to him at once. They were promised a square deal. The whole gang came in without delay. Each told his own story and was allowed to go upon probation, with the understanding that he report regularly. The plan worked admirably and each boy became a friend of the judge.

The special interest of the judge was thoroughly aroused and he thought he saw an opportunity to effect a much needed change in the whole system of dealing with youthful offenders in Denver. It did not seem human or just to treat mere boys who, in a moment of temptation, had committed some slight offense against the law, as if they were in a class with hardened criminals. To "try" boys for "crimes" committed and often to find them guilty and send them to the State Industrial School was absurd and almost criminal in itself. Such a system seemed to place a greater value upon a trifling amount of property stolen by a youth than it did upon the men and women of the future. It seemed necessary to aid the delinquent youth in developing character and overcoming any tendency toward criminal development rather than to inflict a merely vindictive punishment which, in the great majority

of cases, only hardens the offender and confirms him in evil ways. The judge began to ask himself if it were not high time that the future of the youth should be given more consideration than the value of the property he might be guilty of stealing or the importance of the misdemeanor he might be guilty of committing. There was but one answer to this question. The reform of the wrong-doer was certainly the paramount object to be attained in such cases.

The district attorney was approached and asked that all children's cases be sent to Judge Lindsey's court and that in future they be accused as juvenile disorderly persons under the school law rather than as violators of the criminal code. This request was readily and cheerfully granted, for the other judges did not care to be troubled with this class of cases at all, if their accommodating colleague would try them in his court.

The interest of Judge Lindsey was now stimulated by facts brought to his attention through a study of the methods of dealing with juvenile offenders. He visited the State Reformatory at Golden in order to get information at first hand. There he saw boys in their teens treated like hardened criminals. The ball and chain were not infrequently used as a means of reform. The worst of these evils he tried to have corrected even in the reformatory. But other things which he afterward saw in his own city brought the matter more closely home to him. A visit to the jails maintained by the city and the county revealed conditions which were of the very worst. Filth, dirt, and vermin were plentiful. The walls were dilapidated and the plastering had peeled off in great patches. The sanitary conditions were bad and the odors repulsive. But what was worse than all of this was the fact that no effort was made to keep youthful offenders separated from old and hardened criminals. Boys guilty of their first offense were here herded with men who had grown gray in lives of crime. Boys were instructed in the ways and means of the professional criminal and their minds were being constantly filled with everything that could be told them which was vile and degrading. The jails were only schools of in-

struction in crime, and the teaching was done by masters of the art they taught.

The judge learned, upon further investigation, that for several years before he came into office more than four hundred boys had been sent to jail in each year for periods varying from a few hours to a month or more. This meant that every youth who developed a tendency toward crime was promptly sent by the state to a place where he could get further instruction in criminal arts.

Further investigation seemed to show that conditions in Denver were not exceptional, but only representative of what they were in other parts of the country. He learned that in some other cities in this country as many as one fourth of all the arrests made were of boys less than twenty, and that seventy-five per cent. of the crimes committed in the entire country are the offenses of persons under twenty-three years of age. Their records show that they were imprisoned as children and, in the absence of reformatory influences of any kind, rapidly developed into accomplished criminals. To Judge Lindsey it seemed that the whole juvenile procedure was wrong, that the methods of treating bad boys did not prevent crime but only fostered it, that the businesslike methods of the state in dealing out so-called justice to youthful offenders only tended to make greater criminals of them. His theory, easily deduced from the foregoing facts, is that the youthful offender should not be subjected to the degrading influences of prisons and vindictive punishments by the state but that it, like a good parent, should try to develop the better side of the boy's nature and strengthen his character so that he may be able always to resist temptations and to become a good citizen.

These were the ideas upon which Judge Lindsey's court was based. They might prove to be wholly sentimental but he proposed to work them out in actual practice, believing that the welfare of the youth was always of the first and greatest consideration and that the reform of the wrong-doer means much more for him and for society than any vindictive punishment that might be inflicted with a view to correcting his

evil habits. But how was this to be done? The answer was a very simple one, to the judge's mind. He would depart from the routine businesslike methods of the old system and try to find out in each individual case what would be required to meet the needs of the offender and set the reformatory influences to work. This could not be done by any set rule. It would require a rare combination of qualities in him who attempted it. Tact, sympathy with youth, gentleness, sagacity and a deep insight into human nature, especially as it appears in boys, all of these would be required.

Certain things appeared to be self-evident to Judge Lindsey after only a brief experience. One was that most boys who make a bad beginning do so because of evil influences, chief among which are heredity and unfavorable environment, not because they are of natural born criminal types. Another fact was that boys associate in "gangs" just as men do in organizations. Still another is that all boys hate the one who will "tell" on the other fellow. There is no forgiveness for him by the remainder of the "gang," if he has "told" upon them or any of their members. Every human being has some good in him. Underneath the evil nature and the disposition of the bad boy to lie, or to steal, or to break the law in any other way, there is the latent possibility for good if it can only be reached and developed. It was also noticed that when a boy was brought into court he was either in a sullen and defiant mood, or was frightened and terror-stricken.

Keeping these ideas well in mind Judge Lindsey began his new way of treating juvenile delinquents. He does not sit upon the bench in dignified and judicial fashion when a boy's case comes up for consideration. He will come down to a level with the boy in this as well as in all other matters. He will sit down by the side of him if necessary on a camp chair, and use the familiar slang of the street urchin in an effort to reach the boy and have him tell the truth about his own case. The terror-stricken boy is made to feel that the judge is not there primarily to inflict punishment and that he will get a square deal and have a chance to overcome his weaknesses

and mistakes if he will only tell the whole truth about himself. He is not asked or encouraged to tell what any other boy has done. He may be asked later to get the other boy himself to tell. He is then made to see how unmanly and weak it is to do the wrong things to which he has confessed and is put upon probation, reporting regularly until such time as it is felt that he can overcome evil with good. The sullen and defiant boy is encouraged to tell the whole truth about himself and is given to understand that this must be done before his case can have consideration. Judge Lindsey seems to know instinctively when a boy is lying to him and he has wonderful power to convince such a boy of this fact. In an effort to get a boy's confidence, Judge Lindsey will invite him into his own private room, or will take him home to dinner, or do whatever seems best in order to get the truth in regard to that boy's case. On one occasion after going over all the evidence with a defiant boy and making out a clear enough case, the boy still persisted that he had told the truth. The judge promptly instructed the officer to take the boy to jail, since the first thing to be done in every boy's case before it is adjusted is to get the truth. On the way to jail the boy relented and upon his return promptly confessed that he had lied, and that he was now ready to tell the truth about himself. On another occasion a boy's collar was loosened to observe his Adam's apple with the remark that its movements would reveal a lie. It is a cardinal principle with Judge Lindsey in his dealing with a bad boy never to allow him to get away with a lie on his soul. This is the first step in dealing with any bad boy's case, and is more than half the battle.

If the boy is a member of a "gang," and he generally is, he is then induced to have the others come in and each one tell his own story only. The judge does not seek to break up the gang as the older reformers would first think of doing, but he tries to cultivate a sentiment among the members while they are on probation that it is unmanly to lie, or to steal, or to commit offenses against the law. He thus turns the gang spirit to good account. The boys are made to feel that they must grow strong enough to meet successfully any tempta-

tions to break the law again or to do an unmanly act of any kind.

The judge recognizes the fact that boys love to be commended for whatever progress they have made or whatever good they have done. His court of probation is therefore made, so far as it may serve a good purpose, a court of approbation. While looking into this matter the judge will move about among the boys calling each one by his street name and looking into his school or other report and if any progress has been made he will praise the boy and encourage him, pointing out to him examples of other boys who have grown strong and manly in right doing. Each boy's confidence is gained and he very early becomes the judge's friend and feels that since he is getting a square deal he must do the things that are expected of him. No record is made against any boy to come up against him in after life.

After fair and repeated trials, if a boy makes no progress, he is given to understand that he must make use of the next most helpful thing in order to overcome his delinquency and that is to go to the Reformatory at Golden, not as a punishment, but as an aid to help him in becoming stronger. This idea is impressed upon him very strongly. The judge will sometimes take such a boy home with him in the evening and after dinner they will go over the whole matter together with the result that the boy is fully convinced. Every such boy is put wholly upon his own honor. His commitment papers are then made out and given to him, together with money for his expenses, and he is directed to go alone to Golden and report to the superintendent of the reformatory, who is not informed in advance of his coming. As an evidence of the success of this plan it may be said that of more than three hundred boys so committed from the Denver juvenile court, only five have betrayed their trust and failed to report as directed.

Although Judge Lindsey is often referred to as the originator of the whole juvenile court system in this country he modestly disclaims any such honor. This much, however, is certain, that in 1898 there was not such a court anywhere in the world. At that time there were, in the two states of New

York and Massachusetts, statutes which made possible the trial of youthful offenders apart from adults. In 1899 Colorado and Illinois enacted laws which enabled courts to deal in a special way with delinquent children. It was these laws which made possible a beginning, and it was not until the juvenile court idea had been fully developed and its success assured that the Colorado legislature passed an act giving it a legal basis and providing that every county in the state might have such a court. Judge Lindsey was the author of this act.

Learning from experience what legislation was most needed to aid and strengthen the first act he afterwards asked for and obtained the passage of a Contributory Delinquency Law which provides for a maximum penalty of a heavy fine or even a year's imprisonment for contributing to the delinquency of any child, whether the offender be the parent or not. The intent of the law as first framed and passed was to enable the court to reach parents who keep their children away from school to work. It was later amended and changed so as to cover all cases of persons instructing children in crime or allowing boys to go into saloons or other immoral places. It also applies to the employees of railway companies who permit boys to steal rides or to carry off coal or other articles of small value from the yards. This was the first law of its kind ever passed.

Judge Lindsey has always stood for good government and has been active in the fights of the last decade against the corrupt politicians and the "Interests" in his own city and state. His private life has always been above reproach. The esteem in which he is held by all good citizens has been amply demonstrated by the results of the last two elections in which he was a candidate for juvenile judge. In 1908 when the politicians refused to place his name upon any regular ticket he made an independent campaign with the aid of his friends, and was elected by 14,272 votes over his nearest competitor. Four years later he was elected on a Citizens' ticket by 41,478 votes as against 16,249 for his nearest opponent on a regular party ticket.

It may safely be said that that life is most worth while which contributes something of real value to human progress. It is certain that Judge Lindsey has done this and that his name will have a place among the real reformers of the present generation.

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MACE HIGH SCHOOL

JOHN MITCHELL

By Francis Calvin Tilden

IN the fall of 1902, in the midst of the great anthracite coal strike, one of the historic labor struggles of modern times, Lincoln Steffens wrote in *McClure's Magazine* as follows of a, then, little known labor leader:

"When labor knew only its emotions, when the working men only felt that something — they knew not what — was wrong, the expression of that feeling carried the natural reward of leadership. Eloquence, in competition with eloquence, aroused passions that begot violence. The orators could not control the forces they set in motion. . . Thus it came about that the laboring men turned from the orators to men who talked little and worked hard; to men who commanded them and knew how to compromise with their employers."[1]

Of these new labor leaders, working through man's intelligence rather than through his passions, John Mitchell, at that time president of the United Mine Workers of America, was most typical. He remains today not only one of the most skillful and trusted of labor leaders, but one of the foremost of a new type of men, a type as yet little recognized and less understood. This is the type of man who, in the midst of present-day ideas of what constitutes success, of what brings pleasure, of what is worth striving for, deliberately gives up personal ambition and a sure road to private wealth and power for the doubtful leadership of a body of men who understand neither themselves nor him. With ability which, if used for personal ends, could scarcely have failed to bring those things for which most men struggle, he chose to use this unusual ability for the many rather than for himself alone. It seemed better to him that many thousand might eat more and better bread each day than that he should have for him-

[1] *McClure's* 19:355 ff.

self ease and luxury and the praise of society given to those who succeed in the things that society understands.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that John Mitchell chose deliberately between these two methods of procedure; that after due deliberation he decided to give up the egoistic for the altruistic. Altruism was so much a part of his nature that it developed with his growth, without struggle and without thought. He gave up nothing, because it appears that it never occurred to him that there was anything to do, for him at least, that was other than he was doing. Andrew Carnegie, beginning as John Mitchell did, in poverty and ignorance, made himself one of the foremost men of his time in the finance of the world. Behind him lies, as the result of his lifework, a better system of refining steel, innumerable libraries — his gifts and bearing his name — a hundred millionaires and more — his one-time lieutenants — and personal wealth so great as to tax his gigantic intellect to find means for its expenditure. In addition to this he has worldwide fame as a man who has succeeded in the game of life. John Mitchell, in a life as yet much shorter, leaves behind him not a better system of refining steel, not a hundred millionaires, not innumerable libraries with his name in stone over the doors, but better living conditions for four hundred thousand miners — more wages, fewer hours of labor, less dangerous mine conditions, far-reaching laws for greater safety, a better understanding between capital and labor. For himself he has, as reward, a modest salary and more battles to fight for the men he leads, almost in spite of themselves. Both Andrew Carnegie and John Mitchell were and are necessary to the world. The one built up and made possible the wonderful financial system of today, the great aggregates of capital which the other is now attempting to direct toward the bettering of all mankind. Each man is necessary, but each represents a different philosophy and a different theory of economics. Consciously or unconsciously, Andrew Carnegie stands for that old theory, first put forward by Adam Smith, that social progress, the advance of the masses of the people, is most rapid when each individual of the mass is struggling

Courtesy of the Chicago Tribune

John Mitchell

as strenuously as possible and as selfishly as possible for his own personal advancement. Consciously or unconsciously again, John Mitchell represents that newer theory of man and economics, developed first, possibly, by Thomas Carlyle, that social progress is most rapid, the sum total of human happiness greatest, when altruism and not selfishness prevails, when each seeks to help others and not himself alone.

John Mitchell, this new man of the new time, is a self-made man. Self-made men are common in America. Generally speaking, we mean by the term self-made that the man to whom the term applies has, without the aid of inherited wealth or a college education, secured for himself a place in the society of the time. Andrew Carnegie, Charles M. Schwab, and John Wanamaker were self-made men. They began as poor boys, without advanced education and, by the aid of energy, ability, and intelligence, have placed themselves at the head of various business enterprises of this country. In the larger sense John Mitchell was, like these men, self-made. The difference lay wholly in the finished product.

John Mitchell was born at Braidwood, Illinois, on the 4th of February, 1870. Braidwood was a mining town stretching its full and ugly length upon a low, flat, marshy prairie. In the winter it caught the full sweep of far-driven storms and was half buried in snow. In spring it was surrounded by endless miles of marsh and mud. In summer it lay between intermingled fields of corn and slough-grass. The town was no more monotonous than the life of the child, John Mitchell, to the age of twelve years. When he was three years old his mother died. Soon after, his father married again. The stepmother was a good woman but had what seemed to many unusually severe ideas of conduct and discipline. At six years of age the boy saw his father brought home dead from the mines, killed there in one of the ever-recurring accidents. This father had been the boy's ideal. A soldier in the Civil War, and consequently an ardent American citizen, ever interested in all that affected the country's political or social action, he left his social rectitude as a heritage to his son. In after years the memory of that father, known so little in those

early years, was to hold him to certain definite theories of conduct. Other men in the ranks of labor might forget that the laborer was a citizen, but not John Mitchell. For him there could be no successful labor struggle that did not also result in advantage to society, to all citizens of his country.

Between the ages of six and ten years the boy attended the common schools of Braidwood. Shortly before he was ten his stepmother married again. The stepfather was from the first opposed to the boy, found fault with his going to school, found fault with him about the house. As a result John Mitchell left this, his only semblance of a home, when he was ten years old, and secured a job with a farmer of the neighborhood. He was to carry water to the men and do small chores. In return he was to receive a dollar a month, his board and room. The next year he was doing almost a man's work on the farm, and was receiving ten dollars a month.

At twelve years of age, at the suggestion of his stepfather, he returned home and began work in the mines, securing a place as breaker boy. Living with his stepparents was not satisfactory, however, and late in the year he ran away from home, going by slow stages to the mines in Colorado. Here he nearly starved. The mining conditions were bad, worse even than in Illinois. The miners lived in the midst of continuous hardship and privation; but Mitchell found, or thought he found, them to be unusual men. Gradually there was forced upon him the belief that the hardship these men and their families suffered was not inevitable. It began to appear to him that the conditions of their lives were unnecessarily severe, and, boy though he was, he began to plan schemes of general help for miners and their families.

From the very first the Union Labor movement seemed to him to hold the promise of the things that he believed ought to be. He became not only a member of the union, but a most careful student of labor problems, proposed reforms, and general economic conditions. From the very first he realized that the labor problem was an economic problem. The solution of the labor problem he felt depended as much or more

upon the changing of economic conditions as upon the direct struggle with employers for higher wages. These earlier ideas of the situation broadened and deepened with his increasing years.

At twenty, Mitchell was back in Illinois, at work in the mines at Spring Valley. Here the Labor Union was beginning to be a force, and the interest begun in the West developed into a controlling motive in his life. He was made a Master Workman in the Knights of Labor. Already, however, the miners felt the need of a special organization to care for their special problems. The United Mine Workers had hardly been placed in working condition before we find Mitchell as secretary-treasurer of a sub-district of the organization. Constant study and earnest work in behalf of the miners was recognized by them by official advancement, until in September, 1898, he was made acting president of the organization, and the next year was made president, which office he held till 1908.

Those who are active students of contemporary history will recall that the years 1900 to 1903 were years of tremendous import in the mining affairs of this country. In the great anthracite districts of the mining world, lying in the midst of our greatest manufacturing district and our densest population, the forces of capital and labor, as represented by mine owners and miners, were locked in what appeared to each side as a death struggle. With perfect honesty each side in the struggle believed that defeat meant total destruction. The mine owners believed that defeat meant the surrender of the control of their business. The miners believed that defeat meant a return to conditions bordering upon, if not actually similar to, slavery. Because of these somewhat exaggerated beliefs the struggle was most bitter. Gradually the public passed from the position of spectators to one of active and radical partisans. All forms of radical schemes for stopping the struggle were suggested. These ranged from a proposition to send United States troops into the coal fields to compel the miners to return to work, on the one hand,

to an equally radical proposition to seize the mines in the name of the United States and begin the mining of coal by the country at large without reference to property rights.

In this struggle, so significant and tremendous, a few men soon became prominent. On the one side were the presidents of the mining corporations. These men, adherents of the old order of things, felt that not only their own welfare but the welfare of the country and all invested funds depended upon defeating labor in its demands upon the anthracite coal companies. They felt, or pretended to feel, that there could be no community of interest between the men and the owners of the mines. They insisted that the owners had the right to determine the conditions under which the men should work, and refused to consider any change through which the men themselves might have a voice in things that affected their own welfare.

On the other side a single figure emerged with a new theory of the relations of capital and labor. This new figure was John Mitchell. His theory was the theory of the necessity of peace. While the mine owners on the one hand and many labor leaders on the other were declaring that the struggle between labor and capital was a struggle never to be ended except by the complete conquest of the one by the other, Mitchell was declaring that a proper understanding of the relations of labor and capital would make plain that there should be no struggle at all. While, as president of the United Mine Workers, he directed the fight the miners were making against the mine owners, he nevertheless insisted that the struggle was wrong. It came about because neither side saw clearly the exact relationship. In his book, published after the fight was over, he says, in the preface:

"There is no necessary hostility between labor and capital. Neither can do without the other; each has evolved from the other. Capital is labor saved and materialized; the power to labor is, in itself, a form of capital. There is not even a necessary, fundamental antagonism between the laborer and the capitalist. Both are men with the virtues and vices of

men, and each wishes, at times, more than his fair share. Yet, broadly considered, the interest of one is the interest of the other."

It was the attempt to make both parties see this, the attempt to make both sides realize that this great principle of mutual interest must after all triumph if even minor differences were to be compromised, that formed the center of the Mitchell leadership in those troublous times. He felt that as a labor leader he must make the men realize that they were men, men of honor, ready to carry out a fair contract to the utmost. He felt also that it was necessary for the capitalist to realize that labor was a commodity, that in dealing with a labor union the capitalist was simply buying labor wholesale instead of retail, and that buying labor in this way had all the advantages of wholesale dealing. It was the realization of his larger knowledge of the situation that gave him the power of self-control which he showed in the historic meeting with the mine owners in the conference called by President Roosevelt, in October, 1902. A reporter who was present declares that of all the men who came at the call of the president, John Mitchell was the only one who kept his head. He as well as the miners' organization was bitterly attacked. Mitchell replied with calm and effective argument. He believed that there was little to fight about if both sides could only understand. There were things to compromise, but in the interest of mutual advancement, not in the interest of party triumph for either side.

It will be remembered that the strike terminated in arbitration through which the miners were granted almost all they had asked. It would naturally be supposed that the leader of such a vast and successful labor movement would have found extraordinary honor in the eyes of the laboring masses. Such was not the case. Though the miners continued for a number of years to keep Mitchell in the office of president of the United Mine Workers there was a growing feeling of distrust. This was due, without doubt, to the feeling that Mitchell was too conservative for a leader of labor. Before the anthracite strike was settled Mitchell had been compelled to

take a position that was considered ill-advised by many miners and labor men. He had refused to allow the miners in the soft coal field to violate their contract with the soft coal mine owners, and strike in sympathy with the anthracite miners. Mitchell insisted that a contract was sacred and to break the contract in force was to make it impossible to secure other contracts. He insisted that the end of organized labor was to secure the confidence of capital, and, to secure this, all contracts made in good faith must be adhered to. This position was the natural result of his theory that there was no cause for antagonism between labor and capital; that the mutual recognition of the necessity of peace was the ultimate end to be sought.

This view was not and is not held by many labor leaders. One has only to glance at the statements of Tom Mann, one of the great English labor leaders to note this. Mann declares that, "every provision for peace between the two parties is a perpetual wrong to labor." Another labor leader says: "We do not recognize the capitalist's right to live any more than we recognize the right of the typhoid bacilli to thrive at the expense of the patient, the patient being able merely to keep alive."

As the result of movements of which the above quotations are illustrative, John Mitchell has found his work in the last few years not so much a matter of directing battles against employers as an attempt to form and direct the thought of the public and the laborers upon questions of labor economics. In addition to his book on *Organized Labor* he has contributed to magazines a number of articles having to do with labor conditions and labor laws the world over. Relieved of the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America in 1908, he has remained vice president of the American Federation of Labor. Time and again in the conventions of this organization he has stood firmly against the attempts to capture the organization for socialists or for more radical labor organizations. He still believes that the principle of the labor union is right. He still insists that all the laboring man needs or should desire is the right of collective bargaining.

He believes that labor can secure its own advancement only by recognizing the rights of capital and by compelling capital to recognize both the rights and the honesty of the labor union.

Through all these years John Mitchell has compelled men to recognize his own integrity. He has never stooped to deceit for his own or others' ends. Loving mankind, and especially laboring men, as few have ever loved, he has at the same time been able to preserve his intelligence alive side by side with his love. He has never allowed his love or his sympathy or his righteous indignation to blind him. He sees clearly not only the present but as far as any man can into the future. So highly are these qualities of intelligence and sincerity prized by thinking people that it is an open secret that had he permitted, John Mitchell might have had the nomination for the Vice Presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket in 1908. He has to an extraordinary degree the power of seeing facts as facts, uncolored by bias, sympathy, or partisanship. Even more he has had the power to see not only his own side but the enemy's side of all disputes. It is this keenness of intellectual vision, this saneness of judgment and breadth of view, this recognition of fact and the necessity of being controlled by fact that have given John Mitchell the place he holds in the world of labor. Though sometimes dissatisfied with him because of what seems to many his over-conservatism, the majority of his followers, in their saner moments, have recognized him as their greatest leader. On the other hand, capital has been willing to treat with him because of his absolute honesty and his realization of fact and its place in all disputes. John Mitchell remains to-day the logical labor leader of the new régime.

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John R. Mott

JOHN R. MOTT

By William Warren Sweet

THE scene is the main floor of the great gymnasium of the University of Pennsylvania on a certain winter's night some years ago. Gathered in that great room are perhaps two thousand men, students of the University. On the platform is seated the Provost, and by his side a tall, well-built, smooth-faced, square-jawed man who glances quietly over that assembled multitude; and immediately one is impressed with the fact that he is in the presence of a master of men, one who can deal with and control difficult situations. And this impression grows when this man gets up to speak. There is no attempted oratory, no flowers of speech, hardly a gesture, and yet for over an hour those young men sit in absolute quietness, every eye directed toward the speaker's face, every mind intent upon the straightforward words that fall from his lips. And what is he talking about? Surely it must be something of unusual interest to young men to draw so many of them away from their books on a winter's night! As one listens he soon finds that this is a religious leader, and that he is talking on a religious subject. For five nights in succession that same square-jawed, square-headed, keen-eyed man addresses increasing numbers of students, in that same room, and if he should come back again to that same University he would get the same close attention, and be greeted with even larger crowds of students. Such is the power of the subject of this sketch.

A little more than a month after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox there was born in the little town of Livingston Manor, New York, to a young couple by the name of Mott, a son, whom they called John. What a combination of names! Livingstone, the hero of modern missions; John, called the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, and John, the disciple! It is fitting that these names be connected with this man Mott, for they all describe him. Has he not followed up the work

of Livingstone in Africa? And is he not also a worthy co-laborer with John the Baptist in preparing the way for Christian conquests, and with John the disciple?

Upon his graduation from Cornell University in 1888, he immediately became secretary of the student department of the Young Men's Christian Association. His connection with student life has remained vital and important ever since. In the same year he also became chairman of the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement, and it is in connection with this organization that John R. Mott has done his greatest work and has achieved his well deserved fame. In the year 1895 Mr. Mott became general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation; three years later he was made secretary of the Foreign Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; and in 1901 he became associate general secretary of the International Committee. As we read of these positions they mean little to us, but the work that he has done, and still does, the influence he has wielded, and still wields, mean much to all who are interested in the progress of this old world.

During the years 1895 to 1897 Mr. Mott toured the world in the interest of the Student Christian movement, and again in 1901 he made special tours to all parts of Europe, South Africa, South America, and Australia on a similar mission. The word "International" describes Mr. Mott; for he belongs to the world, and he is undoubtedly the best known figure in intellectual and Christian circles in the whole world. John Wesley once said "The world is my parish," and that statement is also true of Mr. Mott.

What has Mr. Mott done for the world that makes him an international figure? First of all he has created a permanent force for the Christianization of the world in organizing the Student Volunteer Movement. This is an organization in the colleges and universities, made up of young men and women who have pledged themselves to enter the foreign mission field and who are training themselves for that purpose. As a result of this work five thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two of the brightest and best trained young men and women

that our universities and colleges turn out have been sent to the non-Christian lands, and there has thus been created an ever increasing army of occupation, which will eventually bring about the evangelization of the world. The movement spread to Great Britain, and over eighteen hundred Volunteers from that country also have sailed for the field. Some one has characterized the foreign missionary work of former years as guerilla warfare: "A denomination in Europe or America sent out a few individuals to snatch souls as 'brands from the burning.' They went to a pagan country, preached in the streets or in bazaars, organized little Zions among the heathen masses, and counted it a joy if they won a score of converts in a lifetime."[1] But in recent years all this has been changed, and the change has come about very largely through the movement organized and perfected by the genius of John R. Mott. "To-day he is the field marshal of belligerent Christendom, and nearly every section of the Christian Church accepts his leadership."

Another example of Mr. Mott's foresight and organizing genius is "The World's Student Christian Federation," an organization that has reached around the world and has branches in nearly every institution of higher learning in the world. The constitution states the purpose of this organization in the following words:

"1. To unite students' Christian movements or organizations throughout the world, and promote mutual relations among them.

"2. To collect information regarding the religious condition of the students of all lands.

"3. To promote the following lines of activity:

"(a) To lead students to accept the Christian faith in God — Father, Son and Holy Spirit, according to the Scriptures, and to live as true disciples of Jesus Christ.

"(b) To deepen the spiritual life of students and to promote earnest study of the Scriptures among them.

[1] *Outlook*, 99:751.

"(c) To influence students to devote themselves to the extension of the Kingdom of God in their own nation and throughout the world.

This organization numbers one hundred and fifty-six thousand members, among whom are Chinese, Hindus, Japanese, Russians, and South Africans. What tremendous influence will go out from these organizations in the years to come! Many of these students will occupy positions of influence in business and government as well as in the Church, but whatever they may be doing they will be known and recognized as Christians. What better plan could be devised to speed the Christianization of the world than to capture the student body of the universities of the world, and send them out to do the rest?

Another international organization which owes its recent development largely to Mr. Mott's leadership is the Foreign Department of the International Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. Mott is general secretary. In Asia alone there are over three hundred Associations, and these are beginning to exert an influence that is bound to bring about vast changes in the centers where they are planted. A few years ago Mr. Mott was in a hurry to raise a million dollars for some new buildings in the Far East, and Mr. Taft, who was then president, threw open the White House for a conference. A number of influential and wealthy men from all over the country met Mr. Mott, and the desired amount was promptly raised and later doubled.

He not only has the confidence of leading Americans, but he also enjoys the confidence of foreign governments and leading men of every race and clime. After the Boxer Rebellion of a few years ago, it was decided that the Chinese government should pay the United States an indemnity of several millions of dollars. Part of this indemnity was, however, remitted by the United States government, and to show its appreciation of this act the Chinese government set apart the amount for the purpose of educating Chinese students in American universities. Accordingly several hundreds of Chinese students were sent to America so that at present there are over one thous-

and here. Besides the Chinese Bureau which has its headquarters at Washington, Dr. Mott also has taken much of the oversight of these students at the request of the Chinese government.

Mr. Mott believes that the inevitable result of Christianizing the world will be the unifying of the churches. On this point hear what he himself has to say: "Just as war fuses together a great and complex nation, even its different and conflicting political parties, so a true and vivid conception of the vastness and difficulty of the undertaking of world conquest for Christ will serve to draw his followers together. It is well that we recall that Christ has commanded us to give all men now living an adequate opportunity to know Him. He has called us to Christianize the races and nations in every department of their life. He has summoned us to the reconstruction of the non-Christian world. It is His wish that the impact of the so-called Christian nations upon the non-Christian world be Christianized." Under his leadership the work of coördinating the operations of the churches has gone forward with leaps and bounds.

Within recent years Mr. Mott has won extraordinary distinction as the presiding officer in a number of great conventions. Every four years the Student Volunteer Movement holds a convention at which representatives from practically all the colleges and universities in the United States and Canada meet together for counsel and inspiration. In 1906 there was a great gathering of this sort at Nashville, Tennessee, and four years later another such convention met at Rochester, New York. At these conventions nearly four thousand delegates represented seven hundred and thirty-five universities and colleges. Again in January, 1914, the greatest of all the gatherings of this movement met at Kansas City, Missouri. Over five thousand students were in attendance, and messages were read from England, Switzerland, Turkey, Russia, Japan, China, and South America. From China came a cablegram signed by C. T. Wang, former vice-president of the Chinese Senate, saying, "China choosing her destiny; why not make it Christ?" Turkey's message read, "Stricken Turkey realizes

greatest needs are moral. Undreamt-of possibilities challenge Christian workers to reveal uplifting power of Christ." From Kiev, Russia, came this appeal: "Pray for tragic Russia." The volunteers of India cabled, "India with thousands of college students, at this juncture needs your help."

In June, 1910, there was staged in Edinburgh, the gray old capital of Scotland, the most remarkable and significant gathering from the standpoint of missions that ever came together. "Thirteen hundred men from the ends of the earth" came together there to plan and organize a campaign of world-wide scope for the Christianization of every nation. "They were not ordinary men — every member of the assemblage had some achievement to his credit. Together they could have drawn a map of the world from first hand knowledge, and they represented almost every shade of doctrine and Church government known to man. There were cabinet ministers and peers of the realm, Korean dignitaries, Hindu pundits with princely titles, Anglican archbishops and bishops, ex-governors of the British over-sea dominions, Japanese whose names are inseparable from the recent glory of Nippon, Chinese scholars, Australian officials, Americans of international renown, and representatives not only from each European nation, but from lands and islands of which the ordinary mortal has scarcely heard. On the left of the platform sat the archbishop of Canterbury; on the right stood Lord Balfour of Burleigh, as the Herald of King George; in the center, presiding with calm and dignified impartiality over the notable gathering, was a young American layman, accorded the honor by unanimous acclamation, the most conspicuous figure in the hall — John R. Mott." [2]

It is a difficult thing to follow John R. Mott as he goes about the world on his great mission. In the autumn of 1912, Mr. Mott, as Chairman of the Continuation Committee appointed by the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference, went on a tour in the Far East, spending seven weeks in the Indian Empire, six weeks in China, five days in Korea, and three weeks in Japan. To show the plan which he follows on such journeys I give a brief account of his stay in India. Sectional confer-

[2] *Outlook*, 99:749.

ences were held in six Indian cities, besides in Rangoon, Burma, and Colombo in Ceylon. In each center great meetings were also held for students, the daylight hours, as a rule, being devoted to the meetings of the conferences, and the evenings to the student meetings. In Madras, for instance, five such meetings were conducted, and each night the hall where the meetings were held, which seated over two thousand, was filled to its capacity, while many were unable to enter. At these meetings in Madras over three hundred students signed cards expressing a desire to know more about the claims of Christ. These inquirers are to be placed in Bible classes, and the work followed up. In the conferences from fifty to seventy delegates, including Indians and foreigners, and representing all the denominations, met together and discussed frankly the problems of their work, including such topics as coöperation, the Indian Church and India leadership, Christian education and literature. We are told that one of the most notable consequences of these meetings was the closer fellowship among the Christian leaders of all denominations.

About a year ago the newspapers informed us that President-elect Woodrow Wilson was trying to persuade this great Christian statesman, John R. Mott, to be the next United States Minister to China. The people of the United States applauded the choice. In a few days, however, the papers reported that "Mott refuses the Chinese ambassadorship." We do not, of course, know the thoughts that went through the mind of Mr. Mott when this great and responsible post was offered him, but we can imagine that he said to himself, "Already I have been given the post of ambassador of the Great King of Kings to the non-Christian peoples of the world, and I must be true to that mission." John R. Mott could not accept the post of Minister to China, for that would require him to give up a far larger and more important post.

In 1911, Princeton University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. Mott, following the example set by the University of Edinburgh the year previous. In conferring the degree the president of Princeton said: "John R. Mott, honored by academic and religious bodies for his services in

planning and extending the active Christian work of university students, deviser of national and international agencies for this work, particularly the World's Student Christian Federation; presiding leader in the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910; a traveler over four continents in search of room for work; a man of buoyant energy, deep consecration, astonishing success; a new crusader bent on the Christian conquest of the world." These words describe the work and the man.

Moreover, Mr. Mott has found time in the very midst of his traveling and continuous speaking to write books. *Strategic Points in the World's Conquest* was the first to be published, appearing in 1897. In 1900, *The Evangelization of the World in this Generation* came from the press; and what an influence that little book has had on Christian workers throughout the world! The very title has become the watch-word of the militant forces of Christianity. *The Pastor and Modern Missions*, a series of lectures delivered at Ohio Wesleyan University, Yale Divinity School, McCormick Theological Seminary, and Princeton Theological Seminary, was published in 1904. The book contains a mine of information and inspiration. Besides these books he has published numerous magazine articles and brochures. All of his publications are surcharged with the same deep earnestness, and are filled with the same straightforward, lucid, close-knit presentation of facts which characterize his spoken utterances.

In the year 1915 Dr. Mott will have reached the half century mark and there will remain for him in all human probability, only a comparatively few years of active service, for his strenuous life must soon begin to tell upon even his vigorous and athletic body. What will those years contain? No one can tell. But of this we can be sure, they will be spent in the highest and best kind of service for his Master and for mankind.

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JOHN B. MURPHY

By William Augustus Evans

AS the ultimate end or life products of men are the results of many associated influences and energies, it is essential in making a calculation of the importance of the various elements therein that we consider the heredity, the early environment, the necessity or choice of occupations and the energy expended in their attainment.

The subject of this sketch was a descendant of sturdy immigrants, who implanted themselves in the forest of Wisconsin, four miles west of Appleton, and endeavored to build a home and secure for their children the advantages which a new country offered to every line of human effort. In order to accomplish this it was necessary for these transplanted people to exercise a courage, an industry, a frugality, and integrity of purpose, that good results might obtain. They soon recognized that the essentials to success in overcoming what would to us to-day seem to be insurmountable obstacles to the establishment of a home in the wilderness were continued labor, determination of purpose, husbandry of their small resources, and a confidence in the realization of future success, which never admitted of question.

It was the conviction of this young couple in their pioneer home that indolence, and its companion, intemperance, were the most common barriers to the progress of the human race and the most frequent causes of failure, so that "work and total abstinence" were dominant elements in their lives. They were insatiable readers and kept in close and intelligent touch with the progress of the times. These home influences could not fail to leave their impress on the character and intellects of their offspring.

As the children attained a school age, the evening work at home was as accurate in its discipline and as exacting in its requirements as was their work at school. Inspiration and zest were added as the teacher of their country school usually

Courtesy Matzene, Chicago

John B. Murphy

lived with the family. The teachers were students in the Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., four miles distant, and were working their way through college by teaching five days — returning to the university on Saturdays for recitation. The parents realized the value of education and often made use of this expression: "Education, my children, is not for the purpose of making an easier living, but for the purpose of making labor more effectual and productive. If you are educated there are no man's achievements which you cannot equal or excel, if you but have industry and integrity, and are temperate."

When one considers the type of courage and work which was necessary to make a success of life for these immigrants, we might well say that all coveted attainments in modern life should easily be realized, but as his mother so frequently said, "They do not come by wishing but by working."

Passing from the country school and the home to the city school gave to the youth a new horizon, broad and inspiring. How frequently he refers to the great influence teachers exercise in shaping the destiny of their pupils! In the Appleton Grammar School, he came under the personal supervision of Prof. R. H. Schmidt, who emigrated from Germany at the age of 17, having had but a meager grammar school education, and entered the Wisconsin State University at Madison, graduating with honors from the classic course at the age of 22. This man possessed an overpowering personality. He was totally indifferent to form and heedless of conventionalities. He was a lover of truth, a lover of science, an exemplar of democracy in education. An indefatigable worker, there was no day or night too long for him to labor with his pupils; he was no respecter of hours for labor: "Purposes and purposes attained" was his maxim.

The establishment of the Friday evening debating or literary society was a field in which his great influence was exerted. He attended the meetings regularly, he encouraged thorough investigation of the themes under discussion, he fostered research and guided the student in the best and most forceful means of presenting his subject to his audience. The disci-

pline of this Friday evening debate Dr. Murphy has frequently said exerted greater influence over his subsequent life than any other element in his early education.

The association with Professor Schmidt lasted for six years; his students all respected and revered him. Then passing from the high school and its post-graduate work, again the individuality of his teacher was felt. Prof. Walter S. Haines, the professor of chemistry in Rush Medical College, was his ideal medical teacher. He had the faculty of imparting knowledge in such a way that it was easily assimilated and permanently appropriated. He was precise as to detail, simple yet forceful in his demonstrations and exacting of the student in return, yet with a charming and attractive personality. One could not fail to be receptive, as the presentation was irresistible.

Another of his teachers, almost diametrically opposite in his personality, was the later Prof. James Adams Allen. The keynote of his teaching was, "What is really the matter? What is back of the name? What is the real deviation from the physiologic condition which is called disease? In other words, what is the internal disease that produces the external presentations called symptoms?"

The impression was left in every surgical student who sat within the hearing of Prof. Moses Gunn that he had an exact anatomic knowledge, that he knew the clinical course of surgical diseases and that prompt treatment was an absolute essential that best results might obtain. To use this able teacher's expression: "If you are to be a success in surgery, you must be a minute gun."

Dr. Murphy was next favored in a scientific way by his personal and professional close relationship with the late Christian Fenger, whom he considers the master American surgical mind of his time. Dr. Fenger's early training had been of the most profound scientific type. His life was dominated by his love of science; the application of it to the individual in a practical way was merely an incident; an opportunity for demonstrating its scientific value and truth. In his zeal he would forget his home, his family, and even his anesthetized patient

to pursue an idea or plan to its fruition. He was a teacher, a friend, and an inspiration to all true students. His influence for good was overpowering and he exercised a greater force in the production of the present high standard of surgery and medicine in the middle west than any other man.

In his early medical practice, Dr. Murphy fortunately became associated with a man of sterling worth, Dr. Edward W. Lee, a graduate of the Medical Department of Dublin University, a student, an active practitioner, possessed of the keenest sense of obligation to his patients' welfare, of a profound respect of the rights of others, with a type of integrity which no price could divert, even in thought. He had a most wholesome appreciation of the advantages which his adopted country afforded and was unfaltering in the fulfillment of his obligations to its laws and customs. He used on many occasions the expression, "I would be a base ingrate if I were disloyal to any of the exactions of the Nation or State which afforded me such opportunities through its Constitution and Government." Individuality and integrity were the ideals of his existence. He never "worked." The continued and conscientious performance of his duties was an act of love, not labor. He was affectionate, generous, strong, and upright. The fifteen years' close professional association with this man was an enviable opportunity.

Passing from the local to the world educational influence, three master teachers are constantly referred to by Dr. Murphy: Professor Bilroth of the Vienna Medical School, who in a few words and with a few strokes of crayon could express the cellular pathology of the disease under consideration in such a way that one appreciated from his lecture and the demonstration on the blackboard the microscopic changes in the tissue. He had the faculty of teaching surgery in its highest sense.

In Berlin he attended the lectures of Professor Schroeder in the Frauen Klinik. He was a most forceful teacher, exact operator, inspiring lecturer and inquisitive investigator of the causes of disease in the individual. One could not leave his operating room without feeling that he was a part and parcel

of the proceedings of the day and that the knowledge dispensed therein was now his knowledge and available for practical purposes.

In pathology he was a pupil of Professor Arnold of Heidelberg, who was capable of vivifying his cadavers, electrifying his pathologic tissues and illuminating his microscopic slides.

The work of all of these teachers was carried on at a time when medicine was in the embryologic stage of its scientific evolution, when, in other words, its foundation as a science was being laid. Its impetus was irresistible and the individual but a factor.

Those who have lived during the last fifty years have participated in the most rapid advances that society has ever made. The rapid revolution has been universal. No field of human endeavor has failed to feel its impulse. But in in none has the change been greater nor the results more far-reaching than in medicine.

This sketch has to do with the life of one of the men who have been forceful contributors to the changes that have been wrought in medicine and, through change in medical custom, in society at large. It is the story, so old in America, of a country boy, the son of immigrant parents, growing out of poverty and attaining great power by reason of great service.

In 1879 medicine was a mystery science. The practitioners of medicine knew people well, they understood human nature, they knew disease as the patient described it, rather than as it was. They had a broad stock of general information. To their patients they were guides, counsellors, and friends in all the emergencies of life. In their service there was much of watchful waiting and but little of active interference. In the helpful, beautiful service they rendered they were nurses as much as physicians.

In 1879 Virchow was in his prime. He was teaching that it was important to know disease as disease rather than as the symptoms expressed it. He was being listened to but it can scarcely be claimed that he was influencing the practice of medicine as it revealed itself in the daily work of the ordinary doctor. The patient was not getting the benefit. What Vir-

chow was teaching could not be said in 1879 to be for the people. The people were receiving services based upon the theorizing of the past which in turn had come out of the mysticism of a still earlier period.

In 1879 Koch laid the foundation for bacteriology by perfecting the methods of growing bacteria in the laboratory. It was in 1883 that Lister applied the truths of bacteriology to the everyday work of the surgeon. It was then that the sciences of bacteriology and pathology started on the road toward democracy. Within a few years they were being made use of in the everyday work of the everyday surgeon.

John Benjamin Murphy began the study of medicine in 1876, graduated in 1879, finished his hospital service in 1880 and, in that year, began the private practice of surgery. He was taking up his life work in this period in which the foundation of modern medical science was being laid. He began his service just as the results of the preparatory work were beginning to flow into the daily life of the community.

There are those who hold that Dr. Murphy's chief work has been as a research student, a discoverer and applier of new methods. There are others who hold that his great service has been as one who carried the revelations of science into the lives of the people.

There have been hospitals for a thousand years more or less. Until 1880, however, the hospital developed along its medical side alone. The surgical wards were regarded as a menace. From them pus infections were constantly overflowing into the medical wards. A surgical ward was looked on much as a contagious disease ward is now regarded. What to do with infected wards was a great question — and all wards were infected.

At that time surgery had but a limited field. Broken limbs were set, dislocated joints were reduced, maimed members were amputated, arteries were tied up — if they were outside of the body cavities. Generally speaking, surgery essayed to relieve certain conditions in the legs, arms, neck, and even in the trunk, provided it was not necessary to enter any body cavity to do so.

If the operative procedure required opening the abdominal cavity or the chest cavity or much work within the cranial cavity, the surgeon very wisely left it undone. The hazards were too great to commend such procedures to men of good judgment. The man who contracted appendicitis must die unless nature was able to wall off the pus sac and thus save him. When the pus cavities were walled off the man was saved by nature, not by the attending surgeon. If there was an intestinal stricture or strangulation or perforation the person affected had to accept his outlook in a fatalistic spirit. However much he pleaded with his surgeon for help his plea was unheeded. The surgeon dared not open up the abdominal cavity and subject it to infection.

In heart and lung diseases the possibility of interference was even less. A pleura full of fluid might be drained or opened but not unless such conditions had arisen as made the operation one potentially on the outside of the chest cavity rather than within it. It is true that operations were done on the structures within the skull but they were not done except where some perforating wound or some infection had made the operation one of necessity rather than of choice. And probably this expression — "operations were of necessity" — describes the situation as well as it could be done in pages of type.

When Virchow had laid down the laws of disease as such, the solid basis of fact; and Koch had developed bacteriology; when Lister had developed Koch's science and from it a science of antisepsis and asepsis and then had popularized it — the time had come to launch a new era of surgery.

Theoretically, it was now safe to go into the body cavities. It was no longer good judgment to limit surgery to the arms, legs and neck. But men were timid. Some dared but many halted. They said asepsis might not work practically. The theory might be wrong. Daring was required. The daring required came naturally from America. The combination of daring, courage, common sense, and judgment was such as the American life of opportunity would develop in choice spirits. It was at this point that the surgeons of America began to be

recognized as the leading spirits in the surgery of the world.

Of the little band who carried this banner, none other was so frequent and so original a contributor as Murphy, the country boy from Wisconsin, who had had to fight his way upward.

That the abdomen could be explored provided only it was found clean and kept clean was the first truth discovered by these men. But in the abdomen are to be found many different structures. It was determined early that some of these could be operated on with reasonable safety. Others tradition held to be less amenable to handling. One by one these were studied and their surgery established. In this experimentation, trial, and demonstration, no man has done all the work. Every man has made use of the ideas of his co-workers in determining the natural next step. And yet in these adventures of discovery, leadership is accorded to Murphy, by his fellow workers.

An indirect effect of these improvements has been of great value to society. It was not feasible to go into the abdominal cavity until asepsis could be guaranteed. The operating room, of course, must be aseptic. Every process carried on therein must be controlled and kept constantly on a basis of asepsis. It followed naturally that the ward would be cleaned up. The result is that the surgical ward is now the cleanest ward in any hospital.

The cleaner hospitals and the better general reputations which they now enjoy has greatly increased the use of the hospital and this in turn has multiplied their number. The hospital drains out of the home most of those who, through illness, interfere seriously with the daily routine of the home. Having become cleaner the hospital is not in competition with the home.

Undertaking to perfect methods so that surgical relief could be found for maladies of the organs within the body cavities, an unexpected result has followed. The cleaner methods resulted in clean operating rooms; clean operating rooms were followed by clean surgical wards; clean surgical wards have influenced the medical wards; and the general reputation of

hospitals has improved. In consequence there has come about a far-reaching effect.

Forty years ago cities with less than fifty thousand inhabitants were without hospitals. As surgery has never developed apart from hospitals all such communities were without the service of resident surgeons. When there was need for surgical service the patient was carried a long distance to the surgeon or else the surgeon assembled an operative equipment, called together his assistants, and traveled to the patient. For either of these methods time was required. In consequence, emergency surgery generally went unattended to or operation was done when the patient was *in extremis*. The methods of that day could not mean any sort of good results in suppurative appendicitis, gunshot wounds of the abdomen, strangulated hernia and a score of other conditions which these illustrations serve to bring to mind.

At the present time even communities of five thousand inhabitants have their hospitals and resident surgeons. Rarely now do patients go to the city for emergency operations. The people are discovering that for such operations the local surgeon in a position to operate quickly is more successful than the surgeon who comes out from the city and who therefore is some hours longer in rendering his service.

In order that this epoch-marking change should have been possible several things were necessary. One of these was opportunity for the training of surgeons. It was necessary to supplement the work of undergraduate colleges by the development of great surgical clinics, to which practitioners of medicine might go and perfect themselves in surgical technique.

There are no state-supported clinics for post-graduate instruction in this country but for twenty years the Murphy clinic has had a daily attendance of a hundred or more. These men have come from all parts of the country. They have come without formality, remained as long as they cared to, and, having seen at close range the methods employed, they have gone back home and made use of them in their local hospitals.

Material for the maintenance of such a clinic is not enough.

Well-equipped laboratories and libraries and assistants to make use of them are not enough. The surgeon must have diagnostic ability and technical skill, but, in order that the men in attendance may carry back home what was shown in the clinic, he must also have teaching ability. No one can teach unless he has personality.

For teaching ability there must also be thorough information on his subject. This must include a knowledge of what has been written and judgment as to the values of the contributions of others. It also embraces knowledge of the field operated on and the meaning of pictures there portrayed.

For want of a better term we say the surgeon to have teaching ability must have "surgical sense." By surgical sense is meant knowledge of the field in question, judgment in interpreting conditions, common sense, and a capacity for sensing, for wisely guessing, that which is beyond demonstration or proof.

The teaching surgeon must analyze accurately, must be logical as well as forceful, must be positive, dogmatic and assertive. He must have the capacity of coördinating his muscles, of judging situations and, simultaneously, of telling the student of what is being done in a way that will react in the mind of that student. The great teaching surgeon of this day is John B. Murphy.

Through the influence of the surgical clinics of which the one at Mercy Hospital has been a leader, the small towns and cities have their hospitals in which the work is done by resident surgeons. In lieu of the few of former days there are now thousands of hospitals and tens of thousands of surgeons. In consequence no longer are sufferers with emergency conditions dragged long distances on trains. The entire machinery of surgery has changed. The surgical customs of the people have changed. The result is due to the building by Murphy and the men of his group on the foundation laid by Koch and Lister and men of their groups.

The medicine of the future will concern itself principally with human efficiency. Physicians will be efficiency engineers. Service will continue to be rendered in curing developed dis-

orders. However, many diseases now prevalent will be rare or will have disappeared entirely. The curative side of medicine will grow but it will develop in a collective way, and preventive medicine will be less wasteful of time and service than curative medicine is and has been.

The great use of the vastly improved service by physicians in the future will be in increasing the efficiency of the human machine. The men of the next generation who find themselves incapacitated to some degree by some physical disability, so far from being content to work at low efficiency, will demand that their medical servitors remedy the disability. Much of this work will be surgical. Surgery of that type is known as surgery of election. For it, sickness is not the impelling cause. Death does not stare the patient in the face. The operations are undergone because the parties are dissatisfied with their inefficiency. Knowing the possibilities by reason of the state of the art, they elect to undergo the operations required.

The most recent surgical proposal made by Dr. Murphy is a group of methods for the restoration of the function of joints and the replacement of diseased and lost bones. In the olden days, John, crippled or lame, ambled through life as best he could. He was as efficient as a crippled man could be but still his efficiency was the efficiency of a crippled man. "Is John a capable man?" the neighbor was asked. "Oh, yes, as cripples go," he replied. John understood, but what could he do? He went to the surgeon for relief from his stiff hip or to have a new piece of bone put in to straighten his spine, but the surgeon declined to undertake the work. Why? The first essential — certain asepsis — could not be guaranteed.

The years to come will witness a procession of people seeking the operating room as a means of increasing efficiency. The stiff-limbed, the lame, and the hunchback are the forerunners of this procession. This group of operative procedures, in that they pioneer the field wherein the surgery of the future is to be chiefly developed, earn for the man who has developed them the right to the regard of his fellows.

There are those who say that operations on bones and joints

will never come within reach of surgeons generally. They say that the operations are technically difficult, that they require a degree of asepsis not attainable in country hospitals, and that the after treatment is too complicated and too prolonged to make it possible for the general run of surgeons to enter this field. In this the objectors lose sight of the trend of the times. The characteristic contribution of Dr. Murphy to surgery has been a simplicity of method that brings operative procedure within the range of the country surgeon's technical skill. As a result, the surgeon in the smaller community is growing more skilful and the standards of asepsis of the small town hospitals are becoming higher year by year. The massage and manipulation required in the after care will be given by men trained for it as the demand for their service grows.

The first campaign conducted by Dr. Murphy was for early operation in appendicitis. To operate in appendicitis could not even be proposed until the preliminary work in pathology and bacteriology had been done. It could not be advised until the development of asepsis had made operations on the abdominal organs possible. After this stage had been reached Dr. Murphy saw that the key to the appendicitis situation was early operation. He threw his dominating personality into a campaign of education addressed to the profession and to the laity as well. As the result of that campaign the people are well informed. As to the significance of the symptoms of appendicitis, the physicians are accustomed to early diagnosis, and early operation is the rule.

While he contributed to our knowledge of the pathology of appendicitis and improved the technique of operation on the appendix, his great service lay in changing the popular custom. Twenty-five years ago the man with an intestinal perforation was in a hopeless situation. The operation used to require from one to four hours for its performance. The technical skill required for such an operation was beyond any except the best trained surgeons. As such operations are those of emergency it followed that a large portion of those having wounds of the intestines, strangulations with gangrene, in-

testinal and gall bladder perforations, could not get the opportunity for life held out by operative procedure. To meet this situation Dr. Murphy devised an anatomical button which was so simple and so easy to use, that at once the custom of immediate operation on proper cases by the surgeon at hand was established. If there is one outstanding quality of the Murphy procedures it is on simplifying procedures so that they become available for a larger number of people through the service of local surgeons. This principle is easier understood in the case of the button than in any other of his contributions.

In the *Surgery of the Lungs, Experimental and Clinical*,[1] he recounted his experience with a method which he had devised for the treatment of tuberculosis. There are two underlying principles of the method. The lung has difficulty in healing a tubercular cavity because it cannot drain readily. By compressing the lung by means of nitrogen gas introduced into the pleural cavity all abscesses are emptied and the abscess cavities are obliterated by adhesions found between the collapsed walls.

The second principle is that an organ at rest is in the best possible condition for repair. The point in this connection which must not be missed is that the operation suggested by Murphy is so simple as scarcely to be considered a surgical procedure. In fact it is the attending physicians and tuberculosis specialists who are now giving to the consumptives the advantage offered by this operation.

Partaking of the same qualities are two other procedures. The one is that, where the peritoneum is to absorb a good deal of exuded material, the area of preference for its absorption is within the pelvis. With this is the recommendation that in the after care of such cases the patients be kept propped up in bed. The other is that, when much absorption is taking place, the kidneys be stimulated to work at full capacity by the continuous introduction into the bowel of a saline solution. To make this possible Murphy devised a method having all the

[1] *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Vol. 31.

characteristics of all his recommendations in other lines — simplicity.

No man has rendered direct surgical service to more people than has Dr. Murphy. In this service he has displayed common sense, mechanical genius, good judgment, knowledge of his science, technical skill, surgical sense, executive ability, courage, and daring. Because of these qualities he has been for forty years one of America's busiest surgeons. The esteem of his fellow men could well be rested on the basis of this service.

In making up an estimate of Dr. Murphy, however, much more must be put to his credit. He has had a unique part in changing the surgery of forty years ago into the surgery of today, in the development of new surgical fields, in the broadening of the influence of the hospital, in the multiplication of surgeons in small communities, and in the promotion of human efficiency through surgery. Largely through his influence surgery has been made available for all those who have needed it. He has made it democratic. He has visioned the future and, having seen, has led both his profession and the people into the new ways. He has weighed conditions with careful judgment and, having determined the natural next step, he has had the courage required to make the advance.

John Benjamin Murphy was born in Appleton, Wis., Dec. 21, 1857, the son of Michael and Ann (Grimes) Murphy. He studied in the public schools of Appleton, graduating from the high school. As a youth John B. Murphy worked on his father's farm. Much of his tireless energy, endurance, and physical strength can be attributed to the outdoor work of that period of his life.

He began the study of medicine under Dr. John R. Reilly of Appleton, as preceptor. Graduating with the degree of M. D. from Rush Medical College in 1879, he entered at once on his service as interne at Cook County Hospital and received his certificate from the Hospital in 1880.

In the same year Dr. Murphy began the practice of medicine and surgery associated with Dr. Edward W. Lee, one of the attending surgeons at Cook County Hospital. From Sep-

tember, 1882, to April, 1884, he stuudied surgery in European hospitals. He married Miss Jeannette C. Plamondon in 1885. Mrs. Murphy has always taken the keenest interest in all of his scientific work and has been a great stimulus, as well as factor, in his undertakings.

His first teaching position was instructor in surgery in Rush Medical College in 1884. He next filled the position of professor of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1892. For two sessions he was professor of surgery and co-head of the department in Rush Medical College. For the last fourteen years, with the exception of the three years (1905-1908) at Rush, he has been head of the department of surgery at Northwestern University Medical School. For more than thirty years he has been attending and consulting surgeon at Alexian Brothers' Hospital, and is now consulting surgeon for that hospital, as well as for St. Joseph's Hospital, Columbus Hospital, and the Hospital for Crippled Children. He is now attending surgeon and chief of staff at Mercy Hospital.

In 1902, the University of Notre Dame gave him the Laetare medal. In 1905, the University of Illinois gave him the degree of LL.D.; in 1908, the University of Sheffield, Eng., the degree of D. Sc. The Degree of A. M. was conferred on him by St. Ignatius College. He is a life member of the Deutsche Gesellschaft fur Chirurgie, an honorary member of the Société Chirurgical de Paris, an honorary fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and a charter member of the American College of Surgeons. He has been president of the American Association of Railway Surgeons, the Chicago Medical Society, the American Medical Association, and the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.

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ROBERT E. PEARY

By Minnie Prey Knotts

FROM the frozen north, on a September day in 1909, came tidings which brought joy and satisfaction to the hearts of the American people. The wireless station at Indian Harbor flashed through the crisp Labrador air this message, "Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole."

Myths both curious and absurd, speculations savoring of the truth, and hopes held for centuries by nearly all civilized nations had given place to realization. The American flag floated over the coveted goal. An American had placed it there. Robert E. Peary says: "I have always been proud that I was born an American, but never so proud as when on that biting, sunlit Arctic day I saw the Stars and Stripes waving at the apex of the earth, and told myself that an American had set 'Old Glory' there. As I watched it fluttering in the crisp air of the Pole, I thought of the twenty-three years of my own life which had been spent in laboring toward that goal, and realized that at last I had made good; that I could now lay at the feet of my country a trophy which the greatest nations of the world had been struggling to attain for nearly four hundred years."

The price of victory is hardship and pain. This American had paid it in twenty-three years of struggle with cold and hunger, the blinding snow and light of the Arctic region, brute hard labor, and the awful uncertainty of the great, white, treacherous ice.

On the sixth of May, 1856, a son, Robert Edwin, was born to Charles N. and Mary (Wiley) Peary at Cresson, Pennsylvania. His ancestors were an old family of Maine lumbermen of French and Anglo-Saxon blood. One writer has said of him: "This ancestry explains the man, for he is a compound of fiery French imagination and icy Anglo-Saxon firmness. The former quality enabled him to see the vision of the unknown

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Very Sincerely
Robert E. Peary

northern point of the earth; the latter quality enabled him to reach it."

When Robert was only three years old his father died and his mother returned to Portland, Maine. Here he spent his youth. With woods and fields near at hand he became an explorer of the hills and forest. He was a steady shot and swam and rowed the "wild waters of Casco Bay." He was a natural boy, not precocious or unusual except that he was singularly thorough and persevering in what he attempted.

The saying that every great man had a great mother is almost proverbial and was true in Peary's case. Mary Wiley Peary was a wonderful mother. She went to college with her son and was his chum and most intimate, confidential friend. Perhaps it was this association which developed the unfailing consideration for others, the gentleness, and the patience which Peary's co-workers often mention as his chief characteristics. His helpers all agree in the sentiment expressed by one of them who said: "In all the years I have worked for Commander Peary I have never heard him speak an impatient word to any living thing."

He graduated at the age of twenty-one from Bowdoin College, ranking second in a class of fifty-one. After graduation he became a land surveyor and in 1879 was given a position in Washington on the Coast and Geodetic Survey. After two years of service he began energetic preparation for a competitive examination soon to be given by the navy department for the admission of civil engineers. Forty men took this examination but only four passed, and Robert E. Peary was the youngest of the four. He was appointed a member of the navy department with the rank of lieutenant.

During his first year's service he was asked to report on plans for a pier at Key West, Florida, which the contractors said could not be built at the estimated cost. He reported that it could be built for twenty-five thousand dollars less than the estimate and was instructed to build it. Though failure had been predicted he finished the work at a saving of thirty-thousand dollars below the first estimate.

He was then sent to Nicaragua as sub-chief of the Inter-

Oceanic Canal Survey. Here he acquired experience in dealing with half-civilized men and in taking care of himself in hostile environments, both of which were invaluable later on.

One evening, in 1885, while visiting an old book store in Washington he found a paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. He was intensely interested and read all he could on the subject. He was impressed by the conflicting experiences of the various explorers and felt that he must see for himself what the truth was of this mysterious place.

In 1886 he obtained a short leave of absence from the navy and went to Greenland. It was during this cruise Peary says, "I caught the Arctic fever, from which I have never recovered." Although his stay in Greenland was brief he succeeded in penetrating the real interior plateau farther than any white man had gone before. His report of the cruise attracted the attention of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and this organization paid a part of the expenses of a second trip in 1891-92.

In 1888 Robert E. Peary married Josephine Diebitsch of Washington, D. C., a woman wonderfully well adapted for the wife of an explorer. On his second voyage to Greenland, in 1891, Mrs. Peary accompanied him. Mr. Peary says: "Possessed of health, youth, energy and enthusiastic interest in the work, she saw no reason why she could not endure conditions and environment similar to those in which Danish wives in Greenland pass years of their lives. I concurred in this opinion, and believed that in many ways her presence and assistance would contribute to the valuable results of the expedition, as they were invaluable to me in the preparation. Events proved the entire correctness of this belief." Peary remained in Northern Greenland thirteen months during which time he made a twelve-hundred-mile sledge trip across the great ice cap, discovered Independence Bay, attained 81° 37′ North latitude, and determined the insularity of Greenland.

In 1893, Peary went north again and remained twenty-five months. Mrs. Peary accompanied him on this trip also, and during their sojourn in Greenland their eldest child was born, Marie Ahnighito, the famous "snow baby," the most north-

erly born of all white children. During this expedition he took a second twelve-hundred-mile sledge journey, made a thorough study of the Whale Sound natives, made a detailed survey of that region, and discovered the famous Cape-York meteorites, two of which he brought home with him.

The persistent question of money has been a serious handicap to Peary's work. He furnished most of it himself until the necessary amounts were beyond the savings of a naval officer's pay. The department could grant him leave of absence but not ships nor tons of food and other equipment. Most of the work of raising funds has been done by the explorer himself. When he still lacked a few thousand for the expedition of 1893 he took the lecture platform and delivered one hundred and sixty-eight lectures in ninety-six days, making about $13,000. The arctic region has not been his only field of hard work.

In 1896-97 Peary made another voyage to Greenland and brought back the greatest of the Cape-York meteorites, which was named Ahnighito. This meteorite weighs ninety tons and the transfer from its frozen bed to the hold of his ship, the *Hope*, was a piece of great engineering labor. The great mass now rests in the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Peary's next Northern expedition embraced the four years from 1898 to 1902. This journey was made chiefly for the attainment of the North Pole. It was the first expedition of the Peary Arctic Club, whose president, Morris K. Jessup, and others contributed a large amount of the necessary funds. Through the persistent effort of friends the Navy Department granted Peary a five years' leave of absence to carry out his plans. It was on this expedition that in January, 1899, both of Peary's feet were frozen and the amputation of seven toes was necessary.

In 1900 he discovered the northernmost land in the world and named it for the president of the Peary Arctic Club, Cape Morris K. Jessup. In 1901 he started for the Pole but was compelled to turn back on account of the poor condition of his men and dogs. In 1902 he started again, reaching 84° and

17′. But the worst ice he had ever encountered, together with heavy fogs and storms, prevented his reaching the goal on this trip. When he was compelled to turn back, three hundred and forty-three miles from the Pole, he wrote in his journal:

"The game is off. My dream of sixteen years is ended. I have made the best fight I knew. I believe it has been a good one. But I cannot accomplish the impossible."

In 1902 Peary came home but the game was not off. As he himself once said, "The true explorer does his work not for any hope of reward or honor, *but because the thing he has set himself to do is a part of his being.*"

For the expedition of 1905 contributions from many persons made it possible to have a boat built which would be better adapted to his needs than any he had used before. It was named the *Roosevelt* and was driven to Cape Sheridan 82° and 30′ North latitude, farther than any vessel had ever gone. From this point they pushed northward. More eager than ever to reach the goal, Peary wrote:

"At night I can hardly sleep waiting for the dogs to get rested sufficiently to start again. Then I think what will be the effect, if some insuperable obstacle, open water, absolutely impossible ice, or an enormous fall of snow knocks me out now? Will it break my heart or will it simply numb me into insensibility?"

A season of unusually violent winds broke the ice, separating Peary from his supporting parties with so small an amount of supplies that when almost within the reach of success it was necessary to retreat because of the peril of starvation. "After a heart-breaking fight with the ice, the open water and storms," he was obliged to turn back from 87° and 6′ North because his food supply would carry him no farther.

Then on their return came the "big lead" (a lane of open water), half a mile wide when they first saw it. Delayed for days and compelled to eat their dogs, it was with joy they at last found a coating of young ice extending across the lead — now two miles wide — which might bear them on snow shoes. If not now, never. They made the start, the ice undulated under their feet but the other side was gained. Turning they

saw a narrow, dark line of water dividing the frail ice they had just crossed. Peary had reached 87° and 6′, the "farthest North" of any one at that time. But he says, "The mere writing of a name a little higher up has never had any attraction for me. I could not be content without the full and final accomplishment of the work."

Preparations for an eighth and final expedition were merely a matter of finance. He had the ship, the men, the knowledge, and the experience — but Morris K. Jessup was dead. But Mrs. Jessup had not forgotten her husband's interest and sent a munificent check. Another friend of the cause gave ten thousand dollars and promised more should it be needed. At last an amount was secured which, economically and wisely spent, purchased the necessary supplies and equipment.

Peary was extremely fortunate in the personnel of this last and successful expedition, for in choosing the men he had the members of the previous expeditions to draw from. First, and most valuable of all, was Robert A. Bartlett, master of the *Roosevelt*. Matthew A. Henson, Peary's negro assistant, had been with him, in one capacity or another, since the trip to Nicaragua in 1887. He had accompanied Peary on all of his northern expeditions, except the first, in 1886, and almost without exception on each of the "farthest" sledge trips. Ross G. Marvin, of Cornell University, who had accompanied Peary before, went with him again as secretary and assistant. George A. Wardwell, the chief engineer, and Percy, the steward, had both accompanied Peary before. Dr. J. W. Goodsell, of New Kensington, Pennsylvania, was made surgeon, while Mr. Donald B. MacMillan, of Worcester Academy, and Mr. George Borup were added as members of the last expedition. To Captain Bartlett, Peary left the selection of his officers and men, with the single exception of the chief engineer.

On the afternoon of July 6, 1908, from the pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth Street, New York, the *Roosevelt* steamed North again on the last expedition. Cheers from the multitude who had gathered to see her off and the whistles of the boats, the power-houses, and the factories, made the air resound with an expression of good wishes. Just before

reaching the Stepping Stone Light, Mr. and Mrs. Peary, and members and guests of the Peary Arctic Club transferred to a tug and returned to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Peary rejoined the ship at Oyster Bay. They were accompanied on board by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The president inspected every part of the ship and shook hands with all aboard.

As he was going over the rail Peary said to him, "Mr. President, I shall put into this effort everything there is in me — *physical, mental, and moral.*"

The president replied: "I believe in you, Peary, and I believe in your success — if it is within the possibility of man."

At Sidney, Cape Breton, the ship filled with coal. Outside the harbor Mrs. Peary, the children and two or three friends were transferred to a tug.

On the west coast of Northern Greenland, midway between Kane Basin and Melville Bay, is a little oasis amid a wilderness of ice and snow. Here with animal and vegetable life in plenty a little tribe of Eskimos make their home. It is about two thousand miles from New York City, as the bird flies, and about six hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, or half way between that line and the Pole.

Here the *Roosevelt* picked up the little dwellers of the frigid zone who were to help in the struggle farther north. These people were Peary's friends. For eighteen years he had known them and was regarded by them as friend and benefactor. He had earned their gratitude by furnishing them supplies when starvation stared them in the face. He had left implements for hunting and utensils for work which made them better able to protect themselves against the rigors of the North.

Nearly three weeks were spent in the Cape York-Etah region in selecting Eskimos to accompany the expedition, and in purchasing dogs, furs, and other items of equipment. The "buying" was really bartering. Peary had lumber, knives, cooking utensils, matches, etc., which the Eskimos needed, and the Eskimos had dogs and supplies which Peary needed.

The members of the ship's party included at starting a total of twenty-two men. When Peary steamed out of Etah there

were on board twenty-two Eskimo men, seventeen women, ten children, two hundred and forty-six dogs, and forty-odd walrus. Two of the ship's party had been left in charge of a relief station. After struggle with the ice and violent winds in which the ship received some injury, the *Roosevelt* was forced into shallow water close to the delta point of the Sheridan River and near the place Peary had chosen for winter quarters on his previous trip. At once the transportation of supplies westward to Cape Columbia was begun. This work, alternated with hunting, occupied the time until November.

The winter months were occupied on board ship by making the equipment, clothing, harness, sledges, etc. During the moonlight period in each month, some time was spent hunting, taking observations, and carrying supplies to Cape Columbia.

On the last day of February, Bartlett got away from Cape Columbia due north over the frozen sea with his pioneer division.

On March first the remainder of the party followed the pioneer trail, with Peary leaving an hour later. The party now consisted of seven members of the expedition, seventeen Eskimos, one hundred and thirty-three dogs and nineteen sledges.

It was the plan to have Captain Bartlett's division pioneer the road and keep one day ahead of the main party. This division comprised Bartlett and three Eskimos with one sledge and team of dogs and carried their own gear and five days' supplies for the division.

The second division, Borup's, included himself and three Eskimos, four sledges and dog teams. He was to accompany Bartlett for three marches and cache his loads and one sledge where he left Bartlett on the line of march. Then he was to hurry back to Cape Columbia in one march with light sledges, reload and overtake the main party.

Without the system of relay parties it would be a physical impossibility for any man to reach the North Pole and return to tell the story: first, because a single division either large or

small could not possibly drag all the way to the Pole and back (nine hundred miles) the necessary amount of food and liquid fuel for men and dogs.

Second, divisions must succeed each other in the hard work of trail-breaking for the first two-thirds of the distance in order to save the strength of the main party for its final dash.

Third, when the supplies of one sledge after another have been consumed, the drivers of these sledges and the dogs are superfluous mouths to be fed from the scant supply being dragged northward.

Fourth, each division being a unit it can be withdrawn without affecting the main party; and

Fifth, at the very end, when the supporting parties have performed their important part of trail-breaking and carrying supplies, the main party, for the final dash, must be small and well selected, as a small party can travel much faster than a large one.

One of the important features of this plan is that the succession of returning parties keep the trail open for a rapid return of the main party.

The second day out the first real obstacle was met. When three-quarters of the march was made a dark, ominous cloud was observed on the northern horizon. This always means open water. Soon a lead appeared. There was nothing to do but camp. The necessary *igloos* were constructed and all went to rest. Very early the next morning the grinding of the ice indicated that the lead was crushing together and the party got away.

On the fourth day out Peary met an Eskimo with a note from Captain Bartlett saying that the captain was in camp about a mile farther on, held by open water. Pushing on, Peary soon reached the Bartlett camp and saw the unwelcome sight — a great, white expanse of ice cut by a river of inky black water, throwing off dense clouds of vapor. They were now forty-five miles north of Cape Columbia. One, two, three, four, five days they waited and still this river "Styx" spread before them.

The temperature had risen as high as minus 5°. Peary

paced back and forth, deploring the luck which prevented their progress when everything else was favorable. The lead continued to widen.

The Eskimos began to get nervous. Two of the older men came to Peary and complained of being sick. But he knew it was only an excuse and told them to go back to land as quickly as possible. On the tenth day the young (freshly frozen) ice began to appear on the lead, and on the eleventh they got away again. Sometimes the movement of the tide caused the ice to "rafter." The grinding, groaning, and creaking, as the pieces of ice crunched together often kept up all night — not a soothing lullaby.

Beyond the big lead one supporting party, under Dr. Goodsell, returned to land. They were accompanied by MacMillan who must turn back on account of a frosted heel.

Late that same afternoon there were rumblings and loud reports among the floes. Soon an active lead cut the path of the explorers. They followed it until they came to a place where there were many pieces of floating ice some fifty or one hundred feet across. They got the dogs and sledges from one piece to another, using the ice much as a pontoon bridge. As Borup was getting his team across, the dogs slipped and went into the water. Leaping forward, this young athlete stopped the sledge from following the dogs, and catching hold of the traces that fastened them to the sledge, he pulled them bodily out of the water. A man less quick and less muscular than Borup might have lost the whole team as well as the sledge laden with five hundred pounds of supplies, which, far out in that icy wilderness, were worth more than their weight in diamonds.

Five marches farther on, the second supporting party returned, under the leadership of Borup who had also frosted a heel. Captain Bartlett went to the front again with Henson's division. While the pioneer party marched, the main party slept, and vice versa.

After three more marches, Marvin, with the third supporting party, turned back, March twenty-sixth. After bidding

him good-bye, Peary's last words were, "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

On March 29th, the main party overtook Bartlett's camp close beside a wide lead. In order not to disturb Bartlett, the main party camped a hundred yards distant, made their *igloos* as quickly as possible, ate their supper and turned in.

All the next day they waited beside the open lead. On the second morning the temperature had gone down to minus 30°, with a bitter northwest wind. The lead was closed. They rushed across the ice and all day the whole party travelled together.

The next march was to be Bartlett's last before turning back, and he did his best. The wind blew strongly from the north, full in their faces, but they struggled against it with a degree of happiness, for it was closing the leads behind, which would make it easier for Bartlett on the back trail.

Peary and Bartlett walked together the last few miles. Bartlett was very sober and anxious to go farther. But the plan had been agreed upon and there were not sufficient supplies to increase the main party. The next morning Bartlett walked five or six miles north to make sure of reaching the 88th parallel. On his return he took an observation, getting 87° and 46′ and 49″, which showed that the continued north wind had drifted the ice south, thus robbing them of a few hard-earned miles.

Even with his five-mile march Bartlett had missed the 88th parallel by a short distance. Though Peary would have been glad to take Bartlett on with him it was impossible. It was necessary for a supporting party to return from this point. So April first Bartlett started south over the back trail.

Peary together with his negro assistant, Matt Henson, and four Eskimos were left one hundred and thirty-three nautical miles from the Pole. They had five sledges and forty splendid dogs and sufficient supplies for the calculated time. All were in good condition and ready for the final lap of the journey.

Peary selected Henson for his fellow traveler to the Pole itself because he had always accompanied the explorer to his "farthest North." In addition, Henson, with years of Arctic

experience, was almost as skilful as an Eskimo with dogs and sledges.

The two divisions now left pushed forward. Even the Eskimos were eager and interested. The weather was favorable, and on April fourth they travelled ten hours and twenty-five miles were covered.

The bitter wind burned their faces so they cracked. The Eskimos complained of their noses, which Peary had never heard them do before. At the camp, on April fifth, the party took more sleep than for several days. But before midnight of the fifth they started on the fifth march, which Peary had calculated in advance would bring them to the goal.

This last march ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April sixth. They went into camp and Peary made an observation which indicated their position as 89° and 57′. They were at the end of their long journey, yet, with the Pole actually in sight, Peary was too weary with the accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches to take the last few steps. As soon as the *igloos* were completed, dinner was eaten, the dogs double rationed, and Peary turned in. Weary though he was, he awoke a few hours later. The first thing he did on awaking was to write in his diary,

"The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

Then a light sledge was made ready, carrying only the instruments for an observation, a tin of pemmican and one or two skins. The party travelled an estimated distance of ten miles and secured a series of observations indicating that their position was beyond the Pole. During the last few hours they had passed from the eastern to the western hemisphere across the summit of the world. To reach camp they must go north again for a few miles and then south, though all the time travelling in the same direction.

There were some ceremonies connected with the arrival at their difficult destination. Five flags were planted at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag given by Mrs. Peary fifteen years before and worn by Peary wrapped

about his body on every one of his successive expeditions North. He had always left a fragment of it at his "farthest North" points.

The others were the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, of which he was a member while at Bowdoin College; the "World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace"; the Navy League flag; and the Red Cross flag.

After these flags had been planted, Peary told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with a will, and Peary shook hands with each member of the party. Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, Peary placed a glass bottle containing a strip of his flag and some records.

After thirty hours at the Pole, busy with marching, countermarching, making observations and records, they found themselves too restless to sleep, and at four o'clock on the afternoon of April seventh they turned their backs upon the camp at the North Pole. Often, in Arctic work, the return journey is more serious than the advance. The *vital* thing is to keep and use the outward trail. Tired as they were, they must reach land before the next full moon with its "spring" tides which would rift the ice with open leads.

Before starting South, Peary had a brief talk with his companions. The home journey was to be "big travel," "small sleep," and hustle every minute. They were going to try to cover two of the outward marches each day, with a halt and luncheon in the *igloos* of the old camp. If they could keep the trail they could do it; they need waste no time building *igloos*.

Straining every nerve, they pushed southward. Eighteen-hour marches, and hunting for the main trail in some places where the ice had faulted, were trying experiences, but Peary says he felt that they "were coming down the North Pole hill in great shape."

After being detained again near the Big Lead for a few hours they at last reached land. Peary thought his Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced until they fell in utter exhaustion. As one of them sank down on his sledge, he said,

"The Devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife or we should never have come back so easily."

At six o'clock on the morning of April twenty-third they reached the old *igloos* at Cape Columbia. They had made sixteen marches in covering the four hundred and thirteen miles from the Pole to Cape Columbia.

After two days at Cape Columbia and two forced marches of forty-five miles each they reached the *Roosevelt*. They were met by Captain Bartlett, who asked,

"Have you heard about poor Marvin?"

To the response of "No" the captain told them that Marvin had been drowned at the Big Lead while scouting ahead of his party and the Eskimos had returned without him. Peary says the news staggered him and killed the joy he felt at the sight of the ship and her captain.

Nature had kindly favored the journey homeward by good weather. The one disheartening feature was the one fatality of the expedition. Had it not been for the thought of the companion lying at the bottom of the dark, ice-covered Polar Sea, the satisfaction would have been complete.

After spending some time in tidal observations and erecting monuments in memory of Marvin and the discovery of the North Pole, on the eighteenth of July the *Roosevelt* left her winter quarters and started South. On August twenty-sixth they left the last of their faithful Eskimos at Cape York and the *Roosevelt* pointed her sharp, black nose toward home.

As for the faithful Eskimos, Peary left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with coffee, sugar, biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, and for the splendid four who stood beside him at the Pole a boat and tent each, to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend to the North Pole.

On September fifth the ship arrived at Indian Harbor on the Labrador Coast. The first dispatch that went over the wires was to Mrs. Peary.

On September twenty-first, as the *Roosevelt* neared the little town of Sidney, a white yacht approached her. It was

carrying Mrs. Peary and the children to meet the hero. Farther down the bay they met a flotilla of boats, gay with bunting and resounding with music. As they neared the city, the water front was alive with people cheering the *Roosevelt* as she came back, flying at her mast-head, beside the Stars and Stripes and the Ensign of their Canadian hosts, a flag which had never before entered any port in history, the North Pole flag.

What has the world gained by the discovery of the Poles? It marks the completion of man's conquest of the surface of the earth. The splendid series of ventures and voyages began with the first pushing out of the Phoenician navigators into the fearful terrors of the great Atlantic and the crossing of the equator where the sun's furnace heat was supposed to scorch men black. It has ended with the attainment of the North and South Poles.

Ended are the many strange conceptions of the shape and character of the world. The earth has been girdled from East to West and spanned from North to South. Through the quest of the Poles has come valuable scientific knowledge regarding the globe on which we live. Meteorology, geology, zoology and ethnology have all received benefit, and both magnetic and tidal phenomena are better understood.

The name of Robert Edwin Peary will forever stand among the most eminent discoverers. He gave twenty-three of the best years of his life to his work. He planned with the utmost care and thoroughness; every detail and contingency were anticipated and met. By painstaking care, unusual thoroughness, good judgment, and indomitable will he reached his goal.

He has received many marks of recognition for his discoveries. One, and perhaps the one he values most, was bestowed by his native land: a formal act of Congress tendering thanks for his Arctic explorations resulting in reaching the North Pole. Congress has also shown the honor of bestowing upon him the rank of Rear Admiral, with the retired pay of that grade.

The President of the French Republic bestowed upon him the Legion of Honor, with the rank of Grand Officer.

Among other recognitions, he has received special medals from the most important geographical societies of this country, including the Peary Arctic Club, and from the national and imperial geographic societies of England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Scotland, and Holland.

He has received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Bowdoin College and the Edinburgh University, and honorary membership in many scholastic and commercial societies.

Mrs. Morris K. Jessup presented to the American Museum of Natural History a bust of Rear Admiral Peary, which occupies a niche in Memorial Hall.

Discovery has not been the only field of labor of Robert E. Peary. His specialty in his earlier profession was ship canals and dry docks. He has to his credit the invention of the first practicable high lift lock gate for ship canals. Some engineers have credited Peary and Menocal with the conception and suggestion of the Panama Canal. These men were sent by the Navy Department to resurvey the Nicaraguan route. In their report, for the first time in a public print, is described and illustrated the type of canal now completed at Panama.

Although he has accomplished what would be a credit to any man's life work, Peary has not resigned his place in the world's work. He is now actively interested in the subject of Antarctic explorations by this country, and the broad phases of aeronautics. He believes the conquest of a new world — the atmosphere — which since the creation till now has remained sacred to the winds, the birds, and the lightning, is a great and wonderful thing.

He says it has a special interest for him "because almost simultaneously with my good fortune in closing a four-hundred-year book of history, 'The Conquest of the Pole,' the Wright brothers opened the pages of this new book, 'The Conquest of the Air,' the future chapters of which no one can begin to imagine."

Peary has been made an honorary member of the Aero Club of America. This club, with others, have felt the need of an aeronautical map of the world to be adopted internationally by

all nations and used as a foundation from which to develop national and local maps. The making of such a map has been under consideration by the Aero Club of America for some time and the club has recently appointed a committee, with Peary as chairman, to develop plans for its accomplishment.

Always interested in and urging big things, an optimist regarding the future of the country and scientific development, time alone can disclose what additional achievements may yet be credited to Robert Edwin Peary.

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Anna J. Pennybacker

MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER

By Grace Julian Clarke

WHEN the history of the modern woman movement comes to be written, a considerable portion of the work will be occupied with an account of the woman's club; for this has undoubtedly been the school where women have received a training absolutely essential to the intelligent performance of certain duties and responsibilities that are gradually being placed upon them — a stepping-stone, as it were, to a position of greater dignity and significance in the world's affairs. The object of the first clubs was self-improvement, not at all an unworthy motive when one considers the sex's previous environment and opportunities. The clubs of an earlier day served a great end. Women found that they could talk, and not simply gossip together. They talked and wrote papers. After years of consideration of such topics as "The Women of Ancient Greece and Rome," "Germanic Criminal Jurisprudence in the Middle Ages," etc., they began rather cautiously to take up modern themes, and to-day we find club programs delightfully suggestive of the life we are now living. Through club activities women also learned how to conduct public meetings, and how to differ from one another without giving or taking offense.

After awhile, the attention of the club women, long fixed on purely literary and cultural themes, was attracted to their own immediate surroundings, and they were frequently amazed and appalled at what they saw. It was, perhaps, the child that first drew the eyes of club women away from those more remote interests. Contemplating, in the light of their new knowledge, the needs of their own children, they were naturally led to consider the situation of "the other woman's" offspring. They began to demand the establishment of kindergartens, they looked into sanitary conditions of schoolhouses, the pay of teachers, and so on. Presently these club women were inspired to form parent-teacher associations,

which have gone on multiplying until they are now an important adjunct of our public school system. Through the influence of clubs libraries were multiplied; library commissions were established in many states; juvenile courts were instituted, with women probation officers; city art commissions were formed; pure milk stations and rest-rooms were opened; women were enlisted in the anti-tuberculosis and anti-child labor crusades; and factory conditions were studied.

But they did not altogether abandon their literary pursuits. They were still devoted to Shakespeare and Browning, but these subjects had to divide the time with civics, the needs of working women, etc. Jane Addams, in her address on *Women's Clubs and Public Policies*, has shown how really essential it was that the club women should go on that "gigantic quest for culture," because only thus could they have been prepared intelligently to handle the practical problems that were inevitably to present themselves a little later.

As with the individual club, so it was with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The law of evolution was never more beautifully illustrated than in the gradual development of this great national body. Beginning in 1889 with a handful of literary clubs, banded together for mutual helpfulness, the Federation has steadily grown until it now numbers in its membership more than a million women whose purposes are as inclusive as the interests of human society. Josiah Strong declares, "Except in the United States Congress I know of no body of men or women representing so much of intellect and heart, so much of culture and influence, and so many of the highest hopes and noblest possibilities of the American people, as the General Federation of Women's Clubs." To be the successful head of an organization so potential, with flourishing branches in every state in the Union and tendrils reaching into almost every community, presupposes qualities of head and heart possessed only by the exceptional woman. And such a woman is Anna J. H. Pennybacker.

The career of Mrs. Pennybacker demonstrates that she has reached her present proud position because she has had a *purpose in life*. She has believed with Robert Louis Steven-

son that we are "put here to do what service we can, for honor and not for hire," and she has bent herself to the task. Existence to her has not been a business to be transacted in an indifferent manner, but it has meant a great opportunity as well as a serious responsibility. Her first appearance at a Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs marked an epoch both for the organization and in her own life. This was in Los Angeles in 1902. As president of the Texas Federation the report she gave there of what the club women of her state had accomplished, her remarkable knowledge of parliamentary procedure, and an indescribable something characterized by Thomas Hardy as "that strange, suasive pull of personality" — all these combined to fix her in the consciousness of the delegates, more than one of whom then prophesied that she was destined to become president of the national body.

Born in Petersburg, Virginia, in 1861, of parents who were also natives of the Old Dominion, Anna J. H. Pennybacker's antecedents are all Southern. The first sentence from her lips reveals this fact, and there is something peculiarly fascinating to a Northerner in listening to the English language spoken by an educated native of the South. Her father, the Rev. John B. Hardwicke, like most ministers of the gospel of an earlier day, was prone to change his domicile frequently, and so we find the family, after leaving Virginia in 1864, residing successively in North Carolina, West Virginia, Kansas, and finally Texas. Mrs. Hardwicke was a woman of ability, possessing unusual charm of manner. She lived to rejoice in the distinction that came to her daughter, passing away in 1913. There is ample evidence that both Dr. Hardwicke, who died many years earlier, and his wife were persons of exceptional force of character.

It was the Kansas sojourn that probably determined the bent of our subject's career. Graduating at the Leavenworth Classical High School in 1878, when she was barely seventeen, she had already selected teaching as her vocation. This was chiefly due to the influence of the principal of the school, to whom Mrs. Pennybacker has more than once acknowledged

her indebtedness for having revealed to her what it meant to be a genuine teacher, the dignity that should pertain to the profession, the consecration and deep seriousness demanded therein.

Removing with her family to Texas in the following autumn, she spent a year under private tutors, and then took the competitive examinations for a scholarship in the Sam Houston Normal School, which had just opened at Huntsville. She not only gained the scholarship, but received the remarkable average of 100 per cent. This was because in this instance, as always, she put her whole heart into the task before her, paying no attention to anything else until this was out of the way. It is said that the news of this achievement preceded her to Huntsville, so that her arrival was looked forward to with keen interest. We are told also that her appearance created universal surprise, for "they had expected at least to see a dignified school-marm, whereas she, a slip of a girl of eighteen years and very small for her age, seemed a mere child. However, she lived up to the reputation she found awaiting her at the school, for she more than held her own, and when graduation day came she was one of two honor students."[1]

"A miracle of faithfulness" she has been called, and also "the story-book lady," both designations being truthful and apt, for her every achievement has followed conscientious and painstaking effort; and so the story of her life reads like a page from a good old-fashioned fairy tale where virtue is always appropriately rewarded.

One friendship formed at the Sam Houston Normal School was destined to have an important bearing on her subsequent life and to result in the greatest happiness that can come to a woman — happy wifehood and motherhood. It was there that she met Percy V. Pennybacker, a fellow student, and their engagement tinged with rose-color the next two years for both of them, years spent by her in teaching, first in Texas and then in Missouri, and by him in foreign study and travel. Returning to this country, Mr. Pennybacker became superin-

[1] Peter Molyneaux in *Texas Club Woman* for June, 1914.

tendent of schools in Tyler, Texas, Miss Hardwicke soon following to accept the principalship of the high school there. In Tyler were passed nine of the happiest and busiest years of her life, for in a few weeks after her arrival she became Mrs. Pennybacker; there her first child was born; there she wrote her *History of Texas*; and there she entered upon club work, a field in which she was to play so prominent and useful a part.

Women's clubs had existed in the United States for more than twenty years, but they were comparatively few in number and gave no promise of the power they were to wield during the next quarter-century. With fine vision, the young wife and teacher, with the encouragement of her husband, organized the first club in Tyler and one of the first in the state of Texas. This was in 1886, and four years later a city federation composed of seven clubs was formed, which has been the means of great educational, civic, and social helpfulness.

During these busy years, however, Mrs. Pennybacker found time to write her *History of Texas*, which is so graphically written as to challenge the attention and fire the enthusiasm of old as well as young, and which has been adopted as a textbook in the Texas public schools. It seems that a country school teacher, a guest in the Pennybacker home, having been much impressed by his hostess' manner of presenting the subject in the class-room, and realizing also the need of an adequate school history, first suggested the idea to her. He was warmly seconded by Professor Pennybacker, who was ever on the alert to encourage his wife's efforts, and so, after careful thought and considerable research, she undertook the task. It is pleasant to be assured that the spirit of intense patriotism manifest in the young people of Texas is attributed largely to the Pennybacker History, and also that the book has produced royalties that have placed the author and her little family in easy circumstances. No wonder the men, women and children of Tyler put on their best attire, culled out a holiday, and strewed flowers in her way, when Mrs. Pennybacker went back there in April, 1914, after an absence of

twenty years, to address the convention of the Third District of the Texas Federation of Clubs! Her reception was a significant tribute to the effect of her life in their midst, and proves that, after all, the good men do is not forgotten.

Mrs. Pennybacker's school teaching came to an end in 1894, when the family removed to Palestine, Texas, Professor Pennybacker having accepted the superintendency of schools there. She now gave more time to club work, the growing importance of which she clearly recognized. This was educational too, just as truly as was the profession of teaching, although its full scope was not yet comprehended. The death of her husband in 1899 withdrew her from outside interests for a time, but she soon realized the selfishness of giving herself up to grief. Three growing children looked to her for guidance, and through her determination to be to them both father and mother has come not only a sweet solace but an important part of her own education. A friend, after referring to the singularly fortunate circumstances of Mrs. Pennybacker's domestic life, says:

"Her husband — himself one of the great pioneer educational forces of the state — saw to it that she had the needed encouragement in keeping true to the onward course of her own development during the consuming years of her early married life, when her children and her home-making were her first care and threatened to swamp all outside interests."

The fact that she had been accustomed to a genuine companionship with her husband in all the affairs of life, while it added a certain pang to the separation, yet must have armed her with a strength and sense of power that rendered her double duties less difficult than would otherwise have been the case. The following year, in order to give her children better educational advantages and also to look after her business interests, she moved to Austin, where the family has since resided, her home being a center of intellectual and social life distinguished by generous hospitality, elegance, and simplicity.

Elected to the presidency of the Texas Federation of Clubs in 1901, her incumbency was a period of unprecedented activity and splendid accomplishment. An endowed scholarship

of three thousand dollars in the State University, by means of which ambitious young women may equip themselves for teaching or other work, the erection of a beautiful and commodious Woman's Building at the University, the passage of a poll-tax measure greatly increasing the educational fund — these are some of the things which are attributed to the Texas club women under her leadership. Her fame as the author of the Pennybacker History had by this time made her name a household word throughout the state, so that as she went on her official rounds visiting clubs she was everywhere greeted by grateful admirers. In 1904, at the St. Louis Biennial, she first became officially connected with the General Federation, being elected treasurer. Two years later, at St. Paul, she asked to be relieved, but was persuaded to accept the auditorship, her practical business sense being considered of inestimable value to the organization. In 1908 began a period of ill health, during which she went abroad with her children for two years. Her first public appearance after her return to this country was at the Council of the General Federation in Memphis in April, 1911, where she spoke on the subject of the proposed endowment for the Federation, which had been decided upon at the Cincinnati Biennial the year before.

The selection of Mrs. Pennyacker to take the lead in securing this fund of one hundred thousand dollars was a natural one, in view of her achievements in Texas. As an officer for four years in close touch with the finances of the General Federation, she well knew the great need of increased revenues in order to carry on the growing activities of the several departments of work. Her speech at Memphis marked a milestone in the history of the General Federation. From that time on the endowment appeared no idle dream, but an assured fact. To those who had never heard Mrs. Pennybacker the speech was especially electrical, for she has the gift of oratory to a remarkable degree, with an imagination and fervor that reach the heart and move to action. Slight of stature, but with great dignity of bearing, she has a voice of singular melody and persuasiveness. The endowment would

not seem to be a subject calculated to enkindle eloquence, but as the speaker proceeded there were tears in the eyes of nearly all who listened. They saw little children in mills and factories, for whom life was poisoned at its spring; they saw young girls hounded to destruction by the White Slave octopus; they saw homes ruined by intemperance and want due to ignorance and unjust social conditions; they were also impressed anew with the noble efforts of club women all over the country to remedy these evils, and with the fact that much more might be accomplished if they but had the money needed to push the work. It is impossible to tell just how it was, but somehow as she spoke they felt that the women of the General Federation were a "chosen people" to whom the call had come to render a more valuable service than they had ever before performed, and that the only way to do this was to procure the endowment. No wonder it was the universal verdict that if Mrs. Pennybacker could visit every state the amount would soon be secured: no wonder that when she made her appeal in Texas, the entire quota of that state's apportionment, two thousand dollars, was raised in twenty minutes!

But this little embodiment of zeal and determination could not go in person to every part of our country. So she carefully planned a nation-wide campaign, naming an assistant in each state, and a considerable amount was in hand when, at the San Francisco Biennial of 1912, the prophecy made at Los Angeles ten years before was fulfilled and this favorite daughter of Texas was elected president of the General Federation. Her life since that time has been a constant round of travel, letter-writing, and speech-making. She has journeyed more than thirty thousand miles and spoken in thirty-seven states (in some of them several times), besides addressing many men's organizations of various kinds.

One result of Mrs. Pennybacker's visits to so many clubs and federations has been the unprecedented growth of the national organization, more than twice as many clubs having been admitted during the past two years as in any previous biennial period. Another tribute to her gifts of leadership

was shown in the spirit of the Chicago Biennial Convention of 1914, a certain feeling of confidence that prevailed, and an assurance of absolutely fair play. This was particularly manifest in the treatment of the Equal Suffrage Resolution. Two years before it was held that such a resolution was not germane to the business of the Federation — this out of deference to the conservative element which was supposed to be particularly strong in the Southern states. Mrs. Pennybacker comes from the South, and many of her warmest friends and most ardent supporters were bitterly opposed to the resolution. Knowing this, she yet gave her word early in the proceedings that no resolution coming in an orderly way before the house would be suppressed, and suffrage was overwhelmingly endorsed. Her gifts as a presiding officer are most unusual. Ever on the alert, tactful and courteous, she diffuses an atmosphere of ease, freedom and confidence, at the same time maintaining perfect order, while a certain tender relationship is established between her and every individual delegate. There is nothing short of genius in this.

One secret of her power is the habit formed early in life and strengthened by association with her husband of ever doing the duty nearest without fretting about results. She thus wastes neither time nor energy, and each day is a unit of accomplishment. Add to this the fact that she has indomitable will, great patience and perseverance, and an abiding assurance that the thing she is doing is tremendously worth while, and her character and career stand revealed.

The completion of the endowment of one hundred thousand dollars at the Chicago Biennial, which was the most dramatic scene of the entire convention, and in which Mrs. Pennybacker played so telling a part, marks the entrance on an era of increased activity in all departments of the General Federation. This means more traveling art exhibits, more instruction in Home Economics, fresh activity in civic improvement, civil service reform and conservation, better industrial and social conditions, more widespread and intelligent interest in public health. In a word, it means *education.*

As president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs,

Mrs. Pennybacker, whose life-work has been teaching, is at the head of one of the most far-reaching educational enterprises in the world to-day. It is an enterprise of steadily growing power, too, for women are enrolling in clubs in greater numbers year by year. In their organized capacity they have been aptly styled "an army whose presence is in itself a guarantee of a happy future for the land in which we dwell." As general-in-chief of this vast army of peace Anna J. H. Pennybacker has shown herself fully equal to the situation, with a keen and comprehensive grasp of the ends in view, a firm confidence in the character and integrity of the hosts behind her, and an unshakable faith in the ultimate success of the campaign in which they are engaged.

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James Whitcomb Riley

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

By Anna Nicholas

HE was a discerning man who declared that a poet is born, not made. James Whitcomb Riley is a distinguished illustration of the truth of the saying, for he is emphatically not a poet of the schools, though many of his productions are of classic beauty and perfection.

James Whitcomb Riley was born to sing. Where he was born, literally, and when, have an interest beyond that of mere statistics, because environment and conditions often explain the drift of a writer's mind.

Biographical dictionaries have fixed 1853 as the date of his birth, but people who have known him long dispute in idle moments the correctness of the date, some insisting that he opened his eyes on the world three or four years earlier. As it is, because of the poet's whim not to satisfy curiosity on this point — he lightly turning the subject when it is mentioned — 1853 will probably stand in the books. Nor is the uncertainty important, for what are a few years more or less "When the heart beats young"? And Mr. Riley's heart is young and will be so always. Unkind time has interfered with his physical activity in recent days, but the alert mind, wise with its accumulations of life's experiences, is ready to forget its knowledge and to be one with the children; to believe, with them, in the pixy people; he is ready to put himself in the place of the youngsters who listened, wide-eyed, to *Orphant Annie*, who admired *Noey Bixler*, who delighted in *Our Hired Man*, and *Uncle Sidney* who told fairy tales and believed them. He has within him the deathless spirit of the child — greatest gift of the gods. What he once wrote of another can be truly said of him:

"Turn any chapters that we will,
Read any page, in sooth,
We find his glad heart owning still
The freshness of his youth."

The place of the poet's birth was Greenfield, Indiana — a thriving little city now, but back in the mid-century it must have been a typical country village. The little flaxen haired, barefooted youngster, absorbed with the sports of childhood, did not give much promise then of his later career, but back to that life the inspiration of many of his poems can be traced. Did he have Greenfield in mind when he wrote of Griggsby's Station, "Back where we used to be so happy and so pore"? Did he mean Greenfield when he wrote, "The little town of Tailholt is good enough fer me"?

It was there that he knew the delights "along the banks of Deer Creek"; there that he went "up and down the Brandywine"; from there that he went *Out to Old Aunt Mary's.* Again and again his childhood is recalled:

"When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh
In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by."

The simple life of the little town, prosaic as it may have seemed to others, was rich in its poetic suggestions to him, as time proved, but how did he come by his genius? Who knows? Perhaps his mother was a dreamer of dreams. His portrait of her, in the story of the *Old Home Folks*, hints as much:

"The boy prone on the floor above a book
Of pictures, with a rapt, ecstatic look —
Even as the mother's, by the selfsame spell
Is lifted, with a light ineffable —
As though her senses caught no mortal cry
But heard, instead, some poem going by."

Or it may be that his stern lawyer-father, of whom the children of the family stood rather in awe, had a vein of sentiment and an emotional life back of his practical, sedate outward seeming that descended to and found expression in his son. The higher gifts to man come by ways that are mysterious and dim to mortal sense. It is enough to say that his heritage on both sides of his family is good. He comes of sound American stock.

Mr. Riley spent his boyhood and young manhood in Green-

field, following the pursuits common to the youth of the town, finding companionship in his two brothers and two sisters — only one of whom, a sister, beside himself now survives of the family — and among the boys who appear in the verse of his later years; attending school and indulging in the pranks and practices known to all village youngsters.

This freckle-faced, fair-haired lad was by no means a model pupil in school, but was what a modern teacher would class as a "problem." Yet, even then, his peculiar characteristics were manifesting themselves. He was shy, sensitive, self-conscious, lacking certain qualities that people call "practical," as skill in mathematics and an adaptability to routine; and possessing some traits that people did not understand and shook their heads over — a disposition to dream and idle the days away and an unconquerable distaste for the fixed school "system" of his day. His taste was for variety, for dipping into books here and there, for reading more interesting literature than text-books, for wandering at will

"Where over the meadow, in sunshine and shadow,
The meadow larks trill and the bumble bees drone."

Echoes come down from that by-gone time which indicate that he was something of a trial to his teachers, who did not comprehend that this child mind that would not be interested in the lesson of the text-book was feeling its way to more important things and storing up a folk lore and absorbing nature's secrets that were afterward transmuted into song and story by the alembic of his fancy.

For all of his boy companions he must have been a lonely little fellow, certainly one who took few into his confidence. His mother was sympathetic and comprehending, but she died while he was yet a child and no one ever took her place. To that mother he has paid many a tender tribute in his verse. Of her he says:

"O rarely soft the touches of her hands,
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands."

But this boy of many gifts, stumbling his way as best he

could along the road to manhood, and finding it sometimes a difficult and bewildering path, found in one teacher an appreciative friend. Mr. Lee O. Harris, a teacher for many years, was of a type none too common in the educational field at any time. He was a man of fine quality, with a love for literature and a poetic ability of his own that no doubt made him the quicker to discover signs of intellectual promise in others. At all events, he was discerning enough to see that young Riley could not be pressed into the same mold into which his companions fitted, and was wise enough to allow him much latitude in his school pursuits. He proved to be "guide, philosopher and friend" to the lad and in later years a valued companion. Riley no doubt gained much inspiration from him.

But after all it matters comparatively little to impressible, intelligent youth what schools teach if home influences are of an intellectual sort. Mr. Riley was reared in a reading family; his father had good books about and his son James Whitcomb read them.

Another educational influence was the village newspaper office, whose fascinations were early discovered and about which he loved to linger. A country newspaper is an excellent school and it was perhaps in the dingy office that his first literary ambition was born.

Though he developed a writing and rhyming knack early, he was, after all, slow in "finding himself." Perhaps he did not even dream of writing rhymes as a serious and remunerative occupation — a life work. He was expected to settle down like other young men to a regular calling, but the routine of office or shop was not for him and he made various ventures in other directions — a trip with a company of strolling players, another with a traveling doctor for whom he painted signs and advertisements, and a tour as a sign painter with a partner or two being the chief undertakings.

One reason for these wanderings was the verdict of the family doctor that he ought to be out of doors a good deal because of his poor health. He had tried reading law with his father, but the undertaking soon came to an end. He had a distinct

talent for painting or drawing and thought of being a portrait painter, his experiments in that line being on the back of wall paper, which he bought for the purpose. Then he descended in the artistic scale and learned ornamental sign painting from an old German.

These travels which were in the company of young men like himself, of good habits and good family, continued for several years. They widened his acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, and his insight into character and his quick eye for originality in others must have caused to be etched upon his memory many of the portraits afterwards presented to the public and to fame. It was perhaps on those journeys that he met that native son of whom he says:

"He's stove up some with the rheumatiz,
An' they haint no shine on them shoes o' his,
And his hair haint cut — but his eyeteeth is:
Old John Henry."

Some time on his travels he met Jap Miller. Of Jap he writes:

"He'll talk you down on tariff; er he'll talk you down on tax,
And prove the pore man pays 'em all — and them's about the facs! —
Religion, law, er politics, prize fightin' er baseball —
Jes tech Jap up a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all."

Somewhere along, too, he came to know the rural philosophers personified in "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone," behind whose name Mr. Riley stood when *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* were first given to the public — a kindly soul whom he salutes thus:

"Lo! Steadfast and serene,
In patient pause between
The seen and the unseen,
What gentle zephyrs fan
Your silken silver hair, —
And what diviner air
Breathes round you like a prayer,
Old Man!"

In the course of his ramblings over Indiana his propensity to write asserted itself and he found his way to country newspaper offices. With at least two of these, one an Anderson and the other a Kokomo paper, he established more than casual relations, forming lasting friendships with the editors and contributing many of his earliest productions to their columns. In them he first tried his poetical wings.

It was when he began to contribute to the Indianapolis *Journal*, however, that his literary career really began. The *Journal*, an old well-established paper, had always given more or less attention to matters not strictly of a news character and was especially hospitable to writers of the state. On its staff at that time were several men who were keenly appreciative of literary merit and quick to discern originality.

Mr. Riley's offerings, some of them in dialect, received hearty welcome and began to appear with great frequency. They soon aroused much interest and led to inquiries from the *Journal's* readers concerning the new writer. These patrons were largely of a class ready to appreciate literary talent, while the weekly *Journal*, made up from the daily edition, circulated widely in the country districts of the state and gave the people there their first acquaintance with a poet whom they could understand and who seemed to speak for them.

Meanwhile, Mr. Riley himself was a frequent visitor to the *Journal* office, coming over from his home in Greenfield and before many months taking up his residence in Indianapolis, which city has since been his permanent home and with which he is closely identified. He made the *Journal* office his headquarters, and from that time, in the middle seventies, until 1904 when the *Journal* was sold and was merged with *The Star*, a desk there was assigned to his use and there he wrote perhaps the greater number of his poems.

But he was not a methodical "regular" worker. He was never one of the authors of whom it is related that they produce a certain number of words each day and accomplish the task at fixed hours. He wrote when the spirit moved him, when the inspiration came. He fell into the ways of the morning newspaper and formed a habit of dropping into its

editorial rooms at midnight and later, sometimes finding the late hours a favorable time for writing. Once he came after twelve o'clock with a bit of manuscript in his hand.

"I want this printed in the morning," he said.

"But Riley," said the editor in charge, running his eye over the lines, "the poem's all right and we'll use it, but it's too late to get it in in the morning. We'll use it next day."

"It can't be too late. You've got more news to set and you can set this. I had gone to bed and this thing got into my head and I had to get up and write it or I couldn't have slept. I want to see it in type."

"But the editorial page where such things go is already made up," objected the editor.

"I don't care where it goes. Put it on the market page or among the advertisements."

The editor did as he was asked. The poem was *The Song of the Bullet.* What inspired the lines in that time of peace he does not himself know. It might have been accounted for had it been produced at the time of the writing of this sketch, when all America stands aghast at the sudden transformation of Europe into a battlefield. The poem expresses in a wonderful way, both by its thought and form, the swift speeding of the murderous missile:

"It whizzed and whistled along the blurred
And red-blent ranks; and it nicked the star
Of an epaulet, as it snarled the word—
War!

"On it sped — and the lifted wrist
Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight
Dropped at his side as the word was hissed —
Hate!

"On went the missile — smoothed the blue
Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof,
Cooing, soft as a dove might do —
Love!

"Sang on! — sang on! — sang hate — sang war —
Sang love, in sooth, till it needs must cease,
Hushed in the heart it was questing for, —
Peace!"

When Mr. Riley began to write for the *Journal* his productions were of a more ambitious sort than the light jingles he had been accustomed to turn out for the country papers or for recitation from the tail of the advertising wagon as it stopped in the little towns and the gay young firm of sign painters sang or played flute or fiddle or otherwise made merry in order to draw a crowd. He once said that he was really obliged to write things to recite; what he found in print was not natural or human enough. Some of the poems now best known were written in these early days of his Indianapolis life. Besides his frequent poems in the *Journal*, he contributed to the weekly *Mirror*, published in Indianapolis, his *Flying Islands of the Night* appearing there — a rather weird composition, but wonderfully imaginative and original. Its merit and peculiar quality have perhaps never been generally appreciated. At the same time he bombarded Eastern magazines with his offerings, but for a long time to no effect. His work being out of the ordinary and the dialect verses, at least, unconventional, the editors, after the manner of their kind, regarded the contributions with distrust and promptly rejected them. His first recognition came from the *Century Magazine*, whose associate editor, Robert Underwood Johnson, himself a native Indianian, doubtless recognized the accuracy of the speech and the character drawing of Riley's metrical folk lore. After that the pages of the *Century* were always open to him.

Mr. Riley made many contributions to the *Journal* before he mustered courage to ask for remuneration or before it occurred to the editor that he was entitled to it by reason of the merit of his offerings. Finally illumination came to the editorial mind and to-day there exists a list of poems for which a lump sum was paid to the author. The list includes some of his most familiar and now famous verses, but what was paid for them is the author's own secret, for no memorandum is made on the list and the ledger recording it has long since vanished.

Then it was proposed that Mr. Riley join the *Journal* editorial staff at a fixed salary, which he did. His duties were

not well defined, but it was then that he wrote the Benjamin F. Johnson series, *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems*, one appearing each week in company with a letter purporting to be written by Johnson, an illiterate but intelligent old farmer with a strong vein of sentiment. This feature of the paper attracted much attention and the identity of the author quickly became known. This series was afterwards published in a dainty booklet form and copies of the first edition of this first Riley book are now much prized. He has been heard to say that the sight of none of the later editions of his books, including his "complete works," ever gave him the thrill of pleasure that this supplied.

Meanwhile Mr. Riley's personal acquaintance extended rapidly among appreciative people. There is always a group of clever men about a newspaper and Indianapolis newspaper circles at that time included several of more than common ability. It was soon found that Mr. Riley had more talents than that of writing verse — that he was witty, full of a dry humor and possessed of an inimitable gift for story telling or reciting — in short, that he was a delightfully entertaining companion. It thus came about that he was made welcome in various circles. One of these was what might be called an informal club made up of a group of men who fell into the habit of dropping in, usually in the forenoons, to the private office of John C. New, then owner and publisher of the *Journal*, where they held confab on all topics under the sun, humorous or serious, as the mood took them. It was rather a notable group. Mr. New, a keen-witted, clear-headed, widely-read man, was at that time prominent in public life and afterwards held several high government offices, including that of treasurer of the United States. Among other members was the Rev. Myron W. Reed, a Presbyterian pastor of the city, a brilliant and gifted man, afterwards of national reputation; William Pinckney Fishback, one of the leading lawyers of the state and noted for his intellectual ability and caustic wit; Elijah W. Halford, editor of the *Journal* and afterwards President Harrison's private secretary. General Harrison himself, afterward President, occasionally joined the circle.

These casual meetings were usually punctuated with hilarious laughter that caused passersby to look in with wonder. One of the means of entertainment was the writing of rhymes. Some one — tradition has it Mr. Riley himself — arranged a reel with a roll of paper on which attendants at the "club" jotted down verses from time to time, as the spirit moved them, and these were read at the meetings — poetry by the yard — to the accompaniment of great applause.

Mr. Riley's first venture on the platform was a three months' experimental tour through Indiana under the direction of George C. Hitt, a member of the *Journal's* publishing staff and now a prominent business man of Indianapolis. Mr. Hitt's faith in the future of the poet helped to give the latter's confidence in himself a needed stimulus, for he was disposed to be doubtful of his own powers. The tour established the fact that as an interpreter of the common heart, not only as writer but as speaker, he was a genius. From that time his fame grew and he was in demand outside of his state, delighting his audiences and establishing a reputation as poet and character delineator that speedily became nation-wide. His few ventures into prose show that he might have excelled in fiction or essay writing, but he found such work irksome and soon abandoned it.

His recognition in the Eastern states came more slowly than elsewhere, but when finally given it was generous and enthusiastic. He became a great favorite in Boston and always drew large audiences from the most exclusive intellectual circles.

His first appearance in New York City was at an authors' reading given for some special cause. Many distinguished writers, including William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Richard Watson Gilder were on the program. An authors' reading is usually a dull affair, writers seldom being good speakers, and the great audience grew restless and weary. Riley was last on the program, he was unknown and people were indifferent and impatient to be gone. But he proved to be the star of the occasion. Quickly it was seen that here was something new and original, that here was an

artist. Wave upon wave of applause followed his recitation of a dialect poem — a character sketch in verse — and late as it was encores were demanded. Newspapers next morning gave him much praise and his fame was firmly established in the literary and artistic world.

He continued to appear in platform work for ten years or more, part of the time in company with "Bill" Nye, but chiefly alone. He was very successful, always drawing big houses, but the life was distasteful to him. He disliked to travel, and as soon as his finances permitted he withdrew from the platform and for the past ten years or more has appeared only on special occasions, usually in Indianapolis.

In outward incident his life has been uneventful. He made one trip abroad — a short visit to England years ago — and has seldom left Indianapolis save for brief journeys since his professional tours ended. He never married, but a pleasant home in the household of the widow of a Civil War veteran, a lady of much culture and refinement, and a host of friends of all ages and conditions keep him from loneliness.

His life to the onlooker seems an ideal one for a literary man, with full honors and recognition bestowed upon him while yet living, respected and loved by the people among whom he lives, adored by children, his writings cherished by people everywhere, he goes his way serenely, with a hopeful outlook on this life and the next.

For what Mr. Riley has spoken in his writings is an expression of his real self. The humor, the optimism, the tender sentiment, the sympathetic appreciation of all human experiences, the wise and kindly philosophy, the faith in eternal goodness, that characterize his printed utterances are significant of the man as he is best known. High-minded, sweet-souled, with an insight into the hearts of his fellow men that has enabled him to meet them in all their moods, he has gone his way through life bringing smiles and cheer and comfort to a multitude whom he has never known, as well as to those of his immediate circle, because he has spoken from his heart

to theirs. He gives his own philosophy when he says in homely language:

"It haint no use to grumble and complain —
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice."

And he speaks with sincerity when he writes:

"No depth of agony but feels
Some fragment of abiding trust —
Whatever death unlocks or seals,
The mute Beyond is just."

It is a religious soul that speaks in the farewell to a friend who has passed to the "Onward Trail that leads beyond our earthly hail":

"So, never parting word nor cry:
We feel, with him, that by and by
Our onward trails will meet, and then
Merge and be ever one again."

This is not the place for an estimate of Mr. Riley's verse, but whatever verdict the future may place on it, it will remain true that he spoke for the inarticulate and put into words their hopes and dreams, their aspirations, their longings and their beliefs — that he is the poet of the people.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

servative in the truest sense of that word, demanding law and order that is compatible with reason and progress, making our nation an evolving organism, not a stationary machine which neither learns from its mistakes, nor profits from its successes. As a conservative, he is the embodiment of the spirit of our institutions, interpreting them through the light of social progress.

As a practical politician Theodore Roosevelt is no recluse attempting to apply cobweb speculations or academic theories to practical life; but a shrewd man of affairs seeking to control men by the knowledge he has acquired in coming in contact with them. Hence of all the men in public life throughout the world there is none more successful than Theodore Roosevelt, none whom the future has a brighter promise for, none whom our nation can more safely engage in the solution of its problems of statesmanship in the years to come.

Where we find a man so eminent in achievement, so endowed in qualification, it is well to search his biography to find, if possible, the causes that make him what he is in so far as it is possible to ascertain such facts in the lives of men.

Little more than half a century ago (October 27, 1858), in the city of New York, Theodore Roosevelt was born of Dutch parentage. He was carefully reared, but suffered the loss of his father before he reached maturity. As a child, he was weakly, and for that reason was not educated in the public schools. From his infancy he was handicapped with a defect of eyesight, and had to forego many of the sports of childhood. But at an early age, seeing the absolute necessity of a sound physique in order to have a healthful mind, he became active in athletics and has kept up this interest throughout his life. In acquiring habits he seemed to have known by instinct what would hamper him and what would help him in acquiring that mental and physical development necessary to carry out his ambition in life.

After completing his preparatory education in private schools and with tutors, Mr. Roosevelt went to Harvard University, and later was graduated from that institution. Naturally one would think that a man of his extraordinary ability

would distinguish himself in college, but such was not the case. He is not a product of our educational system, and, no doubt, he was more or less a misfit in Harvard University, for he did not and could not enter into its life to any vital extent. Probably its greatest advantage to him was his acquaintance with its students, and the opportunity it gave him of studying life.

Mr. Roosevelt, unlike most ambitious men, did not, after quitting college, take up any of the learned professions. He leisurely set about his life work in a way peculiar to himself. Something like an instinct in the lives of young men of ability pushes them out and takes them abroad in the world. We have all read of the delightful wanderings of Benjamin Franklin; have wondered why it was that Lincoln left his native state, thinking that some experience in his boyhood instinctively had told him that he was not suited to the environment in which he lived. It was some such longing as this, rather than an adventurous spirit, that led Theodore Roosevelt to take up life on our western plains as a cowboy. His years of "roughing it" developed his physique, making him one of the hardiest men of his generation.

After several years in the West he went back to New York City and at the early age of twenty-four was nominated for the General Assembly. Mr. Roosevelt was in a district where a young man of high and noble ideas was just the man through whom one political machine could defeat another. Generally such novices are used only as a forlorn hope. At this time Mr. Roosevelt was in a position similar to that of Mr. Lincoln when he was running for the nomination for the presidency. It was then that the notorious politician, Norman R. Judd, uninvited, became Mr. Lincoln's political manager; and as Lincoln dropped Judd conveniently so Roosevelt gently dismissed his manager. The lesson Mr. Roosevelt learned in this campaign was a key to his subsequent political success.

As his career began, so it continued — always opposed by the most corrupt politicians; yet in the end defeating them. His rise was not meteoric, but like that of the stars in the night. He sometimes met with failure and ate the bread of

politicians — disappointment. From 1889 to 1895 he was a member of the United States Civil Service Commission; from 1895 to 1897 president of the New York Board of Police Commissioners; in 1897 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy — all of which positions he filled with great efficiency. While in the Navy Department he secured from Congress a large appropriation for target practice which made the navy ready for effective service during the Spanish-American War. Thus Theodore Roosevelt, more than any other man, contributed to the success of this war; and no man profited more by it; for at its close he was chosen by the republicans as the one man who could be elected governor of New York. At the beginning of the war he resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and organized the First Volunteer Cavalry, known as the Rough Riders. Realizing his own ignorance of military tactics, Mr. Roosevelt wisely insisted that Leonard Wood be the colonel of the regiment, while he took the position of lieutenant-colonel; but as in politics so in war, Roosevelt rapidly learned the game. He fought the battles of Las Guasimas, June 24, 1898, and San Juan Hill, July 1, and on July 8, Wood having been promoted to brigadier-general, he was appointed colonel.

Of all war literature none is more interesting than Mr. Roosevelt's account of his actual fighting in the field. As a soldier he "made good" in the sense that politicians use that term. He was the most advertised man in the United States. He came back from the Spanish-American War much as Napoleon returned from Egypt; and from that day to this he has occupied more space in the papers than any other man in the United States.

In the fall of 1898 he was elected governor of New York, opposed by the politicians, but favored by the people. As governor he was singularly successful and showed the masterly political tact that crowned him with success in after years.

At the National Convention of the Republican Party in 1900, Mr. Roosevelt was one of its most conspicuous figures, and not a few men of his party advocated his nomination for the presidency. But it was said that he was untried, too

young. These are the arguments that politicians use to defeat efficient men. Not only that, but this was the occasion to bury Mr. Roosevelt so that he would not bother them in the future. A nice grave was prepared for him in the vice-presidency and he was prevailed upon to accept it.

On March 4, 1901, he was inaugurated Vice-president; and on September 14, 1901, through the assassination of President McKinley, he became president. It was at this time that Mr. Roosevelt displayed his true greatness in that he once more went to school, and, instead of outlining some foolhardy policy, took up the policies of Mr. McKinley and made them his own, thus endearing himself not only to the people of the United States but to the very politicians themselves.

In 1904 Mr. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States by an extraordinary majority. Then began his career as a constructive statesman. Not a virtue did he possess that did not show itself; and he is even now, while yet alive, credited with being one of the greatest presidents our country has ever had.

Mr. Roosevelt's administration accomplished many noteworthy things. In regard to labor there is to his credit the Employers' Liability Act, the Safety Appliance Act, regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor, the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the settlement of the coal strike in 1902. Commerce is indebted to him for the Hepburn-Dolliver Railroad Act, the National Irrigation Act, the acquisition of the Canal Zone, the assurance of the ultimate completion of the canal, and the keeping of the door of China open to American commerce. Scientific advancement is recognized in the enactment of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, Federal meat inspection, extension of the forest reserve, the inauguration of the movement for the conservation of natural resources, and the inauguration of the movement for the improvement of the conditions of country life. Good government owes to him the development of civil self-government in our insular possessions, the settlement of the Alaska Boundary Dispute, the reorganization of the consular service, the government's victory in the Northern Securities

Decision, the conviction of post-office grafters and public-land thieves, the direct investigation and prosecutions of the Sugar Trust customs fraud, the prosecution of suits against the Standard Oil and Tobacco Companies and other corporations for the violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the reduction of the interest-bearing debt of the United States by more than $90,000,000. One of Mr. Roosevelt's conspicuous achievements is what he did towards making our nation a world-power. During his administration our navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased its efficiency through systematic organization.

But in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's reputation as a man of war the world has no greater advocate of peace, as is evidenced by the second Cuban intervention, resulting in Cuba's being restored to the Cubans; by his bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth; by avoiding during his administration the pitfalls created by the stress on the Pacific Coast due to the Japanese embroilment, and his negotiation of twenty-four treaties of general arbitration.

But what has made Mr. Roosevelt most hated by the politicians and most loved by the people was his determined opposition to corrupt politics. First, corporations were forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds; and second, he opposed the spoils system and advocated Civil Service Reform. Some of the policies that Mr. Roosevelt stood for but failed to realize are: reform of the banking and currency system, inheritance tax, income tax, passage of a new Employers' Liability Act to meet the objections raised by the Supreme Court of the United States; postal savings-banks, parcels post, revision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, legislation to remedy the evils of corporations, the Child Labor Act and many other progressive measures now taken up by his opponents.

When Mr. Roosevelt's four years as chief magistrate were over, he stepped down, and took a well-earned vacation in the most sensational hunting expedition recorded in all history — a trip through the interior of Africa. Instead of conquering the human race as did Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, men

to whom he is likened by his enemies, this man satisfied the element of adventure in his nature by hunting "big game" for scientific purposes. This exhibition of his fondness for manly sport and adventure has endeared him to thousands of Americans who care little for his literary and political pursuits.

When Mr. Roosevelt came back to the United States, he found that many of the measures which he had stood for had been discarded in his absence by the new leaders of the Republican Party, the "Standpatters."

At the same time there had arisen a group of republicans who were known as the "Insurgents." These men believed in progressive principles and were the forerunners of the Progressive Party. The doctrine of insurgency extended throughout the United States, but it needed some man to crystallize it into definite form. Although, in 1904, he had declared his intention never again to run for the office, Mr. Roosevelt at last felt it his duty to become a candidate for the presidency and so announced himself in February, 1912.

During the selection of delegates to the National Convention it was seen that the National Committee was determined to nominate Mr. Taft. More than a majority of the duly accredited delegates went to the Chicago Convention instructed for Mr. Roosevelt but the National Committee which was to pass upon all contested delegates threw out enough Roosevelt delegates to nominate Taft. Everything was done that could be done to get the National Committee to be fair; but it was determined to nominate Mr. Taft, no matter how, or what the result. It was not thought that there was sufficient virtue in American politics to resent this political outrage; but old politicians as the National Committeemen were, they did not know the heart of the American people. Heretofore, in all parties, regardless of unfairness, when the wrong was once accomplished, it was deemed good politics to acquiesce, to support the party, and to vote the straight ticket. But a new day had dawned, the day of good citizenship and of the application of common honesty to politics.

Many compromises were offered the Insurgents, but none that would not leave the wrong unrighted. The one thing the

Standpatters could not understand was that Mr. Roosevelt was not fighting for office, but for principle. As a result the National Committee of the Republican Party was solely to blame for the disruption that followed. Had the Committee been reorganized on progressive principles, the wrong would have been righted within the party and a new party would not have been organized.

The thing that has made Mr. Roosevelt most famous and that in all probability will be considered his greatest achievement, was his unalterable resolution at the Chicago Convention not to surrender principle for policy, not to compromise integrity for office, not to let partisanship stand above citizenship. Following the Republican National Convention, Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues organized the Progressive Party and when the people of the United States had an opportunity to express themselves at the fall election, they vindicated this action by making the Progressive Party second in the nation.

In this brief biography of Theodore Roosevelt a thorough analysis of his character is impossible; but to let pass the opportunity of mentioning his greatest qualities would be an unpardonable omission. His physical bravery appeals to all men — friend and enemy alike. He faced without flinching the bullet of the cowardly assassin and the charge of the wounded lion. His intellectual honesty in meeting the great problems of the age in fearless discussion, in refuting hoary fallacies that brought denunciation from reactionaries in high places is worthy the highest appreciation. Yet these qualities are small in comparison with his moral courage. He is the uncompromising champion of the "*square deal.*" Great in physical bravery, admirable in intellectual honesty, sublime in moral courage, Theodore Roosevelt is the typical American and our greatest living statesman!

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ELIHU ROOT

ELIHU ROOT

By Albert William Macy

As a rule those lives are most inspiring in which success has been won in spite of the handicap of poverty. An exception must be made in the case of Elihu Root, however. He has never, even in childhood, felt the sting of poverty; yet his life is interesting in the extreme, and full of inspiration for the student. He has never been driven by necessity, and his path is one of his own choosing; but his life has always been, and is to-day, an unceasing round of hard work. Endowed with great intellectual powers, he was never content, even as a boy in school, to drift with the tide, but chose rather to seek out difficulties and conquer them. This characteristic has remained with him through life, and a finer example can hardly be found of eminent success won by persistent effort.

Elihu Root was born in the village of Clinton, Oneida county, New York, February 15, 1845. His father was Oren Root, for many years a professor in Hamilton College, located at Clinton. His mother was a daughter of Major H. G. Buttrick. The house in which Elihu was born stood upon the college campus, and belonged to his maternal grandfather, Major Buttrick.

When Elihu was very young his father removed with his family to Seneca Falls, New York, where he became the principal of an academy. He remained there but a few years, however, and in 1850, when Elihu was five years old, he returned with his family to Clinton, to take the chair of mathematics and astronomy in Hamilton College.

Professor Root was not only a good mathematical scholar, but a lover of nature as well; a combination rather unusual. In the rear of his home was a ravine, not extensive, but rough and irregular, and altogether a romantic spot. He added to the grounds, and constructed a sort of wild garden, which became quite a noted feature in the community. After his death

one of his fellow professors wrote of him: "We shall think of Professor Root as a hero who wreathed the sword of severe science with the myrtle of natural history. He was not the less a mathematician because he loved to be where he could hear the pulse of nature throb."

Thus Elihu Root's childhood was spent in a delightful, scholarly atmosphere. He inherited strong intellectual tendencies, and everything contributed to strengthen them.

At fifteen he entered Hamilton College as a freshman, and graduated four years later, with the class of 1864. His college career was uneventful. It was simply a case of hard work from start to finish. College pranks did not appeal to him as they do to most boys; and anyway he was too busy. At one time during his junior year there was some trouble with the faculty, and the majority of his classmates rebelled against the college authorities. He may have sympathized with them to some extent, but as his father was a member of the faculty he felt in duty bound to remain loyal to the authorities. Besides, he did not feel that he had any time to spare. While those in rebellion were suspended for some weeks, and thus lost considerable valuable time, Root kept on with his studies. He won first prize in mathematics and was valedictorian of his class.

College curriculums in those days were not as broad and as comprehensive as they are now, and Mr. Root's work in college was confined principally to the classics and mathematics. Nevertheless, these afforded him an excellent basis for acquiring an education that was to be of the highest service to him in after years. Moreover, his college training was a very potent factor in forming his character and in shaping his course in life; and this, after all, is the highest and most important function of a college or university. Elihu Root's career in college is worthy of the study of any young man or woman who wishes to get the best out of his or her college life and experience.

College boys may always be depended upon to provide appropriate (or inappropriate) nicknames for professors and students who have any marked peculiarities, and the Roots

did not escape. In this instance the real name itself afforded too good an opportunity to be passed by. The professor was always known among the boys as "Cube Root," and Elihu as "Square Root."

It was the professor's earnest desire that his son should follow in the paternal footsteps, and become a teacher. At first it seemed as if the wish were to be gratified; for immediately upon graduation Elihu secured the position of principal of the academy at Rome, New York. The administrative duties of this position were not very arduous, and much of his time was devoted to teaching mathematics and the classics. His work as a teacher was distinguished by the same earnestness and thoroughness which had characterized his career in college, and as a result the pupils made good advancement under his direction. He could not have been a hard master, however, for it is recorded that he was very popular with the students.

After teaching one year he abandoned the teaching profession, to his father's great disappointment, and never afterward returned to it. For a long time he had had it in mind to enter upon the study of law, and to make the legal profession his vocation. This cannot be wondered at, for to a mind like his, earnest and thorough-going by both nature and training, the legal profession has strong and peculiar attractions. While he enjoyed teaching he felt that the law would afford him a far wider field of usefulness.

While making preparations to enter upon a law course in New York City, his father, wishing to be helpful, offered to supply him with letters of introduction to a number of people of influence living in the metropolis. "No," the son answered, "I am starting out to do this thing myself. I am going to make my own friends without any family pull. I want to find out whether I am a man or a mouse." If the father had any feeling of resentment at being rebuffed for his well-meant kindness, it must have been dispelled by admiration for his son's grit and determination.

Thus Elihu Root entered upon the study of law at the age of twenty-one in the University Law School of the City of

New York. He went at it hammer and tongs, bringing to bear the same earnestness of purpose and the same intense application that had characterized his career in Hamilton College. At the end of the first year most of his fellow law students went to the bar for their examinations, as they were entitled to do. Mr. Root, although as well prepared as any of them, and, doubtless, much better than most, decided to complete the full course before taking the examination. This was in accord with his ruling doctrine of thorough preparation in everything he undertook. He remained another year devoting himself especially to the underlying principles of law, thus laying a solid foundation for his future success. He graduated in law in 1867, and was at once admitted to the bar.

It is proverbial that young lawyers, unless they possess some special advantages, have to go through a period of semi-starvation, or something nearly akin to it, before they can succeed in establishing themselves on a paying or even a living basis. Elihu Root, however, escaped this distressing experience. He succeeded from the start, and his rise in the profession was really phenomenal. At twenty-five, only three years after his graduation from law school, he had established a good practice in New York City. By the time he was thirty he had secured a large corporation business, and was looked upon as a leader at the New York bar. This success was due to sheer ability and hard work, for nearly all the cases he handled were local in character, and not such as would bring him fame, or even a great degree of notoriety.

For a good many years Mr. Root pursued the course of a plodding, hard-working lawyer. It was not until 1883 that he attained anything like prominence in public life. In that year President Arthur appointed him United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. This office he held for two years, and it is unnecessary to state that he made a vigorous prosecutor. He gave his whole attention to the business in hand, and it is safe to say that the Empire State has had few, if any, more capable officials in her service.

On the expiration of his term as District Attorney, Mr. Root returned to regular practice, and for the next fourteen years

devoted himself to it with his customary diligence. Many large corporations engaged his services, and his counsel and advice were sought concerning many important cases.

In 1899, at the close of the Spanish-American War, President McKinley invited Elihu Root to become Secretary of War. The War Department was badly in need of some one who could take hold with a vigorous hand, clean out a lot of incompetents, institute some radical reforms, and place the department on a new basis, with efficiency as the ruling idea. Many people were surprised that a civilian should be appointed to the war portfolio. "Why," they said; "he is a mere theorist; he never smelled gunpowder in his life!"

But McKinley had acted neither hastily nor blindly. He was satisfied that he had found the right man, and it was not long until people generally acknowledged the wisdom of his choice. The new Secretary plunged at once into the work of the department, giving it his whole attention. He encountered much opposition, especially from military men, many of whom would rather see him fail than have their pet theories overthrown. Affairs within the department were in great disorder, and there was bitter rivalry between some of the bureau chiefs. By strict discipline, and by the application of civil service rules, he soon brought order out of chaos. He prepared a plan for the reorganization of the army and submitted it to Congress. It met with violent opposition, and was defeated. At the next session of Congress Mr. Root brought it forward again, and this time it was adopted. On being complimented for his perseverance, he said, "I took the army for my client, that's all."

A great deal remained to be done in the way of settling up affairs after the Spanish-American War. As a result of the war a new element had been introduced into American politics, that of territorial expansion; and as a feature of this question there was in the Philippines an insurrection of no mean proportions that must be suppressed. In conjunction with General Leonard Wood Secretary Root made the arrangements for the transfer of Cuba back to the Cubans. Under his direction, also, an army of seventy thousand men

was placed in the Philippines, and the rebellion was put down after hard campaigning and considerable loss of life.

Mr. Root's greatest achievement in connection with the Philippines, however, was providing a form of government for the islands. When it became necessary to promulgate a plan of government, he was ready. His famous "Instructions" to the Philippine Commission, says one writer, in reality comprised a constitution, a judicial code, and a system of law and statutes. So perfect were they that Congress adopted them in their entirety. What the ultimate outcome of the "expansion" policy may be no one knows; but certain it is that our unexpected and quite unpremeditated possession of the Philippines has proved a blessing to those far-off islands. That the Philippine question, puzzling and troublesome though it is, has been handled so successfully thus far, is in very large measure due to the wisdom and foresight of Secretary Root.

In 1903 Mr. Root was a member of the joint commission to settle the dispute between Canada and the United States concerning the boundary between Canada and Alaska. This question had been pending for some time, and in 1898 a joint high commission to adjust various questions at issue between the United States and Canada had been disrupted by disagreement over this very question of the Alaskan boundary. This new commission, made up of eminent American and British jurists, met in London, and rendered a decision in favor of the United States. In the negotiations Mr. Root was an earnest advocate of the claims of the United States, and it is hardly too much to say that it was chiefly due to him that a decision favorable to this country was secured.

In August, 1903, Mr. Root resigned his position as Secretary of War, the resignation to take effect January 1, 1904. On the last-named date he retired once more from public life, and resumed his private practice. He was allowed to continue it, however, only a little more than a year. On the death of John Hay, Secretary of State, President Roosevelt sent for Root and informed him that he had been selected as Hay's successor. It is said that during the interview not a word was said by either concerning politics or money matters. No condi-

tions were imposed or required. Root accepted the place, though it was at a great financial sacrifice. The cabinet position paid a salary of eight thousand dollars a year, while at his law practice he was earning many times that amount.

It is as Secretary of State that Mr. Root it best known to the general public. While as District Attorney, as a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, and as Secretary of War he had rendered excellent service, as Secretary of State he found a much larger field for the exercise of his abilities as a constructive statesman. While the Department was in excellent shape when he took charge, many very important questions came up for solution during his incumbency of the office.

One of the most perplexing questions that every administration has to deal with is that of the consular service. For many years the service had been used as a sort of hospital for broken-down politicians. A movement for reform had been started some ten or twelve years before, and while it had made some progress, a great deal yet remained to be done before the consular service could be placed on a footing of efficiency. Secretary Root gave the movement a new impetus by drawing up and enforcing strict executive regulations governing appointments and promotions. A strong effort was made to break up the practice of appointing to the service job-seekers who claimed rewards for political work, ex-congressmen whose main desire was to keep in touch with the government pay-roll, and other patriots whose chief qualification was persistency in seeking office. As far as possible, appointments were made from the ranks of younger men who had prepared themselves by study and investigation to be efficient public servants abroad. There was a distinct improvement all along the line in the consular service, and respect for the United States among other countries rose correspondingly. Not only so, but the United States began to get some real service from its consular representatives abroad.

During his three and a half years as Secretary of State, Mr. Root negotiated on behalf of the United States seventy-five treaties with foreign governments. This is the highest record of achievement of any incumbent of the office. Perhaps the

most important of these were the twenty-four arbitration treaties, with as many foreign governments, which provide that when differences arise between any two of the contracting states, they shall be referred to the Hague Tribunal for arbitration.

Very memorable in the annals of the State Department was a visit made by Secretary Root to Central and South American countries in the summer of 1906. There was a definite and very important object in this trip, and he went as the personal representative of President Roosevelt. For many years there had been a growing apprehension among the Pan-American countries that some day the United States would enter upon an era of expansion, and that when this day came it would be an evil one for them. The recent occurrences in Cuba and in the Philippines had greatly increased this apprehension, and there was a growing danger of serious interference with our political and commercial relations with those countries. It was to correct this misapprehension, and to set the Pan-American Republics right in their attitude toward the United States, that Mr. Root made the journey. It was unlike any other mission that had ever been undertaken. In many ways it was a more important mission than has been undertaken by any American citizen, before or since. As may readily be imagined, it would be no easy matter to eradicate the deep-rooted prejudices of half a century.

Mr. Root adopted a policy that was in perfect accord with his nature and with his past life: that of telling the South American people the exact truth in plain words. He did this in his first speech, before the Third Conference of South American Republics, at Rio Janeiro, July 31, 1906. The clearness of his statements, and the earnestness with which he made them, convinced his auditors of his sincerity and won their hearts. After that it was a sort of triumphal progress. He met the rulers of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Peru in their own capitals. Everywhere he disclaimed any purpose on the part of the United States to encroach on their domains. Our desire, he told them, is to extend and cultivate amicable political and trade relations with all Pan-American countries. His

policy of truth-telling won the day, and from that time till the present our relations with those countries, both political and commercial, have been increasingly satisfactory.

Scarcely more than a month after Mr. Root left the State Department, in 1908, he was elected United States Senator from New York, being the unanimous choice of the representatives of his party in the General Assembly of the state. As a United States Senator, of course, he is not so much of a national figure as he was as a member of the President's cabinet. Nevertheless, he occupies a high rank as a member of "the greatest deliberative body on earth." In the judgment of many, he is the greatest intellectual force in the Senate today. Although at present his party is in the minority, he is held in the highest esteem by his political opponents, and his counsel and advice are sought on all important national questions.

In this recital of Elihu Root's life and services many important things have been touched but lightly, and some have not even been mentioned. Enough has been said, however, to give emphasis to Mr. Root's dominant characteristics: his inlectual superiority, his capacity for hard work, his honesty, and his purity of character. A few words touching his personality in some other respects may be added.

Mr. Root is always cool and collected, and never loses control of himself. Some think him cold-hearted, but that is a mistake. He often performs a kindly service in his own simple way. He is cautious by nature, and never acts until sure of his ground; but when he has made up his mind and sets out to do a thing, he does it speedily and correctly. He is not only a hard worker himself, but he is also a great stimulus to others. He has high ideals — ideals of a type which through hard work can be realized, not those of the impractical visionary.

Many honors have been showered upon Elihu Root. The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon him by various institutions, as follows: Hamilton College, 1894; Yale University, 1900; Columbia University, 1904; New York University, 1904; Williams College, 1905; Princeton University, 1906; and Harvard University, 1907. In 1913 Oxford Univer-

sity (England) conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The greatest honor of all, however, came to him in December, 1913, when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1912, in recognition of his service in behalf of peace and arbitration.

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Courtesy Aime Dupont, N. Y.

Anna Howard Shaw

ANNA HOWARD SHAW

By Lucy E. Anthony

A YOUNG girl fainted while giving her first recitation at school — fainted from stage fright. When she recovered, her teacher wanted her to go home, but Anna Howard Shaw insisted on going back to complete her recitation, saying that if she failed to finish it then she would never again be able to recite anything. This child developed a genius for public speaking and oratory, and an infinite capacity for work, which, coupled with her native longing for liberty, and a sense of justice inherited from her great-grandmother, Nicolas Stott, united in making of her a worker, speaker, and orator of recognized ability in the various reforms to which she has given her life.

Anna Howard Shaw was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, February 14, 1847. When she was very young her family emigrated to the United States, making the journey in a sailing vessel. When a week out at sea the ship was wrecked and towed back to Queenstown port where it remained many days for repairs. During this time she visited Spike Island, where there was a great prison and where she saw prisoners forced to dip water from the sea on one side of the island, carry it across and empty it into the ocean on the other side. Long afterwards when she became interested in prisoners, this example came back to her as her first conscious lesson of the inefficiency of the government in dealing with its criminals, and the useless waste of the energy and strength of human beings.

After reaching this country she attended public school at Lawrence, Massachusetts, until she was twelve years old, when the family moved to Michigan, making the journey mostly by wagon. At first they lived in a little log house which the father and brothers had built before the arrival of the others, chopping down the great primeval pines, oaks, and bird's-eye maples for space for the hut. Miss Shaw remembers the despair which overcame her mother when she reached this place,

as her imagination had failed to picture anything so lonesome, so primitive, and so isolated from everything which meant education and civilization. She seemed stunned and sat by the side of the cabin with her face in her hands and did not move for hours. The children were afraid and awed and Miss Shaw says that something of life which she never regained went out of their mother from that time. When the night began to come on, the howling of the wolves and other wild animals aroused her to the sense of danger to her children. Then the mother spirit asserted itself and deadened the bitterness and loneliness and despair which had for the time overcome the woman. It was this experience which gave Miss Shaw her keen appreciation of what pioneer women suffer and enabled her later to express in her lectures such sympathy with their hardships and privations.

In this primitive life the little girl grew up in freedom, working out of doors, fishing, gathering wild fruits, loving trees and animals, and with such recreations and games as came through the initiative of herself and little brother. Encounters with wild animals and Indians gave courage and opportunity for testing the mettle of the children. Meantime a longing for knowledge was asserting itself. Some old copies of the New York *Independent*, with which the mother, trying to make the home neat and cosy, had papered the walls of their log cabin, fed this longing. There were political speeches in those papers, great thundering orations such as were made in those troubled days before the War, and full of history. It was a wasteful manner of learning history, perhaps, but it gave a grip on the knowledge which she has never lost. By the time Anna was fifteen years old there were sufficient people in the community to demand a school, and she passed an examination which permitted her to become the teacher, at a salary of two dollars a week and "board round." As this was the first school in the township, there was no appropriation for even this small salary until it was voted to take it from the dog tax; so the salary was not paid until after the dog tax was collected.

Her gift for public speaking and her spirit of freedom be-

gan to show themselves very soon and her eloquence and native ability attracted the attention of the presiding elder of the district conference of the Methodist Church of which she became, upon her conversion, a member. The elder startled and frightened her one day by telling her that he wanted her to preach the conference sermon in his district. She told him she never had preached and never could. He was ambitious for her and wished her to get started in this field as yet almost untried by women. She prayed over it all night long and in the morning answered that she would do it, and that is how in 1873 Anna Howard Shaw decided to work and study to become a minister. She felt timid after having promised to preach and did not tell any one until two or three days before the time, and then she told her sister, who was shocked and distressed and begged her not to do it, as she felt that she was disgracing herself.

All of the members of her family disapproved of her course and begged her to change her mind and not dishonor them. It was a dreadful feeling to have to do what she believed to be right, while all of her family were against her, and it made the ordeal a very hard one. When she did preach, she remembers, she trembled so that the oil shook in the lamps on the desk. The presiding elder continued to push her forward because he wished to have the credit of ordaining the first woman preacher in the Methodist Church, and finally the time came when she must preach in her home town. This was the hardest place of all, because before her conversion she had been a ringleader among the young people in all sorts of frolic and mischief, and they could not believe that she was in earnest. No member of her family attended church on the day that she preached in her home town. After she had preached in each of the thirty-two districts over which the elder presided she applied for a preacher's license. Every minister of the thirty-two present voted that she should have a license to preach, and this was renewed every year for eight years.

She then attended a Methodist College, where, being a licensed preacher, she had free tuition. Before she entered, the president engaged her in a long conversation and at its close

handed her a paper passing her for the whole college course in American history, having gleaned from his conversation with her that she knew all that a written examination would call for. Her reading and study of the New York *Independent* had been the chief source of her knowledge.

In 1875 she entered the theological department of Boston University, and was the only woman in a class of forty-two young men. Although at the end of the college course she passed an excellent examination, she was refused ordination by the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference on account of her sex. She appealed to the General Conference of the same Church, which was then in session at Cincinnati, and the action of the lower Conference in refusing to ordain her was sustained. Later she appealed to the New York Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church and was the first woman ordained in that denomination. After her application was sent in to this Conference she was summoned for an interview. After she had been questioned she was asked to retire. She waited in the hall for awhile, thinking it would take them about ten minutes — but they argued her case for two whole days. She was recalled and questioned as to what she believed Paul meant when he said, "Wives, obey your husbands." She said that if he did mean what he said that it did not apply to her because she had no husband to obey. They parried by saying that she might have. She replied that they were right and that consequently if they believed what Paul said the only thing they could do was to ordain her; because she might have a husband who would command her to preach, and she could not obey him unless they ordained her.

She held pastorates in Hingham, Dennis and East Dennis, Massachusetts. She was the first ordained woman to preach in Denmark, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Hungary, Italy, and Norway. It is a most remarkable fact that, while in Norway women had full parliamentary franchise, they could not be ordained as ministers nor speak in the pulpits of the State Church; but as a result of the agitation on account of Miss Shaw's preaching there, the question was taken up by the gov-

ernment, which has since granted them the right to occupy the pulpits of the State Church.

In 1901 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon her by the Kansas City University, a college of the same denomination as the church conference which ordained her.

Her family continued for many years to feel that she disgraced them, but when she was chosen to preach the sermon on Woman's Day at the time of the meeting of the great International Council of Women at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, her father was present and no parent was ever more proud than was Thomas Shaw of "my little Anna."

Miss Shaw supplemented her theological degree by one in medicine at the Boston University, and some of her friends feel that she should have taken a degree in one more profession, that of law. All of her remarkable powers of argument, logic, and oratory would have found expression in this profession where all of her abilities might have concentrated.

While practicing her professions as minister and doctor of medicine she became convinced there was little opportunity for women to attain their noblest state until they had financial and political freedom. Considering these the most important reforms, she resigned her pastorate, gave up the practice of medicine, and from that moment she has worked and lectured and given her life to these reforms. This decision may have been in part the result of an inheritance from her great-grandmother, Nicolas Stott, who was a Unitarian and would not willingly pay tithes to the Church of England but sat on the steps of her home each year while the tax collector sold some article of household furniture with which to pay this unjust demand. Miss Shaw's highest ambition for the women of the United States, and of the world, has been that they might be free to express themselves by the only means through which citizens in a representative republic may express themselves; that is, through the ballot.

In 1892 she was elected vice-president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and in 1904 became the president, which office she now holds. She is chairman of the

Committee on Suffrage and Rights of Citizenship in the International Council of Women, the largest and most important organization of women in the world.

From her first meeting with Miss Susan B. Anthony, she was one of her closest and most trusted friends. They traveled in many campaigns together, Miss Shaw always taking upon herself the hardest part of the work and shielding Miss Anthony in every possible manner. Miss Shaw said of her at a gathering: "I believe that if the principles which she advocates, the ideals for which she stands were embodied in all womanhood we would have a motherhood diviner than any this world has ever known, a motherhood such as God had in his thought when he created woman to be the mother of the race." As Miss Anthony grew less able to stand the fatigue of a long speech she would often abruptly call on Miss Shaw to finish it for her. The unity of thought between them made this easily possible.

All during her life Miss Shaw had had a craving for a home of her own. As a young teacher she had taught and "boarded round"; when she was older she became an itinerant preacher and "boarded round"; when she became a public lecturer on Temperance, Woman Suffrage, and kindred reforms, she lectured and "boarded round." After much saving and economy, however, it became her good fortune to have a home of her own and she is very grateful and happy. While her work takes her away much of the time, the thought of having a restful home to return to makes her work less fatiguing.

She loves trees and has a pine grove of nearly two hundred trees, most of which she planted herself. When returning from abroad the greatest treasure she brings from the old country will be some pines, daisies, or ivy, and on the voyage no steward or porter is allowed to carry this precious package for her. Returning from her trip to Hungary in 1913 she brought eighteen young cedar trees from the Hy Tatra mountains and they are now flourishing in the grove which she calls her Forest of Arden.

Young people are very fond of her and know no greater pleasure than listening to her stories of her experiences while

living in the new West, while preaching on Cape Cod, or of her travels. One occasion in particular comes to the mind of the writer of this sketch. Miss Shaw was in the drawing room of The Deanery at Bryn Mawr College with the great open fire as the only light, and grouped about the room in such an artistic picture as can be made only by young free spirits, the students who were invited to spend the evening in this informal manner, listened with sympathetic laughter and tears to her stories of infinite variety.

One summer at Chautauqua there was a young man who was particularly fond of making people feel uncomfortable. One day after he had centered the attention of every one on her he said, "Miss Shaw, we have been discussing the reason why some women wear their hair short, and as I knew so sensible a woman as yourself would not do it without a very good reason, I want to ask you why you wear your hair short." Miss Shaw told him that his question greatly embarrassed her, that it was one over which she was very sensitive, but that as he had asked her she would tell him: "It is a birth mark — I was born with short hair." Needless to say, the tables were so turned on the young man that he was the butt of his own joke for many a day.

Few of her speeches are recorded because she always speaks without notes and few reporters or stenographers can go at her pace — for while she speaks most distinctly she speaks very rapidly.

She has lived to see political equality achieved in a sufficient number of states to make the question of such importance that political parties in those states vie with each other in the passage of good laws for the home and in the interests of women and children.

Had Miss Shaw chosen to use for personal gain her wonderful gifts she might have achieved great financial independence and even wealth for herself, but she has given her service and used her talents for the uplift of women and of humanity. She seems to have found the secret of keeping interest and vitality of life in the abandonment of her whole being to the accomplishment of a great and unselfish purpose.

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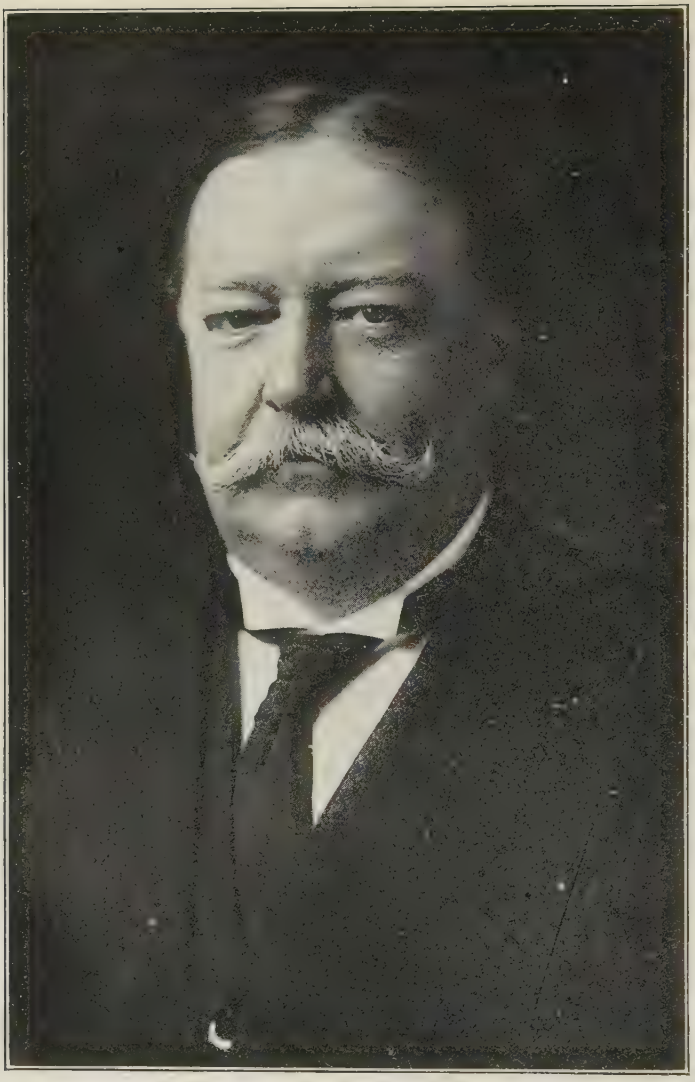

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Sincerely Yours

Wm. H. Taft

July 22 1914.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

By Luther Albertus Brewer

IN times when reforms are vigorously agitated and insistently demanded, feverish dreams are apt to assume the lineaments of true ideals. How fortunate, therefore, is the nation, in that in days of stress and storm it has in its public life a man who has a settled reputation as one of the greatest constitutional lawyers, a man widely conversant with its territory, its varied populations, and its domestic and international situations. When economic conditions are unsettled and the people restless, statesmanship does not always readjust itself to the changing situation. Too often it lags in the rear, giving opportunity to the wilderness prophets to air their vagaries and to suggest experiments, all to the bewilderment of the public mind.

The nation even now is bearing tribute to William Howard Taft that at a time when ideals were in eclipse and action was demanded he valiantly exalted the ideals of statesmanship and of conservative progress and made his administration a reign of law. The basis of statesmanship is the interpretation of law in the light of the country's growth and the people's aspirations. President Taft so administered the affairs of his office as to inspire confidence in the legality of all his acts.

He is not a politician in any interpretation of the term. On this all are agreed. History will confirm the statement here made, that no occupant of the presidential chair has a clearer claim to the title statesman than has he.

With the pseudo-reformer, who is but the wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking personal aggrandizement, Mr. Taft has no patience. His distinction between the statesman and the radical reformer, as expressed in an address at Baltimore in March, 1914, will long remain in the memory of thoughtful people:

"I am far from saying that a statesman may not strongly sympathize with the general purpose of the enthusiasts, may

not clearly see the real abuse and wrong and evil which these leaders of the crusades are picturing to the people, and may not take part in the initiation and carrying on of that movement; but generally it will be found that the statesman moderates his expressions, sees the practical difficulties and does not imitate the fury of the eloquence of those with whose work he sympathizes."

Here Mr. Taft stands forth, not as a reactionary, but as a safe and sane progressive. In this he is in accord with the mass of his fellow countrymen.

And from even a cursory glance at the history of his forebears, we should expect to find in Mr. Taft these qualities of statesmanship, of reverence for law, of conservative progress in all things that pertain to the welfare of our nation and its people. His ancestry through both parents goes back to the little colony of people who settled in Massachusetts in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1857, his father being Alphonso Taft, an able lawyer and a distinguished public servant. After preparing for college in the high school of his home city he entered the class of 1878 at Yale, graduating second in a class of one hundred and twenty-one. Though fitted by his muscular equipment for athletic sports, he eschewed these and devoted himself to acquiring scholastic honors.

After his graduation he began the study of law in his father's office, at the same time doing court reporting for his brother's paper, his salary being six dollars a week. He did his work so well that another publisher employed him for the same duties at twenty-five dollars a week. He combined the work of reading and reporting that he might get both the theory and the practice of the law. He was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School in 1880, dividing first honors with another, and was admitted to the bar the same year. Almost immediately he was made assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County. In 1881 he was appointed internal revenue collector for the first Ohio district. Although the salary of this office was $4,500 a year, he resigned at the end of ten months that he might give his entire time to the practice of

the law. Here he showed early in his public career his independence and his determination to pursue unflinchingly the course he had mapped out for his life. The salary of the collector's office was much greater than any sum he could possibly earn at his profession at that time, and the work far easier, but he did not propose to permit money to interfere with the legitimate work of his profession. This is an incident in his life that may well be an example to ambitious American youth.

Earnestly as he seemed to wish it, Mr. Taft could not keep out of public life for any length of time. He had proven his worth in small things, therefore the call to greater. In 1885 he became assistant county solicitor, and in 1887 Governor Foraker appointed him judge of the Superior Court. This appointment was a tribute to the worth of the young official, for the governor was the head of a hostile faction of his party. Mr. Taft was later elected to the same position.

Here he began his judicial career, a career that had always been his ambition. But already the fame of the young jurist had gone abroad, and after serving two years of the five for which he was elected, President Harrison persuaded him to become solicitor general of the United States. He was then only thirty-three years old, and doubtless congratulated himself that he had given up that revenue collectorship. The office of solicitor general is an important one always, but it seems to have had under Mr. Taft an unusual number of big things demanding attention. Two of the cases conducted by him as solicitor general involved questions of vital importance to the entire country — the seal fisheries dispute with Great Britain, and the legality of the McKinley tariff law. In both cases the victory was won by Mr. Taft. His wide learning, his tremendous power of close application and study of details, his ability to state propositions clearly and to argue convincingly, attracted the attention of the entire country. His firm resolve to "stick to his profession" and to avoid being lured away by side issues proved worth while.

After three years of service as solicitor general, during which he proved himself worthy of confidence and deserving

of greater honors, President McKinley returned him to his native state as judge of the Sixth Federal Circuit, comprising the states of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It was an important appointment and at once made Mr. Taft known to all the people of the country.

It takes big men to grasp and to handle successfully big questions — men of large vision, of independent character, of strong determination to do the right though criticism and unpopularity follow. Rarely have so many important affairs been placed in one man's hands for solution as have come to Mr. Taft. All his life he seems to have been making history. All his life he seems to have been placed in positions where he was compelled to decide questions of great moment. The United States judicial office was no exception. Here he was confronted with grave problems, the solution of which meant praise or blame according to the tenor of the decision. With rare courage and fairness he grappled every problem and interpreted the law according to his conscience.

At least three precedent-making cases came before him as federal judge. His decisions in these have established standards for our courts. The one granting an injunction against interference on the part of representatives or employees, with the reasonable and equal interchange of traffic between interstate carriers was the first to define thus the relations between railroads and their employees. It was at the time unpopular with the labor unions, as was also his decision punishing the chief ringleader in a boycott of a railroad, then in the hands of a receiver, who had definitely disobeyed the orders of a court. Judge Taft served notice upon all concerned that the business of that particular road must not be interfered with, and that the army would be called upon, if necessary, to keep the trains running.

As soon as the turmoil following this stern decree subsided Judge Taft showed his fairness by asking the receiver to take back all the strikers as rapidly as places could be found for them. No clearer or broader statements as to the rights of labor have ever been made than those given in these decisions.

Attorneys for labor unions have since quoted them in conducting cases for their clients.

A third important case to be tried before Judge Taft was one brought by the government to dissolve a cast-iron pipe monopoly. Efforts to define more clearly the Sherman anti-trust law had been made frequently but without effective results. The decision was against the pipe company, and thus for the first time was the Sherman law made a vital force. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and confirmed by that body. The unusual honor was given Judge Taft of having his opinion quoted in full by the highest court in our land.

A position on the federal district bench is usually a stepping-stone to membership in the Supreme Court. It was well understood that this was a place coveted by Mr. Taft, and there is no question as to the appointment having been made had not other avenues for his abilities presented themselves. With characteristic devotion to duty he put aside his worthy ambition for a place on the bench of our highest court and accepted the other responsibilities, all of which he discharged with fidelity and rare tact.

Our war with Spain, which ended in 1898, resulted in the acquisition by the United States of the Philippine Islands. These islands literally were forced upon us. We did not want them. President McKinley and William Howard Taft shared the feeling of many leading Americans that we ought not to retain them. Certainly, we should not permit them to be exploited for American benefit. But by force of circumstances seemingly beyond our control they were ours. Grave responsibilities had come to us suddenly, and civilization and humanity demanded that we meet these responsibilities in an enlightened spirit. The dream of the Filipino had long been for independence, and with the realization of this dream Taft sympathized. He saw clearly, however, that a people who for centuries had been under the yoke were not ready for sudden liberty and self-government. They must first be taught self-restraint, and reverence for orderly procedure. With broad

and enlightened vision he saw early the possibility of lifting a feeble, ignorant people into the light of liberty. Looking into the future, he became reconciled to present American domination.

When, therefore, President McKinley urged him to go to the Philippines as head of the civil commission charged with the grave and important duty of establishing order and stability in the island, Mr. Taft laid aside his ambition for higher judicial honors and cheerfully accepted the "white man's burden." He came to realize the benevolence of the work he might be able to accomplish for the "little brown brothers" in the far-away possessions.

It was a hard task he had undertaken, but he set about its performance with characteristic energy. He found a people sullen and antagonistic, many of them in open rebellion. The few Spaniards doing business in the islands were suspicious and disposed to be in opposition to American orderly government.

On arriving at the islands Mr. Taft promptly said to the Filipinos that he had not come to give them present, nor any definite promise of future, independence. His mission would be to help them to learn self-government. He wanted to work with them, not against them. He invited their coöperation in all his efforts to lead them to ultimate freedom. It took some time to convince the radicals of his sincere desire to help them, but he finally won their full confidence. He did this by living with them, eating and drinking with them, standing all the time for their interests despite the opposition of almost all of his own countrymen there whom he would not permit to exploit the resources of the islands for their own benefit. He steadfastly held that the Philippines were for the Filipinos. He helped the natives to build schools and to own their own homes. He gave them as he could appointments in the civil service, and established minor courts all over the islands with natives as judges. He gave the islanders a practical demonstration of honesty and good faith.

It is difficult for one to comprehend the tremendous achievement of Mr. Taft in the Philippines. Probably no other man

in America was so well-fitted by nature and by training for the great work he was called upon to perform in the far Pacific.

While in the Philippines, he was thrice offered a place on the Supreme Bench of the United States. Each offer was declined because he felt he was needed by his Filipino brother.

Affairs in the islands having assumed a fairly stable condition, Mr. Taft felt free to accept the place of Secretary of War. As the Philippines were under the jurisdiction of this department of the government he saw opportunities as secretary to direct their affairs to a large extent.

Fated as he seems to have been all his life to have great and important questions come to him for solution, this office proved no exception to the rule. His years of incumbency of the office were years filled with big things. His first great task was to build the Isthmian canal. Before we could send our men down there to do the practical work of excavating and superintendence, the sanitary conditions of the Isthmus must be changed. He called to his aid a group of experts and clothed them with autocratic powers. The canal zone soon was as safe a place of residence as many portions of the United States. As in the Philippines, there were hostile peoples along the proposed route of the canal and these had to be pacified. He made several trips to the district and was able to convince the people of Panama that our intentions were all of a friendly nature. Much of the credit for the successful completion of this great water highway is due to Mr. Taft, who in its building displayed executive ability of high order.

While Secretary of War he was called upon to go to Cuba to rehabilitate the government there and to start it off on a sound footing. After freeing this island by war we allowed the Cubans to form their own government. In less than three years personal rivalries and bad management got things into such shape that civil war was imminent. As protector and patron, the United States was compelled to intervene. Some one had to be sent there to show the Cubans how to govern themselves. Naturally the choice fell upon Mr. Taft whose

ability along this line had been proven so abundantly in the Philippines. In September, 1906, he arrived in Havana, and using the same candid methods in Cuba that he employed with such beneficial effects in the Philippines, he soon established order in the island. A provisional government was appointed, an American "army of pacification" was sent there to preserve order, Cubans with American "advisers" were placed in the cabinet, and officers and citizens alike were instructed in the fundamental principles of self-government. The American protectorate was withdrawn early in 1909, and Cuba now seems to be enjoying a stable government. While Secretary of War Mr. Taft made a trip around the world. In accordance with his promise to the Filipinos, he returned to the islands to be present at the opening of their first national assembly. He spoke to them once more face to face, reminding them to beware of agitators who were clamoring for full freedom before they had learned the rudiments of self-control. In Japan he reminded the people that "war between Japan and the United States would be a crime against modern civilization."

While in no sense a candidate, declaring that his ambition was not political, Mr. Taft was nominated by the Republicans, on June 18, 1908, as their candidate for President. He was easily elected in November. Soon after his inauguration he convened Congress, in obedience to the party's platform as he understood it, for the enactment of a new tariff law. The result was the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which he signed. He did not approve of some of its provisions but in a speech defending it as a whole made the unfortunate statement that the new act was "the best tariff bill that the Republican Party has ever passed, and therefore the best tariff bill that has been passed at all." Immediately the storm broke, Democrats and Insurgent Republicans vigorously challenging the truth of the statement. Vindictive war also was made upon some of the President's cabinet appointments. The congressional elections of 1910 went against the party in power. His advocacy of Canadian reciprocity also brought upon him much adverse

criticism, though it was a plank in the platform of the convention that nominated him.

When the Democrats came into power in Congress a bitter war was begun on the President which continued for two years. Persistent opposition was given to his every proposal anent the tariff. However, during his incumbency of the presidency he was able to secure much important legislation for which he asked. A postal savings system and a parcels post were established; a constitutional amendment empowering Congress to impose an income tax was ordered submitted to the states; publicity of campaign contributions was provided for; withdrawals of lands by executive order were authorized, a very practical step toward conservation. Other important laws put on the statute books were: establishing a department of labor with a cabinet officer at the head of it; prescribing penalties for the white slave traffic; providing for the organization of a bureau of mines and a children's bureau, thus tending to improve labor conditions as to health, morals, and safety; and other measures of an equally progressive nature.

A conspicuous feature of his administration was its impartial prosecution of the trusts. With his fairness to all interests and his lack of prejudice he maintained that all trusts should be prosecuted under the Sherman law, and not only those that had been especially flagrant violators or whose officers were persons widely known. This vigorous enforcement of the law was assailed in various quarters, but it had no effect on the President, who believed that laws were made to be enforced and obeyed.

He was jealous of the prerogatives of his office and vetoed every attempt of Congress to attach "riders" to bills sent to him for approval in which it was sought to limit these prerogatives.

Especially to be commended was President Taft's handling of the delicate Mexican situation. He might easily have drawn us into a war with the republic to the south had he been a man of less judicial temperament. He is an earnest advocate of universal peace. His position on this question is well put by him in a lecture at Yale in 1913:

"I am strongly in favor of bringing about a condition of securing international peace in which armies and navies may either be dispensed with or be maintained at a minimum size and cost; but I am not in favor of putting my country at a disadvantage by assuming a condition that does not now exist. . . I am an optimist, but I am not a dreamer, or an insane enthusiast on the subject of international peace."

As the time came for the selection of presidential candidates in 1912 considerable opposition manifested itself to the renomination of President Taft. After a stormy session of the convention the President was given the usual second nomination. The breach in the party was widened by this action and the Republicans entered the campaign without any hope of being successful. They met a crushing defeat at the polls in November.

Not in any way soured by the disaster that had overtaken him and his party, President Taft smiled in his adversity, uttering no complaint, apparently glad to lay down the burdens of the office he did not covet in the first place, but the duties of which he had conscientiously performed as he saw them.

In evidence of the patriotism and unselfish character of the man, it is well to state that a prominent New England senator went to the Chicago convention in 1912 carrying in his pocket a letter from President Taft in which the senator was authorized to withdraw from the consideration of the convention the name of the President at any time it might seem well so to do. President Taft was willing to put the welfare of his party and of his country above personal advantage and vindication.

No one can accuse Mr. Taft of insincerity or of political cowardice. He believes with a great American of old that it is a greater honor to be right than to be President — or popular. His belief on this question is stated rather clearly in one of his Yale lectures when he was discussing the initiative and referendum. He said:

"The man from whom the people really secure the best service is the man who acts on his own judgment as to what is best for his country and for the people, even though this be contrary to the temporary popular notion or passion. The

men who are really the great men of any legislative body are those who, having views of their own, defend them and support them, even at the risk of rousing a popular clamor against themselves."

It is interesting to note, also, in view of his experience in the presidency, the following quotation from the same lecture:

"Look back through the history of the United States and recount the number of instances of men who filled important offices and whose greatness is conceded today, and tell me one who was not the subject of the severest censure for what he had done, whose motives were not questioned, whose character was not attacked, and who, if subjected to a recall at certain times in his official career when criticism had impaired his popularity, would not have been sent into private life with only a part of his term completed."

After retiring from the turmoil of the presidency Mr. Taft accepted the Kent professorship of law in his alma mater, a position he is filling with eminent ability and usefulness. May we not prophesy that in his case the compensations of peace are greater than the rewards of war?

We have endeavored here to sketch the Taft his friends love to contemplate. Big of bone, he also is big of heart. When his conscience tells him he is in the right, he has the moral courage of his convictions. A friend of the people, and their advocate, he freely tells them when he thinks they hold wrong views or insist on actions that do not square with law and justice and right. He believes in the square deal as much as any man in our public life and will insist as strenuously on the square deal being given. He does not have any faith in "hair-trigger" reformers, and frankly says so. He makes no appeal to the passions and prejudices of men — a thing all too common in recent years. He has faith in himself and confidence in the ultimate good sense and sound judgment of the American people, whose friend he always has been. Confident that the future will vindicate his acts, he has ever gone along the path he believed straight. Criticisms and vindictive attacks by those whose pet plans have gone awry have not molested him or taken away any of that sweet character and

amiable disposition he posseses in such an eminent degree. He is a true personification of the courageous, patriotic, sympathetic American.

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OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

By Neyle Colquitt

THE keynote to the character of Oscar Wilder Underwood is quiet force. Indeed, no character in the realm of history, fiction or present day life exemplifies this characteristic to a greater extent than does the great House Leader. This quiet force, in turn, comprehends many qualities. Imperturbable, well informed, deep thinking, of rare judgment and prescience, Oscar Wilder Underwood is a born leader of men. Without show, with no apparent effort and with a determination completely screened by a serene smile, he makes history at the nation's capitol. As Mr. Thomas F. Logan, writing in the *World's Work* once said,[1] "He tries to avoid any conflict with the rank and file of his party. He seems always to be bowing to their judgment, even when they are accepting his." And yet he reduces to law the great policies of the Democratic Party as easily as the glazier molds his putty. And where party and platform is concerned, he stands stronger than Gibraltar — stronger, for while history relates instances where that proverbially impregnable fortress has been successfully assaulted, the history of the House, as contained in the Congressional Record, discloses no instance where Oscar W. Underwood was out of line with his party. And, whatever may be said of the variableness of party platforms, Mr. Underwood's record has been one of rare consistency.

Biographers have called him "the despair of the yellow journalist" and "one of the most hopeless subjects that the pen of the lurid impressionists of modern journalism ever encountered." Why? Because he is not bizarre. In addressing the House he does not seek to shame the aurora borealis or deal in Himalayaic phrase. His language is plain, well chosen, direct. There is nothing of the patent medicine politician about him. He is not a politician: he is a statesman.

[1] *World's Work* 23:539.

He neither shuns nor seeks publicity. A hard student and a tireless worker, he is at the capitol early, and never leaves until his desk is clean.

Nothing ruffles him. Arthur B. Krock, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, aptly says of him:[2]

"Should a doctor place his fingers on the wrist of Oscar Underwood and proceed to feel the pulse of that interesting young man, let the time be midnight or dawn, during a Congressional recess or in the heat of a political struggle, he would find it thumping seventy-two. Should a doctor force a pocket thermometer down Underwood's throat, it would register 98.4 degrees. For Underwood is that most abnormal of creations, a normal man."

His attitude before, during, and after the history-making convention of the Democratic Party in Baltimore in 1912 gives us insight into his character. Repeatedly before and during that convention he said that, while his friends were good enough to present his name to Democracy, if they became convinced that there was any other Democrat who could give greater assurance of Democratic victory, he would desire that they support such a Democrat in preference to himself. The success of his party, not his own advancement, was his chief concern. If he was disappointed in the action of the convention no trace of it appeared on his countenance. He remained the picture of imperturbability; he showed the same sweet smile he had worn in the hour of his greatest triumph.

Mr. Underwood is a man of simple tastes. His home life is ideal. His wife (*née* Miss Bertha Woodward, of Birmingham) is his help-meet in all his affairs. He is a good golfer and is very fond of chess, but with him the time-honored rule of business before pleasure is especially applicable. His fidelity to trust was emphasized when, in the presidential primaries, he refused to leave his work in Washington, even when his opponent, the present president, invaded Georgia on his campaign tour; and again, in his recent race for the United States Senate, he remained in Washington while his opponent, Captain Richmond P. Hobson, campaigned in Alabama.

[2] *Harper's Weekly* 56:9, June 1, 1912.

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Sincerely Yours

1914 O W Underwood

In March, 1915, he will take his seat in the Senate, a well-merited distinction, but one which deprives the Democratic Party of its great leader in the House. And this recalls the fact that many Democratic delegates in the Baltimore convention declared that they were constrained not to vote for Mr. Underwood for the presidential nomination because the party could not afford to lose his services in the House. This was not altogether illogical, particularly as the party had so much excellent material for the presidency, but it was somewhat inconsiderate of a faithful servant. In addition to having as loyal a following as had any candidate in that convention, Mr. Underwood was, unquestionably, the alternative choice of at least four-fifths of the delegates, and had the two leading candidates failed to secure the necessary two-thirds majority, as at one time seemed inevitable, Mr. Underwood would, in all probability, have been the nominee, and the occupant of the White House to-day. But, barring conjunctions, he was the most universally popular of those whose names were mentioned in the convention; which speaks well for the past and augurs well for the future. He could have had the nomination for the vice-presidency by acclamation, and might now be the presiding officer of the Senate, but he preferred to remain in the House and complete his duties, the performance of which made Democratic success possible. He is ideally fitted by experience and endowment for the presidency of the nation.

Mr. Underwood is a young man, two and fifty on the sixth day of May, 1914. One would suppose that the Congressional Directory, in which appear all the biographies of the members of Congress, would be the best book to consult for a biography of a congressman, and this would seem especially true when it is borne in mind that the congressmen themselves write their life stories. If, however, one should look there for Mr. Underwood's biography, he would find recorded these bald words: "Oscar W. Underwood, Democrat, of Birmingham, was born in Louisville, Jefferson County, Kentucky, May 6, 1862; was educated at Rugby School, Louisville, Ky., and the University of Virginia; was elected to the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-

first, Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses." So much information is required by the publishers of the directory.

By analyzing the foregoing, however, we find that he was born in a border state during the Civil War. When three years old, the family, on account of his mother's health, moved to the then frontier country of Minnesota, and lived there ten years. General Custer and General Hancock were his neighbors and Buffalo Bill was one of the influential citizens of the community. Returning to Kentucky he went to Rugby School, after which he took a law course at the University of Virginia. Shortly thereafter he cast his lot in his chosen profession in Birmingham, Alabama, then a town of four thousand inhabitants. Mr. Underwood's progenitors were nearly all Southerners. Himself a Southerner, by choice, not by profession, he is, above all, an American. In appearance he does not resemble the conventional Southern congressman, for his attire is rather that of a prosperous president of a Chamber of Commerce. But he has the unaffected, soft, Southern accent in his speech, and occasionally a tell-tale "you all" or an "over yonder" proclaims his geographical habitat. When Oscar Underwood wheels in his chair, looks you squarely in the eye, and, in answer to your query, commences with: "Well, I'll tell you — " you may know you are going to get an exact estimate of the situation. Many a man in Congress, with smaller knowledge of pending legislation than has Oscar W. Underwood, votes with his chief because, as he expresses it, "Underwood is a safe man to follow."

His father was Eugene Underwood, of Kentucky. His mother before her marriage was Fredericka Virginia Smith, of Petersburg, Virginia. His paternal grandfather was Joseph Rogers Underwood, Kentucky colleague of Henry Clay in the United States Senate, a leader of the Union forces in that state during the Civil War, and a confidential adviser of President Abraham Lincoln.

Further analysis and comparison of Mr. Underwood's modest autobiography will show that there are but four men, out of a total of four hundred and thirty-five in the House of Representatives, who have had longer continuous service than he.

More than three thousand men have served in the House since he began his career in Washington, and but four remain who started before he did; and yet he was the youngest of all the presidential candidates in the 1912 primaries.

His immense popularity and recognized ability in Birmingham and the surrounding district is attested by the fact that he has been nine times nominated for Congress without opposition. The first recognition of his ability by his party came when, during his early service, he was made Democratic "whip." No man in Congress has had a wider experience. He has served on the Committees on Judiciary, Rules, Appropriations, Public Lands, and Ways and Means, five of the most important committees of Congress. He is chairman of the last named, which is the most important committee of the greatest legislative body in the world. This committee nominates the members of all the other committees of the House. Its chairman is leader of the majority party, and, next to the President himself, is considered the most influential member of the party in power. Mr. Underwood's succession to this position gave him his first opportunity to demonstrate his true greatness, and as evidence of the fact that he did so, he received in the 1912 Democratic National Convention electoral votes from Maine and Florida, Connecticut and Georgia, Michigan and Mississippi, Maryland and Massachusetts, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia, Alabama, Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, though he was the youngest man in the race, the last to enter the lists, and the first formidable candidate from "way down South" since the Civil War, and despite the fact that in more than two-thirds of these states neither he nor his friends made any campaign whatever. It was a spontaneous, voluntary tribute to merit.

In 1910, when the Democrats came into power in the House, on all sides were heard the words accredited to James G. Blaine that "the Democrats always do the wrong thing at the right time." But this time there was a Democratic Samson in the ranks, who spread dismay among the Philistines. He was able, because of his training and his qualities of steadfastness, integrity, and thoroughness, to meet a national emergency.

Leaders of the Republican opposition have declared Mr. Underwood the most resourceful antagonist they have ever found upon the Democratic side of the House.

Mr. Underwood's position when the Sixty-second Congress was called into special session by President Taft for the purpose of passing the reciprocity legislation, was one of tremendous difficulties. He was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, with which he had been associated during the preparation of the Dingley and Payne tariff bills. The Democrats had a majority of nearly seventy. They had not had possession of the House for sixteen years and were politically hungry and thirsty for patronage. They represented every element of Democracy. They saw ahead a glimmering hope for the election of a Democratic President in 1912 and full access to the places and prerogatives of a Democratic administration, and each man of the two hundred and twenty-eight Democrats was full of ambition to secure a position of influence in the House, in order that he might eventually obtain a commanding seat at the feast. In all this discord, Mr. Underwood was elected chairman of the Ways and Means Committee without a dissenting voice.

The Democrats were anxious to revise the tariff, in order to keep faith with the people, but they had many plans for revision and a thousand shades of opinion. The House Leader's task was to hold these men in line, to get them to work harmoniously and effectively. The first tariff bills formulated in the House under Mr. Underwood's direction were vetoed by President Taft, on August 22, 1912. This action made it possible for the Democrats of the country to elect Woodrow Wilson President of the United States and unhorse a Republican majority in the Senate.

But Mr. Underwood's field of endeavor in the House has not been confined to the tariff. Indeed, it would take a volume, and a very large one at that, to recount the full history of his activities in the halls of Congress. He was influential in abolishing the fee system which obtained in many departments of the government; he first proposed the construction of a gov-

ernment armor-plate factory to break up the existing monopoly; he advocated and secured the appropriation of large sums of money for fighting yellow fever; he has always been an earnest advocate of rural free delivery of the mails and the direct election of United States Senators; he has fought for a tax on inheritances, and the present income tax law is embodied in the tariff bill which bears his name; he has worked hard for the irrigation of arid lands, which have furnished free homes to thousands of settlers and have converted barren deserts into fertile fields; he has always earnestly advocated large appropriations for the work of the Department of Agriculture; he believes in giving large power to the Interstate Commerce Commission and has always thrown his vote and influence in that direction; he has cordially supported all employee safety bills and legislation for an eight-hour day for laboring men employed on government contracts. For years he has been the balance wheel of the House. Among his most recent labors were those in connection with the new currency law, to secure the passage of which the President sought Mr. Underwood's assistance.

His greatest single achievement in the realm of legislation, however, is the great tariff bill which bears his name — the Underwood Bill. The opponents of the measure acknowledge that it represents a clean redemption of the pledge contained in the party's platform to revise and lower the tariff so as to make it a tariff for revenue only. The best evidence of its popularity may be found in the fact that it entered the statute books with less adverse comment than any other tariff bill in history.

Efforts have been made by Mr. Underwood's political antagonists to place him in the class of the reactionaries. Naturally this effort could not meet with success. Others have called him a conservative, a term that jars the very ear-drums of the progressive element. But Mr. Underwood is nothing if not progressive. Witness his own tariff bill. Witness the great national currency law. Witness his income tax. Witness his advocacy of the direct election of United States Senators. True he has not taken the initiative, referendum, and

recall to his bosom and he believes that prohibition and woman suffrage are questions for the several states to settle, but he is a progressive of progressives. He is not a radical, however, not one of the "Farthest North" progressives. He does not believe in the recall of judges. He simply believes in studying a proposition in all its phases and from every angle, being sure he is right, and then going ahead.

In short, he is thorough, this man of quiet, yet dynamic, force. Eternal vigilance is the price of his success. Keeping everlastingly at his task is the reason, not the secret, of his rise to fame.

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JOHN H. VINCENT

By Henry G. Jackson

IT is said that an explorer among the tombs of ancient Egypt found, in the dried-up hand of a mummy, a few grains of wheat, that many centuries ago friends had placed there in token of their belief in immortality, or, at least, of their belief that there remains a germ of life that death is unable to destroy. The traveler, desiring to test the appropriateness of this symbol of their faith, took the grains from the patient hand that had preserved them through the waiting years, and, on his return to his home, planted them in suitable soil and awaited the result. In due time, greatly to his surprise, the moistened seed germinated, grew and produced a little harvest, fresh and golden, in spite of the antiquity of the ancestral seed; and, for anything that is known to the contrary, millions of acres of waving grain are the descendants of the handful of seed so long held in waiting. In like manner it is the happy fortune of some adventurous explorers among the tombs of buried ideas to set free from the relentless grasp of forgotten years some deathless germ of truth, and so to plant it that, by its reduplication, it may reach and enrich the mind of the world.

Eminent among those who have thus contributed to the advancement of knowledge is the subject of this biographical sketch — Bishop John Heyl Vincent — who, after serving his generation with distinguished ability and success, still lives in the enjoyment of an honored and serene old age. John Heyl Vincent's paternal ancestors were Huguenots, who, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled from their home in southern France and came to America. One branch of the family settled in Pennsylvania, near Milton, Northumberland County, where the father of the future bishop was born. About 1820, he removed to Alabama, where he married, his wife being the daughter of a sea captain, Bernard Raser, of Philadelphia. From this union, John Heyl, son of John Him-

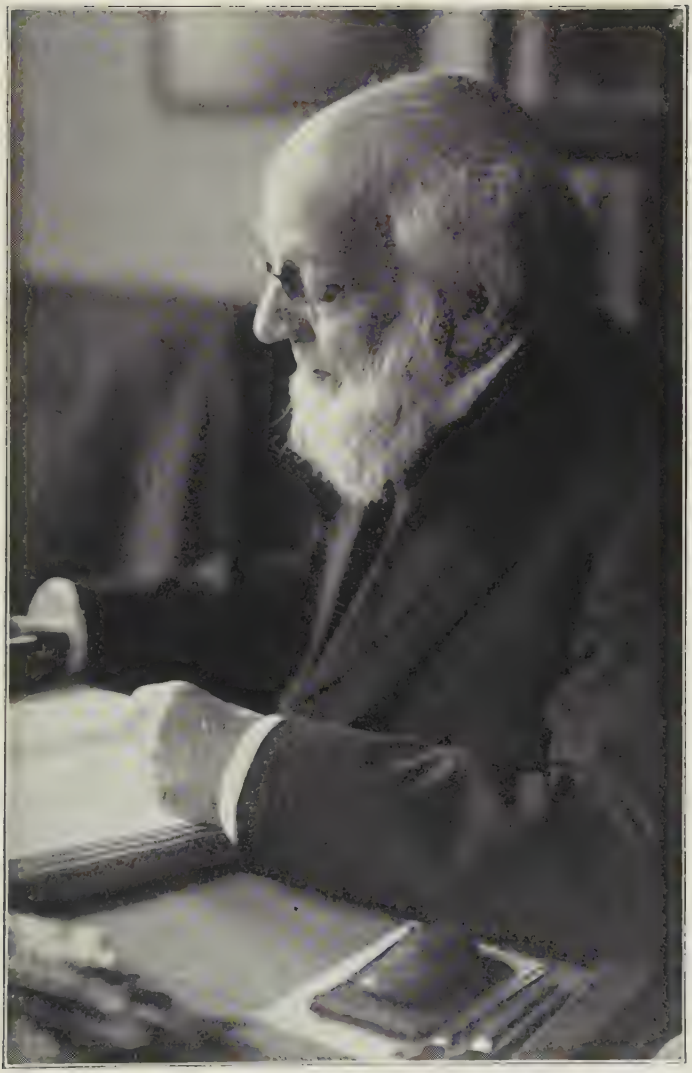
rod and Mary Raser Vincent, was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, February 23, 1832.

Mr. Vincent, the father, was, as might be expected from the character of his ancestry, a Christian whose religion was a ruling factor in his life. Consequently, his household was governed according to the precept, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and in harmony with the strictest tenets of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. But, strict as the home life was, it was preëminently happy. It was made especially attractive and hallowed by the presence of the mother, Mrs. Vincent, whom her son eulogizes as "the incarnation of consistency, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and serenity." By the mother John was consecrated to the ministry from his birth, and it is said he accepted his calling so early that at the age of five years he began discoursing on religious themes to the negro children of the neighborhood. It may readily be believed that these infantile discourses were somewhat lacking in theological profundity; nevertheless, they were doubtless listened to with due respect by his uncritical auditors.

When the boy was six years old his parents returned to Pennsylvania, where he began his education under a governess. During those years preachers of different denominations were, from time to time, entertained as guests by the hospitable family; and, no doubt, the alert mind of the boy derived not a little profit from the conversations listened to at the home fireside.

When the period of instruction under the governess was completed, he attended academies at Milton and at Lewisburg. With these advantages such progress was made that at the early age of fifteen he became a teacher. Further evidence of his precocity is seen in the fact that at the age of eighteen he was licensed to exhort, and soon thereafter he became a local preacher. Thus he who had exercised his call in childish sermons to an audience of negro children was now authorized to preach to congregations of adults in the church of which he was a member.

Compelled to abandon his long cherished desire to go to



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John H. Vincent

college, he took a brief course of study at the Wesleyan Institute, Newark, New Jersey. Subsequently he completed the Conference course of study, required of all who enter the Methodist ministry. This of itself comprises a pretty thorough theological course. Nevertheless, the longer he engaged in preaching, the more he felt the need of the mental training afforded by a course in college. He endeavored to make up for his deficiency in this respect by laying down for himself a systematic course of study to be pursued privately. In this way he studied Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Physical Science, and beside, gave considerable time to general literature. A trip to the old world, in 1862, likewise contributed an important part to his intellectual training. On this trip he visited Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Italy, as well as the other countries and cities usually included in a trip abroad.

In 1855 he was ordained deacon and continued preaching in the New Jersey Conference. Two years later he received elder's orders, was transferred to the Rock River Conference and was appointed pastor, successively, at Joliet, Mount Morris, Galena, Rockford, and Chicago.

Any one acquainted with the genial disposition and sympathetic nature of Bishop Vincent can readily believe that he was an ideal pastor. He was one whom the most timid could approach with perfect confidence, sure of a kindly reception and a patient hearing, as well as all the counsel and consolation that the case might require.

As respects the Sunday school part of the pastorate, Dr. Vincent was a thorough reformer. As early as 1855 he had organized the Palestine Class, for the study of Bible geography and history. This class suggested to him the necessity of a thorough training of Sunday school teachers, and in 1857, in Joliet, he organized a church normal class for this purpose. The work grew rapidly, spreading beyond the limits of his own parish and awakening unusual interest in Bible study. In 1861 he held the first Sunday school institute in America.

During this year he prepared a manual entitled *Little Footprints in Bible Lands.* This was the first of a large quantity of Sunday school literature, chiefly of an undenominational

character, that the new ideas called forth. In 1865 he established the *Northwestern Sunday School Quarterly*, and the next year, *The Sunday School Teacher*, in which he introduced the present system of Sunday school lessons and lesson leaves.

In 1866 he was elected general agent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union; and in 1868, corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society, with residence in New York City. As corresponding secretary Dr. Vincent became editor of all the Sunday school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under his management the circulation of the journal increased, in a brief period, from 16,000 to 160,000 copies; and that of the lesson leaves to nearly 2,500,000 copies. A complete series of his books forms an encyclopedia of modern Sunday school literature, including, among others, *The Berean Question Books*, a series of handbooks for normal work, a volume on the *Modern Sunday School*, and another on the *Church School*.

The work under his hand having progressed thus far found its culmination in the Chautauqua Sunday School Assembly, organized in 1874; when an institute, undenominational in character, met for two weeks at Chautauqua, New York, for the training of Sunday school teachers. From year to year the organization grew, new plans were adopted, the time was extended to eight weeks, and the work made to include a complete summer school, with courses of literature, lectures, and various entertainments. Chautauqua became a meeting place for different Christian bodies, while still retaining its original purpose of Sunday school instruction and Bible study. This assembly, which has exerted such an influence in the matter of Bible study and popular training in Sunday school teaching, was organized by Dr. John H. Vincent and Mr. Lewis Miller, a wealthy inventor and philanthropist of Akron, Ohio. The location of the assembly is at Chautauqua Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about twenty miles long and from one to two miles wide. The grounds, formerly known as Fair Point, were purchased by the Assembly in 1874. The area comprises about 300 acres. The original town of Chautauqua has grown

to be a city of more than 500 cottages, a large hotel, twenty-five public buildings, lecture halls, recitation rooms, a museum, gymnasium, etc. Chautauqua has a complete sewerage system, a fire department, and other municipal features. The summer population is about ten thousand, and its activities are witnessed annually by fifty thousand people.

The plan of applying scientific principles to Bible study and Sunday school teaching, soon expanded to include classes in literature, language, science, art, etc. The combined agencies now known as the Chautauqua System of Education include two general divisions; namely, Summer Work, and Home Reading and Study.

The first division is conducted at Chautauqua, and may be designated as The College. It offers courses in college studies, with instructors from various leading institutions. The school in Sacred Literature and the Sunday School Normal Department give biblical instruction and pedagogical training. The Teachers' Retreat deals with psychology, pedagogics, and practical methods for secular teachers. The schools of music and physical training offer exceptional opportunities for those who desire instruction in those departments. There are classes also in art, oratory, manual training, etc.

In fact, for variety of studies comprehended and opportunities afforded by this summer school, it more nearly resembles a university than an ordinary college; while the attractiveness of the method of imparting instruction surpasses that of either. The number of those who avail themselves of these schools in summer, being enrolled in the regular classes and pursuing one or more of the courses of study, varies from one to two thousand.

The second division consists of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientfiic Reading Circles, by which definite courses of reading are arranged for individuals in the home, or for clubs or circles formed in communities and villages throughout the country. This plan was inaugurated in 1878, and within a few years more than 100,000 readers were enrolled. For the benefit of these readers a literature has been created, unique in form and comprehensive in its selection of subjects, including

English Literature, History, Science, Greek and Latin Classics (in translation), and other subjects which, taken together, comprise a liberal course of reading. It has been prepared by competent scholars and authors for the use of the various classes in the reading circles — by means of which one can easily acquire an acquaintance with the best English literature as well as with the Greek and Latin authors usually required in college curriculums; so that, not seldom, when the young collegian comes home, he finds his mother or sisters as familiar with the ancient classics as he is himself.

The lecture and entertainment feature, adopted in the beginning, may be classed as another department of the Chautauqua plan. It has proved to be one of the most attractive and profitable means of instruction employed. The popularity of the lecture courses has secured for them a support that has enabled the management to obtain the most eminent lecturers in the field, both in Europe and America.

A distinguished lecturer, whose opportunity to test the matter has been ample, says: "The Chautauqua Platform affords the public man with a message, an opportunity, and a place to proclaim it more favorable than almost any other. The audience is a select one and always composed of the thoughtful element of the community, and, as they pay admission, they stay to hear. I believe that a considerable part of the progress that is now being made along the line of moral and political reform is traceable to the influence of Chautauqua." Another lecturer with similar experience says that the Chautauqua has been a powerful force in directing the political thought of the country, and that the Chautauqua lecturers with whom he has been associated constitute as fine a group of men and women as can be found among the splendid citizenship of America.

That this means of public instruction is not waning is evident from the fact that there are eight hundred more Chautauquas in the United States now than there were one year ago, making the present total 2,939. From the original Chautauqua, attended annually by about 50,000 people, the idea has spread to many important places where large permanent

assemblies are maintained. It is fortunate in having the good will of the best people. It stands for democracy and education; it brings new visions and inspiration to the young; it is a feeder to colleges and universities; and it leaves a definite effect for good on the community life where the assemblies are held. Above all, however, the Chautauqua stands for the development of the more mature. It has brought to light the possibility of continuous education even in the midst of busy life. It was the hand of John Heyl Vincent that planted the grains, so long undiscovered, that have produced this abundant harvest.

Deprived of the advantages of a college training, John Heyl Vincent has brought those advantages within reach of the multitudes who, like himself, have felt the need of such training but were without the means of acquiring it in early youth. They have been enabled to satisfy a thirst for knowledge, which, without his intervention, would have been ungratified. More than this, he has been the creator of a desire for knowledge in thousands of individuals, who, but for the opportunities and incentives presented by him, would not even have entertained such aspirations. The Chautauqua idea, with its practical illustration during forty years, at the original assembly and its numerous followers, and in the Home Reading Circles, has proved an inestimable blessing to multiplied thousands of people.

Some men are born, live, and die without materially affecting anything more than the small circle immediately surrounding them. Others, with no better opportunities, exert an influence that is ever widening until countless multitudes are molded in character, life purpose, and efficiency for good, not for a single generation only, but for all time to come. The first class have little to do in giving character to the age, in shaping public opinion, or in promoting the advance of civilization. As they found the world, so they leave it, if not worse, at least no better because they have lived in it. Beyond adding a name to the census they contribute nothing to the live assets of the community in which they have lived. While

living they are ciphers; and when they die the rim of the cipher is simply rubbed out.

Fortunately, not all belong to this do-nothing class. There are some whose lives are positive, whose energies are not all exhausted in the mere process of living, and whose purposes are not all limited to self and selfish interests, and because of them the world moves, and civilization, with accumulating benefits, is constantly developing. To such men in each generation every succeeding generation is debtor, for the sum of their activities and achievements makes the civilization of the day. But this sum total does not consist wholly, or even for the most part, of the actual accomplishments of the individual actors, but of the forces that they have set in motion in others. The originator himself may do little or nothing in the practical operation of his idea or invention, but the multitude of workers who owe their opportunity to work and their means of working to his initiative, are the agents through whom he works. The inventor of wireless telegraphy may be sitting in his quiet home; but really it is he who is calling over leagues of ocean billows to summon help for the endangered vessel and rescue for hundreds of imperiled lives.

Moreover, these new discoveries and inventions do not die with their authors or with the passing of the age that witnesses their birth. Ideas never die. Their application to practical purposes may be neglected or forgotten, but truth can never cease to exist; and, when occasion demands, its vitality will be found unaffected by neglect or lapse of time. Thus it is that the greatest benefactors of the race are those who have wrought in the mines of thought; whose discoveries have been in the realm of truth, rather than in that of physical appliances. Intelligence is the source of all advancement in the physical, moral, or spiritual world.

When Martin Luther first felt the force of the truth, "The just shall live by faith," and rose from his tired knees on the sacred stairway in Rome to proclaim this truth to the world, he started a spiritual revolution which has gone on with in-

creasing momentum until the present day, and counts its results by millions of followers. Through John Wesley, the Reformation received new life and a new impetus, simply because, in that little meeting in Aldersgate street, London, he "felt his heart strangely warmed," and recognized Jesus Christ as his personal Savior from sin. And we have in John Heyl Vincent, a Reformer in the methods of Sunday school teaching and Bible study, an example as striking, and almost, if not quite, as far reaching in effect as that of Martin Luther or John Wesley.

Luther emancipated the minds, that, under corrupt ecclesiastical domination, had become slaves to ignorance and superstitution. Wesley aroused the spiritually indifferent and careless, and effectually warned the impenitent to "flee from the wrath to come." Vincent, recognizing the importance of both intellectual and spiritual awakening, sought to accomplish both these ends by methods hitherto untried. His plans to engage the attention and interest, and to make study attractive have been the most successful yet devised. His directions as to subjects to be taken up, and the best methods for securing time for their study, have aided and encouraged home students who, without his helpful suggestions, would never have undertaken the work of self-education; or, having begun it, would have become discouraged and have given up in despair.

Dr. Vincent was married in 1858 to Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Caroline Dusenbury, at Portville, New York. His only son, George E., a graduate of Yale, is now president of the University of Minnesota.

In the year 1888, by the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Dr. Vincent was elected to the episcopal office, the highest position in the church, and generally esteemed the greatest honor within its gift. His organizing and executive ability, familiarity with the discipline and order of the church, power in the pulpit and on the platform, ready adaptation to the various conference situations, intimate knowledge of human nature, and geniality of disposi-

tion, eminently qualify him for the duties of this high office, which he successfully discharged until his retirement because of advanced age.

Bishop Vincent is a great bishop, a great preacher and lecturer, and a man of wonderful versatility of talent; but that which especially distinguishes him from his associates in the episcopal office and among church workers, in all denominations of Protestant Christians, is his preëminence in Sunday school work.

He will long be remembered as a tender hearted, sympathetic pastor; as an eloquent preacher of the gospel; as an entertaining and instructive lecturer; as a graceful and charming writer; as a worthy and dignified bishop of the church; and as a resourceful and inspiring teacher of Biblical truth. But with all these characteristics and achievements, the movement instituted and directed by him, exemplified in the numerous and constantly increasing Chautauquas throughout the land, must ever be the evidence and crown of his triumph. This is the golden harvest of his planting, that, self-multiplying, will continue to feed the multitudes long after the sower shall have passed to his reward.

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Courtesy Gutekunst, Philadelphia

John Wanamaker

JOHN WANAMAKER

By Ida Elizabeth Riley

PERHAPS there are few men to whom the term "public-spirited" is more applicable than to John Wanamaker. His mind is a net-work of plans for improving business methods and human conditions; the plans work out and the net-work increases beyond expectation. The Quaker City is justly proud of this man to whom people in every part of the country turn for advice. His interest in social and economic conditions in the city of Philadelphia, as evidenced by gifts of money supplemented by personal attention and time, is a good illustration of his trait of self-spending for the good of the commonwealth. As long ago as 1876, he helped make a success of the Centennial Exposition held in that historic city, and in 1882 was an enthusiastic worker for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding by William Penn of that city which may be called the birthplace of American freedom — the city in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, the First Continental Congress met, and the Constitution of the United States was framed. He shows a healthy interest in clean politics and is an active factor in all phases of the progress of his native city. His capacity for feeling and helping to relieve distress is shown by the active part which he took in the relief work during the Irish famine, the yellow fever epidemic in the south, the recent Ohio river flood, and the great Russian famine. Mr. Wanamaker has received recognition in various ways in his own state and country. He has been offered many political nominations, most of which he has declined. In 1911 the French government made him an Officer of the Legion of Honor.

On February 22, 1913, was dedicated at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, New York, the Indian Memorial of which Mr. Wanamaker was the donor. It was an event fraught with meaning for the nation. The thirty-three full-blooded Indian chiefs, who participated in the dedication, voluntarily drew

up and signed a declaration of allegiance to the United States, thereby showing that even an Indian can forget injustices done him, when his rights are restored to him. The Rodman Wanamaker Expedition of Citizenship to the North American Indian left Philadelphia in June, 1913, to visit each of the one hundred and sixty-nine Indian tribes at the eighty-nine reservations, and to assure them of the good will of the President and of the people of the United States. Each tribe was given an American flag. Thus Mr. Wanamaker, living in the "city of brotherly love," has gone back to the very foundation of our country to restore the rights of the first inhabitants and to assure them of the white man's sympathetic interest in all that makes for their welfare.

Mr. Wanamaker has a reputation for sound business sense and integrity. The success of his mature years is but the result of adherence to the ideals of his boyhood. His ancestors were sturdy pioneers of the time of William Penn, who came to America from Germany and France for the sake of religious freedom. He received what was for that early period a good education. His school life was characterized by close application. He did not seek out the easy tasks; if he had a hard problem in arithmetic to solve, he would remain after school hours until he was satisfied with the result. With clear insight he chiseled out a solid foundation of honesty, sobriety and industry; and he has builded thereon one of the most heroic characters known to the business world. He now stands a prince among merchants, an example of right living among men. His early beginnings were small. While yet in school he worked in his father's brick yard. Leaving school at the age of fourteen he worked as errand boy for a publishing house at one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. Later, in a retail clothing store, his salary was two dollars and a half a week. Next, he was employed at an increase in salary in what was then the largest clothing store of the city. The proprietor, Joseph M. Bennett, said of him: "John was the most ambitious boy I ever saw. I used to take him to lunch with me and he would tell me how he was going to be a great merchant. He was always organizing something. He seemed

to be a natural born organizer. This faculty is probably accountable for his great success." Close application to the task in hand gained for him steady advancement in financial circles and a like zeal for searching out and doing what was to be done in helping his fellowmen has made for him a prominent place among the benefactors of the race.

In 1858, at the age of twenty, he was elected the first salaried secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in America. He felt a great interest in this work which had been in existence but a short time. Later he became chairman of the International Committee.

Always ready for the heroic task, he attempted to enlist in the army on the outbreak of the Civil War, but the frailty of his health proved a barrier. Not to be deterred from his purpose of serving his country and humanity, he helped organize the great "Christian Commission," which aided the sick and wounded soldiers on both sides throughout the war.

In April, 1861, he married Miss Mary B. Brown and in the same year entered into partnership with her brother, Nathan Brown, opening a small clothing store. This business, nurtured by his unflagging industry, grew to be the largest retail clothing establishment in the country. His business in Philadelphia was added to and perfected and an establishment in New York City opened. In 1907 was completed a fourteen-story building on Broadway, Eighth and Ninth streets, in New York City. Prominent people from all over the Union were present at its formal opening; and an address was made by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. In Philadelphia his trade is carried on in a twelve-story granite structure, with three floors underground. He has in this building a working force of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand, according to the season.

Mr. Wanamaker personally superintends much of the general detail of these vast enterprises. His success has been of gradual although enormous growth. He understands the various stages that a boy or man starting in business needs to pass through and just what his needs are at each stage. He is a helpful advisor and takes an interest in the affairs of

the man who is still climbing. In his speech at the opening of the recent pure food exposition at Philadelphia he urged a spirit of coöperation among merchants: "There are hundreds of small dealers throughout the city who would find upon experiment that newspaper advertising is the most powerful of all means for increasing their trade. A business association as such can make use of newspaper advertising to increase the trade of its individual members and the increase is such as would surprise you. Business men should mark each other up, instead of marking each other down."

Mr. Wanamaker was founder, in 1876, of the "department store." The idea which originated with Mr. Wanamaker has been developed by him and by hundreds of other financiers, until one finds that variety of merchandise and equipment which is too complex for description. In some department stores may be found the social secretary who looks after the welfare and the development of the employees and investigates conditions with a view to raising in every possible manner the standard of efficiency of the entire establishment. In 1900, the Industrial Commission called upon Mr. Wanamaker to give expert witness on the subject of department stores. "He argued," says the *Outlook*,[1] "that such stores are a natural evolution from conditions of established trade-laws, and beneficial to society, having a substantial economic and moral basis for their existence, and that, while the inspiring motive of such stores was the usual one of making money for their owners, such a purpose was not without conspicuous advantages to the public."

It is characteristic of Mr. Wanamaker that his business enterprises are not carried on upon an individualistic basis but are considered by him as public trusts which he holds for the benefit of others. The tale of his life is a record of splendid purposes, of lofty ideals and gigantic achievements. Men have ceased to marvel when some new and remarkable plan is brought to completion by Mr. Wanamaker; it is only in accord with his well-known manner of procedure to produce magnificent results from small beginnings.

[1] *Outlook* 64:94.

While money seems to increase at his word of command, yet at the same time the economic, social, moral, or esthetic needs of the race are ministered to. He has supplemented his business activities with participation in affairs of state and of the church; has manifested great interest in educational institutions and reforms, and has given largely of his means for school, library, hospital, and charitable institutions. He has a more vital interest in humanity than that of a doler-out of vast sums of money; he gives his time and energies to improving conditions. He was given this increase because of perseverance and industry, and for a faithful adherence to his principles, notable among which are a strict observance of the Christian Sabbath and total abstinence.

As postmaster-general during the administration of General Benjamin Harrison, he greatly reduced Sunday work in post-offices throughout the country; he introduced sea post-offices; abolished the lottery; enlarged free delivery; established rural delivery; and urged the postal telegraph, postal savings depositories, and the parcels post.

He has exerted a powerful influence in opposition to "boss rule" in the politics of his own state and is faithful in all his duties as a citizen of the United States. Mr. Wanamaker's attitude towards politics has been rather remarkable. He has never sought office, and it was only on account of his opposition to machine rule that he consented, in 1897, to run in opposition to Senator Quay. Although defeated, he was able for a time to prevent the election of Senator Quay. Comments of the press at that time, both Republican and Democratic, show that he stood for reform in his party. His influence turned the balance of power for good government and brought about reform in the management of the Keystone State.

He has been enthusiastic and energetic in endeavoring to make Philadelphia conform to his ideals of clean politics. He has had many opportunities to run affairs in his own interests, but is an example of that type of politician who seems to be on the increase, one who is engaged in doing what he can for the good of the whole people. In his own city, he

helped to secure a satisfactory water supply; offered a higher price for the gas plant than the city was on the point of accepting and likewise offered a greater price than was about to be paid for the street-railway franchise. These are but a few of the ways in which he has tried to prove a source of help to his city.

Prior to his nomination to the postmaster-generalship by Benjamin Harrison, he had been offered many nominations to public office but had declined these. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1912. In order to attend the convention he cut short his vacation in Europe. His participation in this convention was entirely unselfish as may be seen from the fact that he refused the nomination to the Vice-Presidency.

It is of interest to know what he himself looks upon as the secret of success. In the *Central Christian Advocate* for January 14, 1914, Mr. Wanamaker answers the question, "What Wins?" which was put to a group of prominent men. He says: "The best place for a young man to learn the facts of life is from the only book that is an absolute authority for both of the worlds with which we have to do, the Bible. . . When I first came a country boy to Philadelphia, I went on an errand to the office of an insurance man who was a Christian. A small white card with small black letters on it was fastened upon the end of his desk where I read, 'He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' As I look back to-day upon that card and remember its influence upon me, it still seems to be the greatest thing that I ever saw in Philadelphia, because it spoke to me; I believed the statement; and I trusted myself to lean back upon the Word of God. Everybody told me to be honest and truthful, and energetic, but not even the strongest of men could make me an absolutely sure promise. The promises of God have behind them His knowledge and power, and if He rewards a man that diligently seeks Him, we shall find out the meaning of the Savior's words when he said, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you.' "

Mr. Wanamaker is as universally known for his Sunday

school and church activities as for his purely business achievements. He early identified himself with the Presbyterian Church under the pastorate of Rev. John Chambers, in whose honor he dedicated, in 1902, the John Chambers Memorial Church, which he erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars. He organized the world-famed Bethany Sunday school in 1858. This school first met in the room of a cobbler, but the membership has grown from twenty-seven scholars to over five thousand. In 1868, Mr. Wanamaker purchased a large lot and erected a substantial stone Sunday school hall which has since been enlarged several times until it will now accommodate thirty-five hundred people. A large Bible Union meets in the auditorium of the church adjoining. In 1868, he opened a savings bank for the young people of the Bethany Sunday school, accepting deposits of "one cent and upwards." In 1913, the bank had over twenty thousand depositors and deposits amounting to about two million dollars. He succeeded in framing and having passed by the Pennsylvania legislature a general law regulating savings funds, so that the investments were fixed in certain securities, and loans disallowed to any of the officers, directors, or employees of the savings fund. He maintains, also, in connection with the Bethany Church work, a dispensary where about ten thousand patients are treated annually.

Mrs. Wanamaker and he built the children's ward of the Presbyterian Hospital, which he helped to found and of which he is trustee. He takes a deep interest in the welfare of boys and men. Not least among his enterprises are the "Men's Friendly Union," with a membership of one thousand men, connected with the John Chambers Memorial Church, and the "Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip," with nearly one thousand men, for whom was erected the Bethany Brotherhood House, equipped with reading room, museum, auditorium, supper room, swimming pool, lockers, gymnasium, roof garden, etc. The members carry on an active Building and Loan Association. Near this building is the "Free Library of Philadelphia, John Wanamaker Branch."

He was an ardent admirer of John B. Gough and has taken

an active part in temperance reform. Always a total abstainer, he can, however, sympathize with the man who has fallen through drink. To aid the drunkard to reform, he established, in 1895, "The Men's Friendly Inn," which is not only a temporary home for those who wish to break off the drink habit, but also for other men who are in need. It is a fine building, which accommodates about one hundred fifty men. They are furnished with an evening dinner, lodging and breakfast, at moderate expense. As far as possible, employment is secured for all who prove worthy. Hundreds of men have been helped and restored to their families by means of this Inn. Many a man is filled with gratitude that John Wanamaker is not among the number of those who have said, "A man should be strong enough to let liquor alone"; he has been courageous enough to stand by his principles and, at the same time, has shown sympathy in a practical manner for those who have felt the curse of the liquor traffic. The strength of his manhood and tenderness of his sympathies supplement his prosaic devotion to business detail.

Too public-spirited to keep his resources for his own use, or for his city, or his state, widening the circle to include even the native red men, Mr. Wanamaker lends support also to foreign missions. Among his contributions are those to the Allahabad, India, mission; the Madras Y. M. C. A. building, erected at a cost to him of about sixty thousand dollars; the Calcutta Y. M. C. A. Boys' Hall; the Beyrut, Syria, School; the gift of Y. M. C. A. buildings to China, Japan and Korea, and contributions to the Italian, French, and Bohemian churches.

Mr. Wanamaker's life has not lacked an underlying principle. The wonderful results that he has been able to bring about are not accomplished by all men. If a few men amass great fortunes they are looked upon as possessors of remarkable talent; but to produce the means for vast enterprises and at the same time to keep in close touch with the lives and souls of men of all conditions and classes throughout this and other countries is a task for a man of titanic understanding and power. The satisfaction that comes to him from so gen-

eral a distribution of his means cannot be measured by any known standards. It is simply beyond computation.

He has been greatly interested in the cause of education. He founded the Bethany Industrial College, which has as its object the provision of an education for young people whose early education has been limited. He has been trustee of the Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades from the founding of that institution. He has made valuable contributions to the archaeological collections in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, of which he is vice-president. He has collected many valuable art trophies for the art gallery in his department store. In 1888, having obtained the famous Munkaczy painting, "Christ Before Pilate," in which all of the figures were life-size, he sent it around the country to be exhibited to the people, as a means of doing good.

In even an incomplete review of the life of John Wanamaker, it is easy to see the many sides of his nature. He must needs bring a broader outlook to those whom he encounters. The economic, social, ethical, and esthetic needs of the individual and of groups of individuals are all subjects of interest to him. Mr. Wanamaker has built up the reputation for generosity which he deserves. With a capacity for acquiring wealth, his ambition for its possession has ever been coupled with philanthropic motives. He has held his talent as a trust and has developed it, not as a means of adding luster to his own name, but as a means of strengthening the brotherhood of man. His name will go down not as that of a man who has amassed a great fortune and in old age or by will has made provision for its distribution, but as that of one who has added to his fortune for the sake of and by the very fact of his free use of it for the help of humanity. Charles S. Gleed in an article in the *Cosmopolitan*,[2] applies to Mr. Wanamaker the statement which Peter Cooper made about himself: "While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good. Hence I have been ready to engage in all new enter-

[2] *Cosmopolitan* 33:88.

prises, and, without incurring debt, to risk the means which I have acquired in their promotion, provided they seemed to me calculated to advance the general good." The name John Wanamaker stands in the business world for honesty, industry, and skill; in political life for freedom from "boss rule" and for government in behalf of the public good as regards health, prosperity and morals; in social and religious circles for the strengthening of the brotherhood of man. In common everyday life the man Wanamaker is a sober and industrious business man, a devout and self-sacrificing church and Sunday school worker, a sympathetic friend to man. "Thinking, trying, trusting is all of my biography," says Mr. Wanamaker.

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Booker T. Washington

ALACE HIGH SCHOOL

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

By Robert E. Park

WITH the possible exception of Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt, there is no man in America today whose name is known to so many different persons and in so many different parts of the world as is the name of Booker T. Washington, principal and founder of the industrial school for negroes in the little, quaint, old-fashioned, ante-bellum town of Tuskegee, Alabama, and author of *Up From Slavery*, a book which has been translated into all of the languages of Europe. Booker T. Washington was born some time about 1858 or 1859 — he is himself not quite sure of the date — on a slave plantation near Hale's Ford, in Franklin county, Virginia. His mother, who went by the name of "Aunt Jane," was the plantation cook. His father was a white man; Booker Washington never knew him, or, if he did, never claimed him. When his master, whose name was Burroughs, died, some time during the Civil War, an inventory was made of his property. A copy of this inventory is still in the possession of the Burroughs family. It contains, among others, the names of the slave, "Booker," his mother, brother, a sister, and some other more distant relatives. At that time Booker Washington, who is now regarded as one of the world's "most useful citizens," was valued at the conservative sum of $300. His brother John, who was considered the more promising of the two, was valued at $400.

The United States has been called the "land of opportunities," and the twentieth century has inherited from the nineteenth the legend of an amazing progress, and of the miraculous rise from poverty to prosperity, from obscurity to greatness, of many of its most important citizens; but surely there is in America no other instance of a man, who, starting so low has risen so high, none whose personal history more completely illustrates the possibilities of American life at the end of the nineteenth century, as that of the man who, born a

slave, is now counted among twenty or thirty of the world's most valued citizens.

This is the more remarkable and the more significant because, starting thus at the bottom, at the very lowest round of the ladder, he has reached this eminence simply as a private citizen. Booker Washington never held a public office, never was a soldier, and never led a forlorn hope to glorious victory. He has, on the contrary, been all his life merely a negro schoolmaster, the eloquent preacher of what was for many years an unpopular educational doctrine; and he is to-day the most conspicuous member and leader of a struggling and unpopular race.

This is the day of the schoolmaster. At no time in the history of the world has the school held a more important place in society; nevertheless it is safe to say that few single institutions have been more important than the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, the school founded by Booker T. Washington some thirty years ago, in the Black Belt of Alabama, a region in which black people outnumber the whites five to one. Tuskegee, however, has had the advantage of beginning its work soon after the rise of a great social problem which has given practical aim and effect to all that it has done or attempted to do.

Some years ago I had an opportunity to hear Booker Washington tell his own story under circumstances of exceptional interest. He had been invited to speak at the Virginia State Fair at Roanoke, Va. Hale's Ford, where he was born, is about thirty miles away. The day following the address, we started with a party of friends to visit the old plantation, which Dr. Washington had not seen since, shortly after the War, he crossed the mountains with his mother, and went into West Virginia to join his step-father who had found work at the Salt Works at Malden, near Charleston, West Virginia.

The visit to the old Burroughs homestead meant a long and tedious journey across the mountains, through what before the Civil War had been a region of flourishing plantations, now long since deserted. The negroes had left the country

shortly after "the surrender," we were told, and more recently the poor white population has been gradually trickling away to the factories at Danville and elsewhere. It was the middle of the afternoon before we reached the old Burroughs place, an old run-down plantation in the midst of a now barren and desolate countryside. The plantation house, which had never been an imposing structure, had fallen into decay. The Burroughs family had not belonged to the slave-holding aristocracy, but had been well-to-do people of the small slave-holding class. Frederick Douglass, the first distinguished leader of the negro race, had belonged to a proud and aristocratic family that owned hundreds of slaves and thousands of acres of land; but Booker Washington did not even inherit the distinction of being the slave of a rich man.

The announcement that the former slave and present negro leader was coming back to visit his old home had preceded the party, and a little crowd of people, among them a member of the Burroughs family, and one or two of the old slaves, was waiting to welcome Dr. Washington when he arrived.

Some little time was spent in reviewing old acquaintances, exchanging reminiscences and identifying remembered places. Many of the old landmarks had disappeared. The old outdoor kitchen, in one corner of which Washington was born, had gone, but the site of it was found. Nearby stood an old willow tree and Dr. Washington remembered that from this tree his master had cut the switch with which he gave him his first whipping. The old dining room, with its big swinging fan, suspended from a beam in the ceiling, was still there, just as it had been nearly fifty years before, when Aunt Jane's "Booker" used to operate it. It was the first work Booker Washington ever did and is worth remembering of the man who, on the whole, has probably done as much real work as any other person living. It is a tradition at Tuskegee that the principal never stops work and that he rests only when he is on a railway train, speeding over the country to one or another of his various appointments.

Of this early life on the plantation Booker Washington has told in his autobiography. Two incidents in particular were

recalled during the visit to the old home. One of these was the bringing home from the War of the dead body of young master Billy, one of the younger sons of the Burroughs family, whom young Booker had known and played with as a boy. It was the first vivid impression that the people on the plantation had of the War. Across the road from the "big house" there is a little plat of ground where the young master was buried. It is covered over with wild growth, but Dr. Washington found the spot, paused to look at the headstone and to recall the incident, which had made a deep impression upon his boyish mind.

The second big impression of those early days which this visit recalled referred to the memorable day on which the people on the plantation learned that they were free. Booker Washington has described the occasion in one of the most impressive paragraphs in his remarkable autobiography. He says:[1]

The night before the eventful day, word was sent to the slave quarters to the effect that something unusual was going to take place at the "big house" the next morning. There was little, if any, sleep that night. All was excitement and expectancy. Early the next morning word was sent to all the slaves, old and young, to gather at the house. In company with my mother, brother, and sister, and a large number of other slaves, I went to the master's house. All of our master's family were either standing or seated on the veranda of the house, where they could see what was to take place and hear what was said. There was a feeling of deep interest, or perhaps sadness, on their faces, but not bitterness. As I now recall the impression they made upon me, they did not at the moment seem to be sad because of the loss of property, but rather because of parting with those whom they had reared and who were in many ways very close to them. The most distinct thing that I now recall in connection with the scene was that some man who seemed to be a stranger (a United States officer, I presume) made a little speech and then read a rather long paper — the Emancipation Proclamation, I think. After the reading we were told that we were all free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children,

[1] *Up From Slavery*, pp. 20-22.

while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She explained to us what it all meant, that this was the day for which she had been so long praying, but fearing that she would never live to see.

For some minutes there was great rejoicing, and thanksgiving, and wild scenes of ecstasy. But there was no feeling of bitterness. In fact, there was pity among the slaves for our former owners. The wild rejoicing on the part of the emancipated colored people lasted but for a brief period, for I noticed that by the time they returned to their cabins there was a change in their feelings. The great responsibility of being free, of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan for themselves and their children, seemed to take possession of them. It was very much like suddenly turning a youth of ten or twelve years out into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown upon these people to be solved. These were the questions of a home, a living, the rearing of children, education, citizenship, and the establishment and support of churches. Was it any wonder that within a few hours the wild rejoicing ceased and a feeling of deep gloom seemed to pervade the slave quarters?

Among the people who had turned out to welcome the former slave's return to the old plantation were several who had been present and taken part in this impressive little ceremony and whose memories of all the old life were still vivid. The little human incidents that they related seemed to complete the picture and give it its proper setting.

It was after this that Dr. Washington stood upon the front steps of the old house and told to the little group of neighbors, white and black, the story of his life since he had gone away. He told how, as he was working one day down in the mines, he had overheard one of the miners during a pause in their work reading from a scrap of paper by the light of a little miner's lamp of a school, called Hampton Institute, where a negro boy, if he was earnest and industrious, could go to school and earn his way working at a trade. Presently the men began discussing this school, and he, Washington, crept close and listened to what they had to say, and made up his mind then and there that he would find that school,

and get an education. He described his journey across the mountains to Virginia, traveling by stage until his money failed and then walking, carrying his little bundle on his back, getting now and then a lift from a friendly driver whom he met, until he finally reached Richmond, hungry, ragged, and penniless. He was still many miles from Hampton Institute, but he felt compelled to stop here until he could earn some money to go on. He found a job loading iron ore on one of the boats in the James River. Meanwhile, because he had no other place to go, he slept under the friendly shelter of the sidewalk. There he spent several nights, until he had succeeded in earning money enough to go on and complete his journey.

His account of the manner in which he succeeded in passing his entrance examination to Hampton can best be told in his own words:[2]

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon the teacher, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. . . For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about. . . After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. . . .

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that, in a large measure, my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She

[2] *Up From Slavery*, pp. 51-53.

went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, "I guess you will do to enter this institution." . . .

The sweeping of that room was my college examination. . . . I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed. . .

After graduating from Hampton Institute, Booker Washington was sent by Gen. Armstrong, Principal of Hampton, to the little town of Tuskegee, Alabama, and there in 1881 he founded the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, of which he has ever since been the head. Starting there in 1881, as he said, in a little negro church "with thirty pupils, one teacher, and no property but a blind mule," this school has grown in numbers, property, and influence until to-day it has, large and small, upwards of one hundred buildings, two hundred teachers and helpers, twenty-four hundred acres of land, and something like sixteen hundred pupils.

The people to whom Booker Washington told this story were back country people; some of them "poor whites" who had themselves obtained little or no education, all of them persons who shared the prejudices of Southern people in regard to the education of the negro. But as he proceeded in his simple, direct way with the story of his own struggle; as he set forth the plain and practical plan of the education he had tried to give his students and, finally, as he described in convincing detail, the results of this education upon the pupils themselves, and upon the communities in which they lived, I think we were all profoundly impressed. It was a lesson in civilization, and I believe we all saw, as we had not seen before, the part that the school had played and was destined to play in the solution of the race problem, and perhaps, also, of some other problems which have not prospered under the ministrations of politicians and the influences of party politics.

It was not until 1895 that Booker Washington began to assume the proportions of a national figure. Up to that time

he had been an obscure negro school master, chiefly remarkable for his persistence, for the shrewd and practical common sense of his judgment on the race problem and for a certain native simplicity and vigor in his manner of expressing them.

A year or two before this time he had had an opportunity to speak at the National Education Association in Wisconsin, where he made a profound impression on those who heard him. In 1893, also, he had an opportunity to make a few minutes' speech at the international meeting of the Christian Workers, at Atlanta. Except for these two meetings he was unknown to the larger American public not directly interested in negro education. He made a good impression, however, in the few minutes' address in the interest of the Cotton States Exposition which he gave before a congressional committee, so that when it was finally decided to permit a member of the negro race to make one of the addresses at the opening of this exposition in Atlanta, Booker Washington was invited to perform that function.

Before that time, it was said — although this is not exactly true — that no negro had ever spoken from the same platform as a white man in the South. At any rate, the announcement that a black man was to have a place on the program aroused much discussion, and some misgivings, the result of which was that the public was in a state of anxious expectation to hear what the black orator was going to say. With the exception of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, perhaps, no speech ever uttered by an American has had deeper and more lasting influence upon the history of this country. Looking back upon the event to-day it is hard to realize the impression which this speech made upon the whole country.

The best contemporary account of the scene was that telegraphed to the New York *World*, by James Creelman. After describing the great audience, some of them skeptical, some of them a little anxious, all of them curious in regard to the outcome, he said:

All this time the eyes of the thousands present looked straight at the negro orator. A strange thing was to happen. A black man was to speak for his people, with none to inter-

rupt him. . . . A great shout greeted him. He turned his head to avoid the blinding light, and moved about the platform for relief. Then he turned his wonderful countenance to the sun without a blink of the eyelids, and began to talk. . . .

The sinews stood out on his bronzed neck, and his muscular right arm swung high in the air, with a lead-pencil clasped in the clinched brown fist. His big feet were planted squarely, with the heels together and the toes turned out. His voice rang out clear and true, and he paused impressively as he made each point. Within ten minutes the multitude was in an uproar of enthusiasm — handkerchiefs were waved, canes were flourished, hats were tossed in the air. The fairest women of Georgia stood up and cheered. It was as if the orator had bewitched them.

And when he held his dusky hand high above his head, with the fingers stretched wide apart, and said to the white people of the South on behalf of his race, "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress," the great wave of sound dashed itself against the walls, and the whole audience was on its feet in a delirium of applause, and I thought at that moment of the night when Henry Grady stood among the curling wreaths of tobacco-smoke in Delmonico's banquet-hall and said, "I am a Cavalier among Roundheads."

I have heard the great orators of many countries, but not even Gladstone himself could have pleaded a cause with more consummate power than did this angular negro, standing in a nimbus of sunshine, surrounded by the men who once fought to keep his race in bondage. . . .

That speech made Booker Washington famous. It was copied and commented upon in papers all over the United States. It brought him showers of letters, invitations to speak — to write for the magazines. As he says in his recent work, *My Larger Education*, the sequel to his earlier autobiography, he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly hailed as "the successor to Frederick Douglass," the "Moses" of his race, and so forth. Almost everyone seemed to think that he would now give up his school and go into politics, devote himself, in short, to the profession of a "race leader."

If any such idea entered Booker Washington's head, he never seriously entertained it. He had other and different

plans. As he began to realize the opportunities that this sudden accession of popularity gave him, he determined to use it to carry out the purpose that he had gradually come to regard as his mission: the moral and intellectual emancipation of his race. Lincoln and the war had freed his peoples' bodies, he said, and he wanted to do something that would free their minds.

Perhaps the finest and best comment upon the Atlanta speech was that of Clark Howell, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, who said: "That man's speech is the beginning of a moral revolution in America." But Booker T. Washington is about the last man in America who would deliberately set out to effect a "moral revolution." The expression is too large, too sounding, too abstract. He would not know just what the thing meant. He is too direct and practical. He does not think in those terms. In fact he is not a thinker, in the ordinary sense of the word: he is a worker, a doer, and the marvelous thing about it all is that he almost always does the right things. He has vision, the gift of seeing things clearly and seeing them whole.

And so Booker Washington would never speak of his task, his mission, as that of leading a "moral revolution." He would say that his work was education; that his mission was to change public opinion. He has said that he thinks that the most important achievement of the Tuskegee Institute consists in what it has done, first, to teach his own people the dignity of labor; to inspire them with the faith in themselves and in their future; to make them realize that in the long run their future depends upon what they make of themselves; second, to convince Southern white people that it pays to educate the negro; that, in the long run the health, the prosperity, and the moral welfare of the black man is bound up with that of the white; that it is a mistake to believe that one man's evil can ever be another man's good. As he puts it, "one race can not hold a man down in the gutter without staying down there with him."

On the other hand he has very little confidence in any reforms that are brought about by the mere passage of laws.

He believes that, if the politician will leave the negro problem alone, the two races can settle their difficulties among themselves and that, in any case, the passage of laws without the power and the public sentiment to enforce them, tends to aggravate rather than cure the evils from which the races are now suffering. He has had the wisdom to see that there is a region above and beyond all formal legislation and law in which the destinies of individuals, as well as of races, are finally determined.

One could hardly find two persons who, in their individual tempers and personal fortune, are wider apart than Booker T. Washington, the Negro Moses, and Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian prophet. And yet there is something in common between these two men. Both men, each in his own peculiar way, have been what we used to call "non-resistants"; both believe profoundly in the masses of their people; both are convinced that no mere alteration of external conditions, no mere emancipation by proclamation, nothing but the slow and silent evolution of the latent potentialities of the people can effect a permanent change in the conditions of their life. But here the likeness between the two men ended.

Booker Washington, true to the instinct of his race and of the American people, is an outward rather than inward-looking man. He sees the difficulties which his people have to meet; he understands and appreciates their faults as well as their virtues, but he always maintains a cheerful outlook on life. He believes in his own people; he trusts the good will of the South; and he has a profound faith in the sense of justice and fair play of the American white man. He never allows himself to become discouraged or embittered. He says that early in life he made up his mind that he would never let another man drag him down by causing him to hate him. On the whole he seems to relish the fact that fate has bound him up with the solution of a hard and perplexing problem. One time, when his attention was called to what seemed a particularly cruel and unjust factor in the situation of the negroes in the South, he listened patiently to the end. Then he said:

"Well, that simply makes the problem all the more interesting."

His unfailing humor, with which he so frequently disarms the criticism of those who oppose him, his inexhaustible good will, which has frequently made him the victim of self-seeking individuals, but has just as frequently converted an open enemy into a sincere friend and supporter, are the striking features of his mind and character.

Booker Washington has received many honors and made many friends among the best and most distinguished men in this country and in Europe. Harvard University, in 1897, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He has been received, in spite of the fact that he was a negro, by the highest representations of the people at home and abroad. When he went abroad in 1912, he was entertained at dinner by the King of Denmark. He had previously, in company with Mrs. Washington, visited England in 1899, and had been received at Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria.

He has used all the influence and power which these distinctions have brought him for the single purpose of furthering the work to which he has devoted his life. His work is not yet done; but he has lived to see the program which he laid down in his Atlanta speech adopted by the best elements of both races in the South. As an old colored preacher once said speaking not of Booker Washington, but of one of the missionary teachers whom Booker Washington had sent out into one of the dark corners of the South: "It was midnight when he came here. Now it is daybreak."

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HENRY WATTERSON

By Logan Esarey

OF all men a genius is the most hopeless to his biographer. His manner of thought and above all his manner of life are not along common lines. He does not move along conventional paths. For that reason no common man can understand or appreciate him. Where common men plod along from point to point, he jumps from peak to peak, often without leaving along the course of his flights any trace by which he can be followed.

Not only in his mental life but in his ordinary conduct the genius is not impelled by ordinary motives. Society has marked out with tolerable accuracy a certain line of promotion along which successful men move as they progress through life. Nearly all men look upon this scale of promotion as being dominated by two factors, money and honor. A common man may have a satisfactory position but if another position opens up with an increased salary he at once becomes a candidate for the new, higher-priced position. Likewise nearly all men look upon the public service as a very desirable work. They will sacrifice quite a little in the way of salary or convenience, or both, in order to gratify this thirst for public honor. The genius sees farther and, like Emerson, knows there is more honor in making a good mouse trap than in being a poor Congressman. In a single sentence, genius knows enough to follow its own bent and not to turn aside to the disappointing temptations of money and honor.

Not being influenced by these like ordinary men, the genius acquires the reputation among his fellows of being eccentric. For that reason it is most difficult for a biographer to get at the facts concerning his life. Those who are too dull to feel any sympathy whatever with any purpose in life higher than accumulating wealth leave it as their conviction that he is lacking sadly in common sense. Another class who have an inkling of his ability fear him and label him as dangerous,

Courtesy Steffens, Louisville

Henry Watterson

given over to deep-laid schemes against the common welfare.

If to his genius you add a small tincture of inspiration, that element in some characters which occasionally raises them high enough above the disturbances of the present and the immediate vicinity to enable them to get a connected view over considerable time and space, you will have about the most difficult thing for analysis in the world.

Such a man is Henry Watterson. The above difficulties are not the only ones. For in Mr. Watterson's life is embodied in a small degree the tragedy of the Civil War. His parentage, his training, his sentiments, his local surroundings in Tennessee, Washington, and in Louisville, all emphasize this tragedy. His father, Harvey Magee Watterson, was a representative from Tennessee, 1839-1843, editor of the Nashville *Union*, 1847-1851, editor Washington *Union*, 1851. He was a lawyer by profession, practicing many years in Washington.

From 1840 to 1860 young Watterson grew up in the atmosphere of the national capital, his social sympathies tending toward the chivalric society of the old South while his intellectual sympathies were largely Northern. His fondness for the Union was a reflection of his inherited tendencies and of his observation and study at Washington. His father was the successor in the House of Representatives of James K. Polk. He was a friend and companion of Andrew Jackson, and held the same views regarding the Union as Old Hickory. It is doubtful if the inhabitants of any other section of the country equalled those of old Tennessee in disinterested love of the Union. That sentiment was shared by both Henry Watterson and his father.

Henry Watterson was born in Washington City, February 16, 1840. The twenty years following were full of meaning for the boy and young man. One is tempted to say that he was fortunately physically unable to attend school. Again, one is tempted to say that his father was fortunately too busy to give much attention to the educational training of the son. The latter was uncertain in his tastes. He early showed a tendency toward music. He pursued his musical

education with energy for several years, until an accident cost him the use of his left hand. He seems to have given up a musical career without any regret. In fact it is entirely possible that he was tiring of the art and glad to drop it.

His education was entirely in the hands of private tutors. He spent four years at the Academy of the Diocese of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia under the instruction of Dr. George Emlin Hare. He developed a taste for literature, and his early writings show that the great essayists of the Georgian Era of English Literature had a decisive influence on him. We can only surmise what would have been the result had he been permitted, as Edmund Burke and Washington Irving were, to spend years of leisure in the company and enjoyment of these literary masters.

Washington City at that time was the meeting point of all the currents of American life. With his knowledge of all these currents, with his intimate acquaintance with all the characters who then visited annually the cosmopolitan capital, and with Washington society as a background, what might he not have hoped for in the way of a literary career!

Young Watterson also showed decided talent as a critic of the stage. He frequently wrote for the press. These brief articles leave no doubt that had he given his time and energy to work along this line he would have taken rank with Lowell or Poe as a critic. But these and other early adventures only show the versatility of his genius. He could have made his mark in any field to which he might have given his attention. These activities were, moreover, all parts of an education that was unconsciously fitting him for a career which was to be of inestimable benefit to the nation, and there was no sentiment which so completely commanded his life as patriotism.

While the young man was thus casting about, following first one inclination and then another, a political crisis was fast coming upon the nation. The Civil War broke out and, during the year in which Watterson became of age, completely and forever shattered that society with which he had become

so familiar. The father did all in his power to lay the storm, but when he saw it was impossible he withdrew to a retired estate among the mountains and took no part in the fight.

The young man was not able to do this, although at the time he was editing a Union paper in Tennessee. His life had been spent in action. When he saw that the Union was to be destroyed he took sides with that party which he thought most nearly represented the old Union of Jackson, and Clay, and Jefferson.

In doing this he only did what thousands of patriotic Southern men did. He entered the Southern army reluctantly but once enlisted he fought loyally for the South as long as there was any hope of victory. He enlisted from Tennessee in 1861. He was at first an aide to the famous cavalry general, Forrest, but later served on the staff of General Leonidas Polke, better known as one of the great bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a daring, reckless soldier and during the Atlanta campaign he served as a scout. During all his four years of service he was rarely on regular duty. He preferred independence where his own initiative might have free play. For this reason he was usually assigned to scout duty.

Although Colonel Watterson as a soldier lost the cause for which he was fighting, he came out of the war with rugged health and an iron constitution. Four years of life on horseback and in camp in the mountains of Tennessee had developed for him a physique that was to stand him in good stead in his long and arduous service as editor.

Even during the war Colonel Watterson had not entirely forgotten his first love. As mentioned above, he had spent some time as an art critic on the newspapers of Washington. The opening of the war had found him editing a paper in Tennessee. As soon as the war was well under way he recognized the great advantage there would be in a newspaper at some central point which would give the military news of the Confederate armies. Carrying out this idea there appeared at Chattanooga in October, 1862, the first number of the *Rebel*,

edited by Mr. Watterson. It at once attained great popularity. The Confederate commanders made it the medium of their correspondence.

Mr. Watterson lost no time at the close of the war lamenting the fate of the Confederacy. The devastation wrought by contending armies was disheartening. Worse than this was the discouragement and gloom that settled down over the leading men of the South. Worst of all was the faction in the North which, after the death of Lincoln, determined to make political capital out of the results of the war. Here is where Mr. Watterson's vision helped him to rise above the temporary questions on which the common politicians wasted their energy. The military occupation of the South, the oppression of the freedmen, the raids of the Ku Klux, the force bill, and freedman's bureau, in his eyes were partisan measures which only hindered the restoration of the Union to its old-time glory. The only work worthy of a patriotic statesman under the circumstances was that which Lincoln had outlined in his second inaugural, "to bind up the nations's wounds." The results of the war should be frankly accepted.

The smoke of battle had hardly cleared away before Mr. Watterson was publishing a newspaper in the capital of Tennessee. No State except Virginia had felt the ravages of war so keenly as Tennessee. Thousands of its most intelligent men were refugees north of the Ohio River. Other thousands had sacrificed both life and property for the Confederacy. Still other thousands whose sympathies had not led them into either army had been driven from their homes and for years had lived like outlaws. Mr. Watterson soon realized that this was no place to try to establish a newspaper of national reputation.

In this situation Mr. Watterson took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself in the winter of 1866-67 to become editor and part owner of the Louisville *Journal*. This paper had been edited for many years by the celebrated George D. Prentice. With Henry Clay as its political sponsor and Prentice as its editor it had enjoyed a national reputation for nearly two scores of years. Before the war the *Journal*

had been opposed by the *Courier*. Now that both were supporting the Democratic Party it seemed useless to run both. Accordingly during the late fall of 1868 the two were consolidated, the Louisville *Democrat* being included in the merger. The first number of the *Courier-Journal* appeared November 8, 1868. The veteran editor, Prentice, continued in service until his death in 1870. Since the latter period, over a third of a century, the *Courier-Journal* and Henry Watterson have been synonyms throughout the United States.

This does not mean that Mr. Watterson was accepted without question by the readers of the *Courier-Journal* as a worthy successor of Prentice. The shadow of the older editor hung for some years across the pathway of the new. Every departure was measured by the yardstick of Prentice. But it was not long before the literary style and broad, liberal, forward-looking policy of the younger editor gained recognition not only in Kentucky, but throughout the Union.

The fight for political leadership in Kentucky was longer and more bitterly contested. Kentucky has never welcomed outsiders who sought political distinction in the State. Clay and Prentice had both been required to fight stubbornly for their political supremacy. Mr. Watterson took a position with the younger progressive group of Democrats, and so at once brought down upon himself the main attacks of the older, unreconstructive, reactionary politicians.

Among his first contests was one for the political status of the negro. He saw at once that it was impossible to have in the commonwealth a large body of freemen who were not citizens. Either the colored men must be slaves or must have a right to protect themselves by the power of the courts. Without this latter power they would have to defend themselves by force of arms against oppression. This in turn would mean civil war as the normal condition of the State. As was his custom, Editor Watterson did not count the cost of his struggle, but at once took up his cudgels to fight for the admission of negro evidence in court. The fight was fast and bloody. Those politicians who supported him and were candidates for office were driven from political life. But Mr.

Watterson was safe from defeat in his editorial position. The serious second thought of the people showed them clearly that he was right, and the negro gained the protection of the courts. This contest also showed him beyond question that a great editor could not afford to be a candidate for or to hold public office.

There was at this time an organization of corrupt men high up in the management of the Republican Party. This gang in large measure controlled the Federal government. It kept itself in power very largely by waving the bloody shirt; that is, by denouncing the Democratic Party for bringing on the Civil War. Since it was necessary for this gang also to keep the South under military government, Federal troops were stationed at the polls. All the Southern leaders who had taken part in the war — and that meant practically all of them — were kept out of public life, their place being taken by a class of political buccaneers called carpet-baggers. The narrow policy of the Southern leaders in countenancing lawlessness in the South gave these men just the material they wished for their speeches to Northern voters. In the North politics were controlled by the soldiers, who still felt bitter toward the South.

Surely it was a stupendous task which confronted the small group of Southern progressives. Here again many of Mr. Watterson's Southern friends were unable to understand him. In vision he saw a New South without the slavery he had hated almost as much as Lincoln, with railroads, rivers, and canals busy carrying the commerce of the busy population, with cotton factories rivaling those of New England, with steel mills to use up the vast mineral resources in the Appalachian Mountains. While he talked and wrote of these beautiful visions, his heavy-footed companions could see nothing where he pointed but the wreck and ruin of a terrible struggle, and over all the heavy hand of the Northern oppressor.

There was a movement started by some of the more aggressive Confederate officers, Mr. Watterson among the number, to organize a new party for the South, one free of the

war associations. A meeting of the leaders of this movement was held at Ashland. But not even the spell of Clay could endow the party with the breath of life. Mr. Watterson was charged with treason, with insincerity, with being a dreamer when they wanted a doer. On this yelping pack of curs barking at his heels he bestowed very little attention but trained his editorial guns on the corruption in the Republican Party.

To the *Courier-Journal* as much as to any other organ was due the revolt of 1872 in the Republican Party. Editor Watterson, while a journalistic Bohemian, had become acquainted with Horace Greeley. The Liberal Republican movement was not successful in electing Greeley, but it was successful in bringing to an end the orgy of unrighteousness known as the government at Washington.

Mr. Watterson sat as a delegate-at-large in the Democratic national convention of 1872 which endorsed Greeley. Four years later he presided over the Democratic convention at St. Louis which nominated his friend, Samuel J. Tilden, for the presidency. Into the campaign which followed he threw his whole soul. He is never so much at home or so effective as an editor as when denouncing fraud, shams, or dishonesty of any kind. These hurt his artistic soul like brambles on a fair estate. In this campaign he was confident of victory. As soon as he learned of the frauds in the Southern elections he set out for New Orleans, arriving there ahead of the Republicans. The situation was not very promising. It seemed that the party which had the most money would get a favorable report by the election commissioners.

It happened during the previous campaign that Mr. Watterson, in answer to a request from Mr. Tilden, had been elected to Congress to fill a vacancy. This, the only case in which he violated his determination not to hold office, enabled him to take part in the famous struggle in Congress over counting the votes in the Hayes-Tilden election. His experience in this session of Congress did not increase his taste for office, and when his partial term was over he never afterwards permitted himself to be elected or appointed to office. High office was within his reach many times. He might have been

a senator from Kentucky, a governor, or perhaps a cabinet officer. But such service he correctly saw, as parties then were, would "begin in slavery and end in poverty." He became greatly excited over the struggle in Congress concerning the election of Hayes. It was said that he threatened to lead a hundred thousand armed Kentuckians to Washington to demand justice, but it is certain he had no intention of doing it.

After the defeat of 1876 Mr. Watterson settled down to the work of building a new Democratic Party. The Civil War had left the old party without a platform. Mr. Watterson was a believer in a low tariff. The high tariff of the Republican Party was too much of a hindrance to trade. As a result of his advocacy the Democrats accepted the principle of a "tariff for revenue only." Along with that he placed a declaration for civil service. While these were both important questions they did not arouse the people. The burning question of the late seventies was the money question. Here Mr. Watterson found an ample field for his wit and his wisdom. He had no patience with cheap or fiat money. He linked the question with the morals of the people. *Harper's Weekly* took special delight in cartooning him on this issue. In answer to the statement that the government could make paper a legal money he answered that it could also make soft soap money but it would neither be wise nor honest. Almost twenty years later, when the managers of the sound money campaign telegraphed him at his summer home in Switzerland asking what attitude to take on the "sixteen to one" plank in the Democratic platform of 1896 he answered back, "Make no compromise with dishonor." He refused to support the ticket. From 1876 to 1892 he sat as a delegate-at-large from Kentucky in every Democratic national convention and as much as any man helped mold the political opinions of that party. With all this party service to his credit it cannot, however, be said that he was a party man. His democracy always began with a small "d." He quarreled with Cleveland, refused to support Bryan, and denounced Wilson.

Mr. Watterson will be remembered for his political labor,

but it would be a great mistake to leave the impression that he was only a politician. His social and literary abilities were known and appreciated as widely as his political work. Sham, dishonesty, and immorality drew his severest criticism. His critical arrows were tipped with fire but never dipped in poison.

As an orator Mr. Watterson has been in demand for the last quarter of a century. No man on the American platform to-day excels him. When the Columbian Exposition was dedicated, he appeared with Chauncey Depew as the official spokesman of the government. His lectures on "Money and Morals" and "Abraham Lincoln" have been delivered in almost every city in the United States. Among his writings may be noted *Oddities of Southern Life and Character*, a volume of humor, *The Spanish American War*, written as the war progressed, and the *Compromises of Life*, a compilation of his lectures. He has for many years been engaged on a *Life of Lincoln*. This will no doubt be his masterpiece in the literary field. No one is better prepared to interpret Lincoln than Watterson.

In 1865, Mr. Watterson married the daughter of the Honorable Andrew Ewing. They had five children. At his country home, Mansfield, twelve miles south of Louisville, he is enjoying life in the good old Southern style. His summers are usually spent in Switzerland, his winters in Florida.

Thoughtless writers like to talk glibly of the witticisms, terse expressions, sparkling editorials, and heated denunciations of Mr. Watterson, as if those were the chief characteristics of his life work. Such writers have tried to make of Lincoln a wag and a practical joker. No man has had a clearer vision of a united, moral, glorious republic, than Mr. Watterson. And few men have striven more faithfully through as long a period to realize these ideals. Around this central vision the struggles of his long, unselfish life can be harmonized. As an editor he used the *Courier-Journal* for this purpose. He is the last of his type of editors. He no more resembles the modern editor than a Methodist circuit rider resembles a Wall Street financier. He would and did

at times sacrifice his paper rather than "compromise with dishonor."

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EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE

By Walter Carleton Woodward

IT is almost unthinkable to-day that a man would give up a seat in the United States Senate to become governor of his state. But such action has been known in our early history. Stranger still would it seem, were a member of the Supreme Court of the United States to resign to take a place at the head of his state judiciary. Yet such was the course of John Rutledge of South Carolina in the first decade of our national government. In a century and a quarter of political development, however, predominating power and prestige have definitely shifted from our state to our federal institutions. The great factor in effecting this transformation, in raising aloft the national ideal and at the same time elevating itself to preeminent power, is the Federal Supreme Court. In short it has performed the proverbially impossible in lifting itself high by its own boot straps. How high, is indicated in the fact of common understanding that a living ex-president with reluctance resigned his prospects of a seat on the Federal Supreme Bench to take the road which led to the White House.

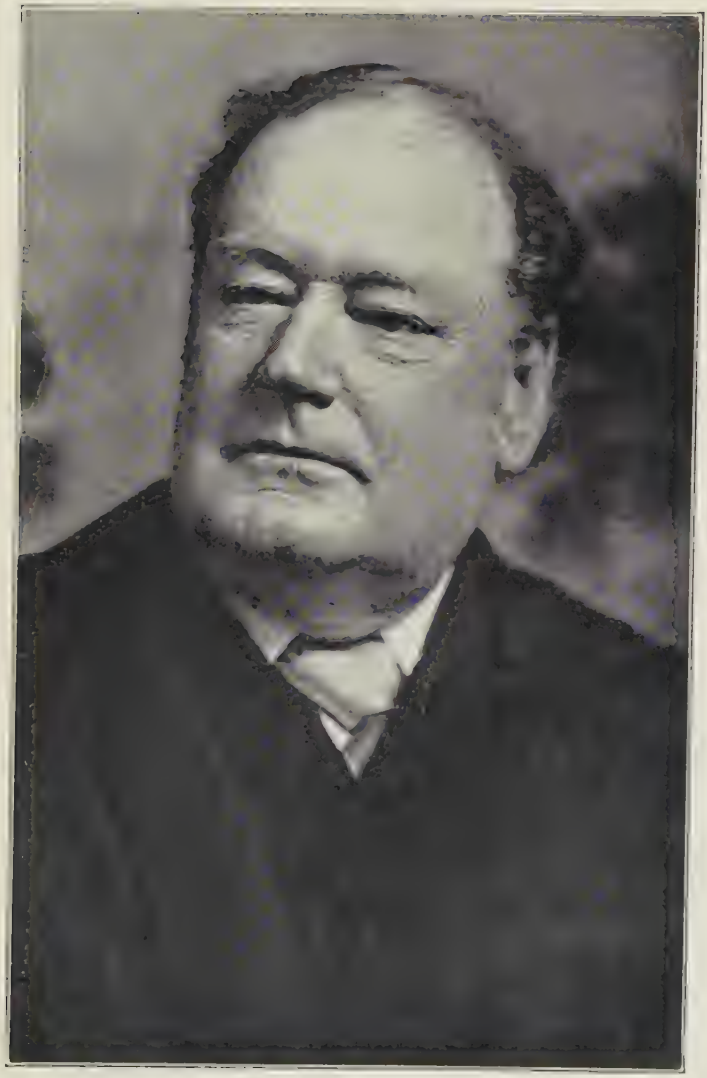
Of extreme interest is the study of this judicial body — the most august and powerful judicial tribunal in the world; the study of this, "our most distinctive political institution" — "our continuous constitutional convention." Of inseparable interest likewise is the character of the men who constitute this high court of justice, and particularly that of the man who sits at its head.

Many striking circumstances contributed toward making the appointment of Edward Douglass White of Louisiana to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, one of the most notable and significant events in the history of the national tribunal. Indeed, it may be said to have marked the close of one epoch in our national history and the beginning of another; to have drawn the curtain upon an era of sectionalism, provincialism and narrow partisanship;

and to have betokened the coming of a new unity, a broader tolerance and a deeper nationalism.

What could be more striking than the fact that the head of this peculiarly strong *national* institution should once have been in arms against John Marshall — in defense of the doctrine of state sovereignty! Yet this "solid Southerner," ex-Confederate, Roman Catholic Democrat was appointed by a Northern, Protestant, Republican president and sworn in by a Republican justice, a Grand Army veteran. One instance will further serve to illustrate how rapidly of late years sectional animosities are being forgotten. When, in 1894, Mr. White was appointed Associate Justice by a Democratic president, Mr. Cleveland, the appointment was bitterly criticised by no less stanch a Democratic journal than the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The lingering "bloody shirt"-waving proclivities, and the strangely provincial attitude as well, relative to the make-up of the Supreme Court, were strongly shown by the *Eagle*. "Never before," it declared, "has a New Yorker's successor among the Associate Justices been other than a New Yorker and never before has one who was a rebel soldier been chosen for an exclusively Northern circuit." And only sixteen years later we are told that the appointment of Justice White as Chief Justice "was urged by a progressive Republican, railroaded through the Senate by a conservative Republican and unanimously approved by all the Democratic, as well as Republican senators." Waived, even, was the usual formality of referring the President's nomination to the Judiciary Committee. Such action was doubly significant. It was a high tribute to the man. It was also a tacit admonitory declaration to the country — "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Justice White has the distinction of being the first Chief Justice to be promoted to the head of the Court from the Supreme Bench itself. He was the first ex-Confederate soldier to be appointed to the Supreme Court. His appointment was perhaps the first great national honor or trust which had gone to that section of the nation which controlled the government in ante-bellum days. With the exception of Roger B. Taney he is the only Roman Catholic to occupy a seat on the Supreme



Edward Douglass White

Federal Bench. As a rather striking antithesis to the religion and antecedents of the present Chief Justice, the first head of our national judicial tribunal, John Jay, was the grandson of a Huguenot refugee and attended school at *New Rochelle*, New York.

In his rise to power and responsibility Justice White breaks another rather thoroughly established American precedent. He was not a poor boy, of humble, obscure parentage. On the other hand he comes from a family of circumstance, well known in the political annals of his state. His grandfather, James White, was a judge of western Louisiana, while his father, Edward White, served his state both as congressman and governor.

In outline, the life and career of the Chief Justice may be readily summarized. He was born in Parish Lafourche, Louisiana, November 3, 1845. The name of his birthplace suggests his Franco-Romanic ancestry. He received his education in various Roman Catholic institutions — Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland; Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C.; and the Jesuit College of New Orleans. Though a mere lad of sixteen years when the Civil War broke out he left college at Georgetown and enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. He was a member of General Beale's staff during the siege of Port Hudson, and on its surrender in the summer of 1863, following the fall of Vicksburg, he was among the prisoners taken by the Union forces under General Banks. At the close of the war he took up the study of law in the office of Edward Bermudez who later became Chief Justice of Louisiana. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar of his state. A few years later found him in politics, and he was elected to the state senate. His next preferment was judicial, in his appointment as Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court.

In 1890 and 1891 the lottery question furnished the burning issue in Louisiana politics, attending the expiration of the charter of the Louisiana Lottery Company. Mr. White reentered the political field, allying himself with the reform forces, among whom he became a dominant figure before the

campaign was brought to a successful issue. The ability, resource and generalship shown by him made him a marked man in the Louisiana Democracy, and the sequel was his election to the United States Senate in 1891. This signal political distinction has been directly attributed to his successful leadership of the anti-lottery campaign forces.

In the United States Senate, the man from Louisiana was soon recognized as a member of influence and ability. His senatorial career, though comparatively brief, was marked by two policies. It was in the days when the cloud with the silver lining appeared in the West on the Democratic horizon; the cloud which brought the storm separating the Democracy into two camps and alienating the majority from its president. Senator White was loyal to his chief and to the cause of sound money. As to his second policy, let it be known that our Southern Democratic senator was one of Louisiana's wealthy sugar planters. Now the very name Democracy has long been looked upon as a sort of restful, reassuring synonym for the common weal, with emphasis upon common; and at the same time a challenge to special privilege masquerading under whatsoever kind of cloak. The thrifty Louisiana planter Democrats wore a very undemocratic kind of cloak called a sugar bounty; that is, it seemed very undemocratic to those Democrats who had no cloak at all. Following up their campaign covenant with the American voter, the Democratic Party proceeded with its free trade program, and forthwith ran afoul of Louisiana Democracy, which was just as sure then as it is now in the year of our Lord 1914, that there should be an exception to the very best and most democratic of Democratic doctrines. The Louisiana senators filed their bill of exceptions with such urgency and effectiveness, and so close was the vote in the Senate, that they forced the Democratic Party to its knees in a compromise, at once costly and humiliating. In this instance Senator White may possibly be said to have returned to a phase of the state's rights idea — a phase which has long characterized our American political system, whatever the party régime — a system representing widely diverse and apparently conflicting interests.

Senator White did not fill out his term in the United States Senate. In 1893 a vacancy occurred on the Federal Bench through the death of Justice Blatchford of New York. In the appointment of a successor to the latter, President Cleveland nominated a New York man. The appointee was unwelcome to the New York senators and they were able to hold up confirmation in the Senate. Exasperated over the humiliating complication, President Cleveland executed a flank movement upon the opposition in February, 1894, by turning to the extreme South for his appointee in the person of Senator White. The senators confirmed the nomination of their popular colleague without a word and Senator White removed the toga for the ermine, becoming Associate Justice White. After sixteen years of distinguished service on the bench, he was selected by President Taft in 1910 to succeed Melville W. Fuller as Chief Justice. How popular was President Taft's choice has been already indicated.

Edward D. White is the ninth Chief Justice to preside over the Supreme Court, his predecessors in order having been, John Jay, of New York; John Rutledge, of South Carolina; Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut; John Marshall, of Virginia; Roger B. Taney, of Maryland; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio; Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois. In breadth of learning and culture, in profoundness in the law, in mental precision and exactitude, Chief Justice White ranks with the best men of this notable list. In some respects his preparation and training for his exalted position are superior to those of any of his predecessors. He is not only well grounded in the principles of English and American jurisprudence, based upon the English common law, but he also comes from the one state in the Union whose legal system is Romanic, based upon the Code Napoleon. Accordingly he brought to our national high court of justice a thorough knowledge as well of the Civil law. He is said to be the only Justice who can argue a case in French. Indeed, he has been said to have a Latin mind, capable of delivering an extemporaneous speech in the tongue of Papinian and Ulpian. Be that as it may, it is certainly highly fitting that the head of our great

judicial system should have a command of both the great systems of jurisprudence upon which western civilization has been built.

There are three criteria by which a jurist is closely judged, and by which his position and his power are determined. The first has to do with his attitude toward the fundamental structure of our government — toward the question of the relative position of state and federal functions; or, stating it popularly, toward the policy of loose or strict construction. Nurtured in the school of strict construction and states rights, the attitude of the Chief Justice might be readily assumed; too readily indeed. There is no little significance in the fact that hanging upon the wall of his library and study — his workshop — are the pictures of the two men who are most inseparably connected with the national ideal; the one giving it the broad foundation through legal interpretation, the other raising its superstructure through the convincing eloquence of the forum — John Marshall and Daniel Webster. Like many another Southerner, the young Confederate soldier apparently accepted the settlement of the vexed question, given in a baptism of blood, as final, and in his capacity as Justice, has further developed the field of national function and activity broadly surveyed by his eminent predecessor. This is illustrated in his judgment in the famous Insular cases respecting our relations with our newly acquired island possessions, in which he united in the majority decision which upheld the principle of loose construction and supported the broad position taken by the Federal Government. One notable exception to his general support of the Government's contentions is found in his minority decision in the case for the dissolution of the Northern Securities Holding Company. He ably maintained that the organization of the company had involved no unreasonable restraint of trade, that the transfer of properties was a *bona fide*, legal transaction, and that the Government had accordingly no grounds for its action. The best business sense of the country probably upholds Justice White in his statement of the issues involved.

A second criterion, somewhat closely related to the first, has

to do with a jurist's tendency to render his decisions in accordance with the apparent intent of the law or Constitution, or to base them upon more narrow, technical grounds. In one of his most famous opinions, Justice White demonstrated the former attitude, and again later in a minority decision. In fact, "again and again," says a recent writer,[1] "Justice White has differed from the majority of his colleagues and his dissenting opinions have brought every resource of a powerful logician to bear upon the destructive analysis of the prevailing arguments." The Cleveland administration had passed an income tax law which was promptly attacked in the courts upon the ground of its unconstitutionality. The Federal Constitution provides that all direct taxes shall be laid in proportion to the population. By direct taxes the framers of the Constitution evidently had in mind land and poll taxes, the only direct taxes known to them, and an income tax, though direct, was manifestly not included nor implied. But a narrow interpretation, such as was given by the majority of the Court, rendered the law unconstitutional and made necessary the passage of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The third and, in this time of rapid social and industrial development, the most vital criterion for estimating a jurist has to do with whether he has the forward or static tendency; with whether he applies the law in accordance with new conditions or whether he has never learned that often in law as elsewhere, "Time makes ancient good uncouth." The famous Bakeshop case came up to the Supreme Court from the state of New York where a law regulating the length of the working day in bakeries had been attacked on the ground that it contravened the constitutional provision insuring freedom of contract. Justice White voted with the minority in upholding the law, maintaining that under its police powers the legislative branch of the state government was clearly within its jurisdiction in enacting such a regulatory measure. His minority contention has since been vindicated in the very general tendency toward the acceptance of the broad principle which he declared.

[1] *Review of Reviews* 43:4.

In the words of a leading periodical [2] in summing up Chief Justice White's attitude as manifested in the cases cited, he "has shown himself to be a Nationalist and a Humanist and believes: that the union of states constitutes a Nation and possesses all the prerogatives which belong to a Nation; that the liberties of the individual must be exercised in subordination to the general welfare of the community; that both the law and the Constitution are to be construed in a large way as instruments for the protection of human rights and the promotion of liberty and justice; and that the powers conferred by the Constitution must not be so hedged about by narrow construction as to prevent their free exercise in securing the general ends for which in the preamble of the Constitution it is declared the Union was formed."

One of the striking characteristics of the Chief Justice is his wonderful power of concentration, coupled with a marvelous memory that is almost uncanny in its achievements. He is said to dictate his opinions to his stenographer and to be able to repeat his decisions from memory after one dictation. An illustration of his marked ability in this connection is cited in his rendering of the minority opinion in the income tax case already alluded to. After reading a few sentences or paragraphs he laid his manuscript aside and delivered from memory his famous opinion, including a bewildering array of references and quotations, threading his way step by step through a maze of legal intricacies with a precision that was all but astounding to his auditors. This rare mental capacity, together with the fact that he is a prodigious worker, renders it possible for him to get a vast amount of work accomplished. And he steadfastly refuses to be drawn from the work which he considers his. Visited by a committee which came to solicit from him a public address, he gave a firm refusal, pointing, in justification, to a pile of work that had accumulated upon his table within the past twenty-four hours.

This graphic picture of the Chief Justice presiding over the Court is given by an observer: [3] "On the bench, clad in the

[2] *Outlook* 96:895.

[3] By Isaac F. Marcosson. *Munsey* 44:747.

garb and the authority of his high magistracy, he looks the student. The great face is becalmed; he literally personifies judgeship. Often he sits with his eyes shaded by his hand to keep out the light, and his bulky presence broods over the whole courtroom. At such times he may look as if he were asleep; but that apparently somnolent calm has misled more than one lawyer, for out of it there has suddenly been projected a searching question that showed complete knowledge and understanding of everything that had been said and done."

With all the dignity and learning that befit the first judge in the greatest of republics, Justice White, the man, is the embodiment of that spirit of democracy which is the touchstone of our republican institutions. His innate democracy, flavored with the rich grace of Southern charm, gives him a personality peculiarly winning and attractive. From the White home radiates an atmosphere that is typically domestic and American in its graces of unaffected simplicity, mutual regard and true hospitality; or, at least, that atmosphere that we like to think of as typically American. Unhedged by false formality, he greets his callers face to face in the spirit of "A man's a man for a' that."

This simplicity of attitude is further exemplified in his choice of exercise and recreation. His Honor is known as a regular and enthusiastic pedestrian, walking back and forth from his home to the Capitol, "just like an ordinary citizen," which he professes himself to be. As a further mark of his true Americanism, he is a devotee of baseball and while watching an exhibition of the great American game has been known to hobnob with chance seat mates with the camaraderie of the typical fan.

At the time of his elevation to the Chief Justiceship, Senator Money of Mississippi said of him: "He is personally one of the most delightful men in Washington society. Built on a generous plan — brain, heart, and body — he is a man of universally good humor, relishing keenly a good story and telling one with good effect. I have never heard of his being angry with anybody. His charities are universal. His kindness of heart is so well known that it is a sort of proverb. In

his domestic relations there could be nothing more admirable."

In fine, we have in Chief Justice Edward Douglass White, "a profound lawyer and a just judge,"[4] "with such talent for the expounding of our Constitution and laws, and such gifts of clear and keen analysis, that he may well help us to keep from losing faith in our most distinctive political institution." In the various capacities of student, soldier, lawyer, politician, planter, legislator, and jurist, he epitomizes that versatility that is characteristically American. Appointed by a president of an opposing party, he represents a reassuring tendency to place our supreme judicial tribunal upon a plane high above partisanship. Catholic-bred and Jesuit-trained, his confirmation to his high station of public trust, without protest, is the herald of a new day of religious tolerance and unity. A son of the Confederacy, sitting at the head of our great national tribunal of justice, he is the embodiment of a new nation, reunited and regirded, ready to face with confidence the issues and problems of a new era.

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WOODROW WILSON

By Cecil Clare North

A COLLEGE professor in the President's Chair! It is true that the politicians and other practical citizens had some warning: to put on the scrap heap so thoroughly efficient a machine as the New Jersey State Democracy and arouse from a Rip Van Winkle sleep the political consciousness of so conservative a commonwealth should have told them that here was a man to be reckoned with. But to walk quietly forward and sit down in a seat supposedly reserved for those whose training had been something else besides weaving intellectual cobwebs was a feat that practical minded Americans did not expect of Woodrow Wilson.

But the people of the western Republic had been surprised before and, being above all practical, they immediately forgave him for having been a pedagogue and good-naturedly and expectantly lined up and waited for the "kick-off." And since the day the whistle blew the American people have been behind their quarterback in every play, and the politicians, too, finding that the life of the study and the class-room did not necessarily make him less a good fighter, have accepted the situation as gracefully as possible and have apparently concluded that here is a man not to be taken lightly.

Who is this Woodrow Wilson? What are his antecedents? Out of what kind of background does he emerge to take his place in American history? Of course, Woodrow isn't all the name he has. In fact, that cognomen was something of an afterthought with his parents, who wished thereby to perpetuate the family name of his mother. To the people who knew him as a boy, he was "Tom" Wilson.

The home that gave him birth was that of a sturdy Presbyterian minister, the son of Irish immigrants, who left the "auld sod" in 1807. William Bayard Hale,[1] his biographer,

[1] See the series of articles on Woodrow Wilson by Wm. Bayard Hale in the *World's Work*, volumes 22 and 23.

says that Thomas Woodrow Wilson's ancestors were men and women who had displayed to a conspicuous degree the qualities of a sturdy race: they were people of imagination, of hope, venturesome; they were stubborn, shrewd, industrious; they were inclined to learning, strongly tinctured with piety, yet practical and thrifty.

We are less inclined today than formerly to account for everything in a man's life by referring to his ancestry, but a line of editors and clergymen, pioneers who were not afraid to fare forth into untried fields or fight for strongly held convictions is a fact that cannot by any means be neglected in trying to understand a man's life. And these antecedents of Woodrow Wilson are a part of the explanation of his forcefulness, effectiveness, and persistence.

Woodrow Wilson was born December 28, 1856, in the parsonage of the Presbyterian church at Staunton, Virginia. Two years and a half after, the family moved to Augusta, Georgia, where the father became pastor of the Presbyterian church, occupying a prominent position among the clergy of the South. It was here that the boyhood of young Woodrow was spent. Augusta was out of the line of greatest hardships during the war and so the boy escaped many of the more unpleasant experiences that came to the Southern youth of his day.

His education first received serious attention from his father at home, and later he attended a private school taught by a retired Confederate soldier. When the family moved, in 1870, to Columbia, where the father became a professor in the Theological Seminary, he was put into another private school.

In 1873, at seventeen years of age, he was sent to Davidson College, a small old-fashioned Presbyterian school. But before the year was out he was taken ill and went home to Wilmington, North Carolina, whither the family had moved. Here he remained for a year, gaining some physical strength and beginning his social training in the cultured group of people that gathered about the parsonage. In the fall of

1875 he set out for Princeton College, which was to play such a large part in his life.

The four years at college are a pretty sure index of much that happens later in a man's life. Not that the best abilities always show themselves at this time, nor that the estimates placed on a man by his instructors or his fellow-students are always correct. The character of the life of the college must influence greatly the expression of a man's abilities, and the standards of judgment are frequently artificial, or at least greatly different from those by which a man will be judged in later life. But the direction of a man's interests, his native reactions to situations, the main current of his ambitions, his tastes and ideals, must show themselves in a marked degree in the college life. Here is the first little world in which the young man tastes freedom and self-reliance, the first free field in which he may exercise some considerable degree of choice. How this freedom and choice are used is an important indication of the stuff that is in the student.

Woodrow Wilson's career as a student at Princeton is no exception to this. The class which entered in September, 1874, and graduated in June, 1879, had a remarkable number of men of high ability. Hale says there never has been a Princeton class of so high an average ability. In this group of men Wilson easily made a place for himself, not only as a leader of student activities, but as a man conspicuous for his personality and all-round ability.

Like many another man who has "made good" in later life, his name was not among the list of highest for grades made and honors received. He was, however, much above the average and was ranked 41 in the class of 122. The chief mark, however, of his career as an undergraduate was his pursuit of an interest freely chosen and followed with stubborn perseverance. Before he had been in college a half year he had determined on public life as a career and the preparation for it as his chief business in college.

From that time on the college curriculum and all other college activities were incidental to this one central purpose. He did much independent reading on his favorite theme. In

the debating club he won recognition, not only for his knowledge of the principles of government, but for his ability in forceful and convincing presentation of his convictions. It is recorded that he refused to participate in a contest that would in all probability have resulted in making him the representative of his club in the annual college debate, because he drew by lot the side of the question in which he did not believe. It is significant that it was a protective tariff that he refused to defend. But his abilities were shown in other directions than debating. He was elected to the board of editors of the college paper and later to its managing editorship, besides serving as president of the Athletic Committee and of the Baseball Association.

A crowning honor to his undergraduate career came in his senior year, when he had accepted by the *International Review*, a journal of high standing, an article on "Cabinet Government in the United States." For those who have been surprised at the emphasis from the White House on open dealing as the essential quality in the conduct of public affairs, it may be interesting to read in that article written by the undergraduate Wilson that secrecy is the evil that corrupts government and that Congress should do its work as though the whole country were present and looking on. So well does the youth foretell the man.

A year of law study in the University of Virginia followed immediately upon graduation from Princeton. Writing for publication in journals, debating, and singing with the glee club served to break the monotony of hard study on law and rigorous class work. But near the middle of the second year indigestion sent him home for a period of rest and reading.

Without returning to the University of Virginia young Wilson, looking about for a field in which to exercise his legal talents, hit upon Atlanta, Georgia. There he set up a partnership with another young man, Edward T. Renick, who was beginning the practice of law. It took just eighteen months of waiting for clients to convince Wilson that his future was not bound up in securing justice for litigious individuals. The law had appealed to him at all events as merely an open-

ing into public life. And now there appeared a more attractive avenue to the same goal; namely, that of the student.

But before reëntering upon the life of a student, he did claim from the South a permanent contribution to his life's success and happiness. Miss Ellen Axson (herself a descendant of a line of Southern preachers) who had been a childhood playmate, now appeared again as a visitor at the home of his relatives in Rome, Georgia. A brief renewal of the old acquaintance was enough to settle the domestic fate of the unsuccessful aspirant for legal honors. Their engagement took place immediately before Wilson's departure from the South.

But before the marriage could occur he must establish himself in his career. He entered Johns Hopkins University for a period of two years' study. Here he found the congenial atmosphere of what was at that time the leading postgraduate institution of the country. During the last year he held the Historical Fellowship, an indication of his intellectual rank in a group of exceptionally strong men. His work was in the field of the interest that had claimed him from the first year of his undergraduate days, political science.

In the early part of the year 1885 he published his first piece of work to claim general recognition from scholars, *Congressional Government*, "a study of government by Committee." This publication meant much in many ways. It gave him a recognized place among thinking people. It insured his degree from Hopkins, since it was to be received for the doctor's thesis. It brought opportunities for teaching that made marriage possible. In June of the same year Miss Axson and he were married, after he had accepted a position as associate professor in History and Political Economy in Bryn Mawr.

The three years at this young college for women furnish little that is different from the first three years of any college professor's life. The life was pleasant and agreeable and the connection of the college with Johns Hopkins insured the maintenance of scholarly standards. The fact that the

young professor was growing in favor was attested by his appointment to a special lectureship at Hopkins in 1886.

In 1888 a call came from Connecticut Wesleyan University, which was accepted. During the two years he spent here his popularity as a teacher, student, and popular lecturer continued to grow. In 1890 he was called to the professorship of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton. Thus in eleven years from the time of graduation he brought back to his alma mater a reputation as a seasoned teacher, a widely-known scholar, and an inspiring lecturer. His twelve years as professor at Princeton seem to have been marked by unusual success. He drew students into his classes by enthusiasm and charm on the one hand, and by thorough knowledge and the practical application of political theories on the other. His lectures are said to have been no dry recital of theories of government but a live presentation of the facts of government as it is actually carried on, and a frank criticism of present day political problems.

His popularity among the students and faculty came naturally. There was no forced espousal of popular causes to win applause: no sacrifice of the dignity of the teacher or of the standards of the best scholarship. Hard work, genuine human sympathy, a mastery of his subject, and real intellectual leadership seem to have been the tools with which he carved his name on the minds and hearts of his students and colleagues and the world of Princeton men.

Hale, his biographer, says that a study of his lectures and speeches and books produced in this period will show in addition to these factors that in themselves must have won large recognition, another quality. This was a deep and abiding devotion to democracy. The years that were to come held problems that would test this devotion. And no man could have played the part he did in the few years that were to follow who did not have a clear conception of the fundamental elements of healthy social life and a hatred of all insidious influences that would tend to undermine social foundations. It would be strange indeed if there did not appear to his students during these days of quiet class-room activities, some

sparks of fire that burned deeply in the spirit of the man. This fire was destined to burst out into flames when once he was brought into contact with forces that opposed his convictions of democratic education.

And so, we are told, that when in 1902 a man too old in body and spirit to cope with the problems of a modern university retired from the presidency of Princeton there seems to have been no discussion as to who should become head of the institution, although Wilson was the first layman to be elected to that position.

The first task of the new president was to turn the "dear old college" into an educational institution. He found Princeton a delightful country club. He proposed to make it a place where young men should be able to get an adequate return in intellectual discipline and inspiration to justify four years of residence there. Princeton was not the chief sinner among the colleges of the country; for to a greater or less degree all the colleges have felt the pressure of athletics and social pleasures against the ideals of intellectual discipline. But those colleges where the student body is made up chiefly of the sons of the wealthy class have felt it most. For many young men of this class the college offers a pleasant four years of companionship with other good fellows and a leisurely absorption of conventional culture and polish. The college should not be too severely held to account, however, for many parents send their sons and daughters to college with these motives distinctly in mind. Princeton was conspicuous for the degree to which this conception of the function of the college had come to prevail among many of the alumni and most of the student body. It had become distinctively a college of the aristocratic with the emphasis on pleasant living rather than upon learning.

President Wilson proposed to change this conception, or at least, the practice of it. The first year or two of his administration, therefore, was devoted to a study of and reorganization of the curriculum and teaching. This in itself was a body blow at tradition. To imply that anything was wrong with Princeton was a distinct shock to Princeton men. No

institution is more in danger of the sin of complacency than an institution of learning. Add to this a loyalty and devotion to alma mater that has seldom been equaled and we have the Princeton that Wilson found on his hands to administer. But not only did he call for improvement in the method and quality of the work done, but he announced that the university should turn out men who differed in point of view from the past generations of Princeton men. The younger generation should have on them the stamp of the newer democracy, and in their hearts the awakening of the new social conscience that the outside world had already felt.

Here was the announcement that education should prepare men for participation in the new and fresh life of the twentieth century. The two distinct steps in this direction were a revision of the course of study to make it conform to the demand for accurate knowledge in some one field, and the preceptorial system, which would bring the instruction of students into their everyday life. More intellectual work by the student, a better coördination of his work, and intimate and close supervision of his study were the three things that came out of these first reforms that the new president instituted. These changes, startling as they were, and handling the traditional repose of old Princeton roughly as they did, could not but command support and coöperation from the faculty, the board of trustees, and the more alert alumni. They were too rational and too obviously needed to permit of any successful opposition.

But the next step struck at a more tender spot and was complicated with so many other vital problems that it was destined to have open and bitter opposition. This step involved a reorganization of the social life of the students. Princeton had always prohibited college fraternities. But there had grown up in their place exclusive eating clubs, with sumptuous quarters, and with all the snobbishness that wealth and exclusiveness can engender. These clubs included in their membership slightly more than half the two upper classes. The other half were left in the outer darkness of social oblivion. The freshman and sophomore classes were

torn asunder with the ambitions of the members to insure election to some club in the junior year.

President Wilson proposed to substitute for this plan of living what was known as the "quad system." The college was to be divided into groups for living purposes, each to be a distinct social unit in which the members of all classes should mingle freely, eat in a common dining hall and develop a spirit of fellowship that would include all the members of the "quad."

The board of trustees approved the plan and it was well on the way to being put into operation when the storm of opposition broke. The alumni scented the destruction of the principle of exclusiveness in social life. Aristocracy and privilege would not die easily. So strong was the devotion to the old system that four months after it had been approved by the board, the same board asked the president to withdraw the proposal. But this was not the end. The controversy over the issue between democracy and aristocracy was too bitter to be stopped by the withdrawal. The president, in speeches before alumni clubs and in conversation, continued to champion the cause of democracy. Some alumni, some faculty members, and some of the board championed the cause of aristocracy. The president was drawn on from a proposal that began as a purely educational one to defend it as the necessary step in redeeming the college from the blight of privilege. The opposition made more clear to him that the power of wealth and social exclusiveness were hostile to the democratic ideals that he held for college education.

But before this storm had begun to diminish in force a new situation arose to complicate the problem. A movement for a graduate college had been initiated and had the support of the board and many friends of Princeton as well as that of the president. But a contributor to the fund had made as a condition of his contribution that the new building should be erected in conformity with a certain plan for the graduate school that Dean West had proposed. The president and board were not committed as yet to any plan, least of all to this one, and they asked for the removal of the condition to

the contribution, whereupon the offer itself was withdrawn. After much bitterness and open discussion of the merits of the plan of the new graduate school and the wisdom of turning away money from the college, another event happened. Three million dollars were left for the building of the college on the plans which were opposed by the president. Events seemed to be against him. He bowed to a defeat which came in a way that no man could have escaped.

The continuation of the controversies over the abolition of the clubs and over the plans for the new graduate college, involving as they did deep and powerful emotions, had developed an intensity of feeling that is rarely realized in the college world. No one who does not know Princeton can quite understand it. And the depth of the feeling made it inevitable that President Wilson should feel that his place was no longer at Princeton. His enemies could not cause his dismissal but they had made his stay undesirable.

But his fight for democracy and human rights against the power of money had not escaped the attention of the people of the country, and especially of the people of New Jersey. The tide of opposition to political dishonesty and inefficiency was rising in that state, so long dominated by corrupt influences. Moreover, the democratic party of the state was then out of power. What was more natural than that the leaders of the party, taking advantage of the rising tide of progressiveness, should ride back into power with a popular hero who stood for popular rights? There was no mistaking the character of the leaders of the Democratic Party in New Jersey. They were political bosses of the usual type. How, then, could there be any alliance between such men and a man who stood for the things that Wilson did? The answer is, first, that some such man was their only hope to get the party into power; and second, they believed that once in power they could easily manage a pedagogue.

There is no evidence that Mr. Wilson in any way compromised himself in accepting the nomination of the party. On the other hand there is every evidence that he frankly stated both publicly and privately his opposition to the meth-

ods they were in the habit of using. And so the nomination was made and accepted, and his resignation was handed to the board of trustees of Princeton and accepted.

The campaign was conducted in the open. Mr. Wilson espoused every progressive cause proposed, and openly stated that if elected he would be absolutely independent of any sort of influence from any quarter, although he would gladly hear advice from anybody. The election was an overwhelming endorsement of him. He received 49,150 majority in a state that had long been a Republican stronghold.

But the real test came a few days after election. James Smith, Jr., the man who had organized his campaign, secured his nomination, and stood as the head of the Democratic organization, now came forward with a claim on the United States senatorship. James E. Martine had been elected by the Democratic primary as the party candidate. Mr. Smith claimed precedence over Mr. Martine on the ground that the primary was a joke. Mr. Wilson lacked sufficient sense of humor to see the joke. On the other hand he flatly refused to be a party to the breaking of the party pledge in its vote for Mr. Martine. And later, when Smith, refusing to accept Governor Wilson's view of the case, went before the legislature as an avowed candidate, the governor took the field against him and secured his defeat and Martine's election. It was no use to charge ingratitude. There were his statements of independence before election, even before his nomination; and there was the vote of the party in the primary.

After the election of the United States senator the program laid down in the party platform demanded attention. The platform was a most progressive one. It stood for direct primaries, a corrupt practices act, a public utility commission with power to fix rates, employers' liability, and workmen's compensation. Would the legislature pass these measures? It was evident that it would not unless there was some pretty vigorous pressure. The story of how the battle for direct primaries was won differs not greatly from an account of similar battles in other states. There was the entrenched power of the machine, and the realization that direct primaries

meant the death of much of the power of the boss. On the other side was a man who seemed not to have stepped out of a college chair. With tact and understanding, but above all with open frankness, he brought to bear the force of public opinion as few trained politicians could have done. After the triumphant passage of this first ditch, the march toward a complete victory was less uncertain but still fraught with difficulties. In the end, however, the state of New Jersey had put upon its statute books more progressive laws than had been dreamed of in many other communities long regarded as less boss-ridden than New Jersey. The whole program of the platform was carried out, and at the close of the session many legislators who had begun the session hostile to the governor were his warm admirers.

Soon after this the movement to make Mr. Wilson the nominee of the Democratic Party for President of the United States at the election of 1912 was set going. It was no artificial boom nursed and fostered in the quiet nooks of political secrecy. It was the natural and normal answer to the growing demand for a progressive candidate to lead a party that had long been out of power, but which had recently become dominated by conservative elements.

It is true, of course, that his campaign had the backing and management of shrewd politicians. The press bureau was skilfully managed and his name carefully kept before the nation. But it manifestly was not backed by the reactionary elements of the party. From the first it seemed to be Wilson against the conservative field. As the Baltimore convention drew near this fact became more evident, and when at last the fight came, the issue was squarely joined between the forces of the party that believed that nothing should be done to antagonize the business interests of the country, and the forces that believed that a new day had dawned in American politics and that it was the opportunity of the Democratic Party to step in and become the knight to fight for the people's rights.

What has happened since that day is well known. It might be said that Mr. Wilson would never have been elected had it

not been for the break in the Republican Party. On the other hand it might be said that even with the break another Democrat could not have been elected. But whether the election was the result of a peculiar political situation or of the appeal of Mr. Wilson's intellect and personality to the American people, or of both, he was put into the president's chair.

Any estimate of his fitness for the position cannot well be made at such close range of time. But several things are evident at even this near perspective. The American people are no longer afraid of a college man in politics. The intellectual discipline of the classroom, and the careful application to a study of the principles of government do not seem to unfit a man for participation in the real game of politics and the real business of government. Moreover, the fight for democracy and human rights is a many-sided one. Privilege and the claims of special interests show themselves in many places and in many forms. A man who is their foe in one form or in one place may be expected to be their foe in other forms or places. Apart from the merits of the legislation which he has secured, three things stand out in his policy: his refusal to allow any traditional system of checks and balances to keep him from using the presidential office to force from Congress legislation that the people have demanded; his disregard of precedent, when such disregard is in the interest of greater effectiveness and service; his deliberate purpose to make a party responsible for the measures that it has advocated in its platform.

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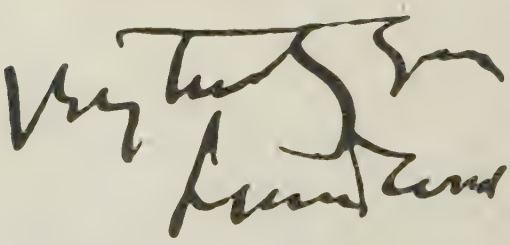

LEONARD WOOD

By Emerson Beck Knight

ON the blistering sands of Jolo, in the Philippine Islands, a detachment of United States soldiers were preparing to turn in for the night. A day of rampaging through the stewing jungle on the trail of a shadowy enemy had dragged the men down with weariness, and here on the burning beach they were preparing for rest.

A sweating orderly stood at the general's elbow and brought a hand to his brow in salute.

"I report your boat off-shore, sir, and a tender on the beach ready to take you out."

Aboard the general's boat were cool breezes and white sheets.

"I'll stay with the men," said the general, dismissing his orderly and turning to scoop out a place in the cooler sands for his bunk.

Democracy and doggedness! Those two words characterize General Leonard Wood during a career that has led in a brief span of years from the office of army surgeon to the highest position in the United States Army — chief of staff and ranking major-general.

In the vicinity of Cape Cod Leonard Wood spent a vigorous boyhood. He is a thorough New Englander, as the association of his name with Cape Cod, Middleboro Academy, where his early schooling was taken, Harvard University, where he graduated, Boston, where he began medical practice, and Peregrine White, the first child born in the Plymouth colony, from whom he claims direct descent, would indicate. He comes by his military instincts naturally. His great-grandfather, John Nixon, commanded a regiment at Bunker Hill, and his father was a surgeon on the Union side during the Civil War. He was born in the midst of wartimes — 1860. There on the Atlantic coast Leonard Wood laid a foundation for the constitution that was to carry him so marvelously

through the events of his after-life. He sailed cat-boats, fished, swam in the surf, and indulged in all the other wholesome pleasures known to salt-water youths. He went through Middleboro Academy, profiting by experiences common with boys who, though not especially studious, are skilful with boxing gloves — or bare fists — and who are active in other branches of athletics. At Harvard he was noted as the best long-distance runner in school. Strongly influenced by the desire of his father, whom an injury during medical service in the War of the Rebellion had crippled for life, young Wood studied medicine at Harvard and on graduation went to Boston for hospital training and practice.

Just about this time old Geronimo and his Indian band were making things lively in the Southwest. "Indians Capture American Outpost," "Geronimo Drips With Warpaint" — such were the headlines that blazed on front pages of Eastern newspapers. To a certain young doctor sitting idly in a back office in sleepy old Boston, drugs took on the smell of gunpowder and scalpels changed to sabres. Far out on the western plains there was fighting to be done, and plenty of it. There was a call for fighting men. So Leonard Wood hit the westward trail by reason of his natural inward promptings and an appetite for battle.

In 1885 he passed the examination for army-surgeon, and was attached to Lieutenant-Colonel Lawton's command as civilian-surgeon and soldier in the line at $100 a month.

"Well, what are you here for?" snapped Colonel Lawton of the well-set-up, tow-headed civilian who reported to him at his tent on the dusty prairie.

"Action," replied the young man.

And action is what fell to his lot.

It was as if the warfare was carried on with an unseen enemy. Reports would come to camp that a lonely ranch house had been fired upon, and away the command would clatter only to find all trace of the red-skins covered up in the trackless hills of New Mexico. A still-hunt would ensue, and in that Leonard Wood's cross-country training stood him in good stead.

They say he could actually outwalk an Apache in his native wilds. James Creelman describes the soldier-doctor in such a manner as this: "Well above average height, with broad shoulders, small waist, the bulging, muscle-padded chest of a gorilla, and arms like a blacksmith. He was quick as lightning in his action." [1]

Proof of the iron endurance and absolute dependability of the young fellow came constantly before Colonel Lawton, and from a position in the ranks, which Wood had been given along with his rather light medical duties, he was raised to head of a company of infantry and given a real chance to show the stuff he was made of. After having marched twenty-five miles with his men one day, he rode horseback seventy-three miles at night with a message and, returning next day, walked thirty-four miles with the troops to a new camp.

Repeated praises of Leonard Wood reached the department commander in letters from Colonel Lawton. To General Nelson A. Miles the colonel wrote in 1894:

"Concerning Dr. Leonard Wood, I can only repeat what I have before reported officially and what I have said to you; that his services during the trying campaign were of the highest order. I speak particularly of services other than those devolving on him as a medical officer; services as a combatant or line officer, voluntarily performed. He sought the most difficult and dangerous work, and by his determination and courage rendered a successful issue of the campaign possible."

In 1898 Colonel Lawton wrote the following to the governor of Massachusetts:

"It was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition was successful. . . He will be a credit to his state in any capacity of soldierly duty; . . ."

After the Indian uproar had been quieted Wood was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor.

He was called to Washington in 1895 to act as attending-surgeon at the White House. At this time Theodore Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy. The two were of

[1] *Pearson's.*

the same type of courage and manliness and became close friends. They wrestled, boxed, played golf, and rode horseback with each other, and when the Spanish-American War broke out decided to get into it as comrades-at-arms. The colonelcy of a volunteer cavalry regiment to be raised was tendered Roosevelt. He said:

"Let Leonard Wood be colonel. He knows all about raising and equipping a regiment. I will be content to serve under him as lieutenant-colonel, until I can prove myself worthy of a higher position."

Out on the plains of Texas and the Southwest, where Wood had fought and Roosevelt punched cattle, the two pounded together a dare-devil company of cavalrymen, who made themselves famous at San Juan Hill. Wood outdid the shrewdest and most experienced army officer in the quickness and completeness with which he got up the troop and fitted it out.

The Rough Riders went into service right away, and stayed in the thick of it. Colonel Wood was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and at San Juan Hill commanded one of the two brigades that composed General Joe Wheeler's cavalry division. Throughout the war General Wood maintained characteristic democracy toward his men, commanding them to no task he would not do himself, and sharing all their hardships. He was in touch with every detail of camp life, even attending frequently in person the digging of trenches. Writing to Secretary of War Alger, General Shafter spoke of Generals Wood and Lawton as the two best men in the army. When the war was over Wood was made governor of Santiago province and set to work on a job of cleaning up that would have staggered Hercules.

"Dirt" and the city of "Santiago" had been synonymous for two centuries. On the 20th of July, 1898, when General Wood landed at the city gates, the streets and courts and houses had come to the height of filth and wretchedness. The war had paralyzed its power to feed itself. He set out immediately on a tour of inspection and vultures flew up about him from gorging on human bodies. Little children with distend-

ed abdomens that bespoke starvation crawled about the horses' feet begging for crusts, and many died as they begged. The death rate was over two hundred a day. Some houses were found with as many as ten decaying corpses — a result of the epidemic. Garbage and offal clogged the streets. During the four centuries of Santiago's existence no systematic cleaning had ever been done, and the accumulation of ages was slowly choking out its life.

The most urgent need, as General Wood saw it, was for the relief of starvation; the next, cleaning up the city; and the next, giving it a government. These duties required a man of exceptional resources — an expert in sanitation, a physician, a soldier, and a law-giver. By incidental education General Wood was the first; by practice, training, and natural inclination he was doctor, soldier, and governor.

Food was extremely scarce. What could be obtained was carefully portioned out to a network of relief stations. Within forty-eight hours the backbone of the famine had been broken. Then a plan for the supply of food under ironclad rules was published.

Meat was selling for ninety cents a pound. Even at that price there was very little to be had. The war had cut off for a time the regular sources of supply, and all the meat that could be had passed through the hands of butchers who wished to recuperate their shattered fortunes. Equally prodigious prices kept bread and vegetables beyond the reach of the people. Summoning a conclave of butchers, bakers, and vegetable venders, Wood learned the original cost of the foodstuffs, set a much lower figure, and commanded the city aldermen to see that no more was charged at the risk of their own positions. In a jiffy prices for edibles were back in the old notch, and the regular channels of import gradually began to open and bring affairs back to normal.

In the work of sanitation General Wood received no help or sympathy from the native Cubans or Spaniards. With American mules and American men he set to work to remove all dead bodies, soak them with kerosene, and burn them on the outskirts of the city. As many as eighty-seven corpses

were consumed on one funeral pyre. It was slow and nasty work. A week passed before any decided change could be noticed. After the human bodies had been gathered and burned, General Wood turned his attention to the animal carcasses and filth in the streets, and then to a more strict inspection of the houses. Santiago houses, instead of being built with front yards, have square enclosures or courtyards, and the uncleaned cesspools in the centers of these were springs of sickness. Property owners were ordered to clean them under penalty, and to report all conditions of uncleanliness to the headquarters of their districts. Corrosive sublimate was used plentifully, and slowly and gradually it became more easy for a person to live within the city-limits without accumulating countless germs of typhoid, yellow-fever, or other virulent maladies.

No provisions had ever been made for carrying off the city's refuse, and its removal had been left to natural drainage and the vultures. Santiago is built on a sort of ridge. Garbage was thrown out into the streets and, when the rains came, allowed to wash down onto the beach where it lay rotting until devoured by the birds. General Wood ordered householders to prepare their garbage daily to be hauled away by wagons. At the end of a month or so he had succeeded in enlisting the partial coöperation of residents in the work of sanitation — what with appeals to common sense and jail sentences to the obdurate, who preferred familiar smells to the odor of chloride of lime.

Prisoners from the jails had occasionally in times past been forced to sweep the square around the palace; that is as much of a street cleaning system as Santiago had ever had. The streets were narrow, crooked lanes, which became rivers of mud in the rainy season. General Wood put all idle Cubans he could find to work on paving the streets in an up-to-date manner, paying each man fifty cents a day and board.

In the vermin-ridden holes that served as jails General Wood found hordes of creatures incarcerated, against whom only the flimsiest charges could be found. He passed a rule that no man should be held in jail over forty-eight hours with-

out a hearing, and set himself the task of visiting the prisoners each week to consider complaints against them. Steps to improve the sanitation of the prisons were also quickly taken.

He caused the schools to be severed from the Catholic church, and enlarged their curricula, hiring teachers trained in the United States.

Regular trips were made to the hospitals. It is said of General Wood that once seeing a face stamped it and the owner's name indelibly on his mind.[2]

Henry Harrison Lewis tells this story:

"On our way to visit the hospitals everyone we passed — high or low — tipped his hat to General Wood, who returned every salute courteously. At a corner we bumped into a soldier who halted and stood at attention with military promptness.

" 'When did you leave the hospital, Boyd?' asked the General kindly.

" 'Yesterday, sir,' was the reply.

" 'And you feel quite well?'

"The man nodded.

" 'Well, take good care of yourself. Keep away from the rum, and be careful what native fruit you eat. And remember that you are responsible not only for your own health, but for the health and efficiency of an American soldier.'

" 'Is that an old acquaintance?' I asked Lieutenant Hanna, the General's aide, who was with us. 'Did he serve in General Wood's regiment?'

" 'No. I think we ran across him in the hospital last week. The General goes through the wards every few days, you know. And he never forgets a face.' "

Justice among the natives, Spaniards, and American soldiers was dispensed with impartial hand, and every disturbance was investigated to the bottom and punished severely. One evening when filled with a raging fever — the native *calentura* — he left the government palace early for his home on the edge of town. News of a riot between the newly-

2 *McClure's Magazine*, March, 1899.

created native police and a number of American soldiers reached him as he was preparing for bed. The trouble had occurred at San Luis, twenty miles away, and a lieutenant, three natives, and a woman with a baby at the breast had been killed. General Wood's temperature was 105°. He went immediately to the telegraph station with his chief signal officer, Captain J. E. Brady, and sat there for three solid hours to hear evidence from the parties embroiled, giving orders with a decisiveness that betrayed no sign of his suffering. Next day, although still in the grip of fever, he made a special journey to San Luis to investigate further and to mete out punishment.

As an illustration of his quickness in an emergency we are told this story. Great jealousy and bitterness prevailed between the Cuban residents and the remaining Spaniards, and it was heightened by General Wood's retaining several Spaniards in office. The Plaza de Armas is surrounded by four principal buildings: the Palace, the Cathedral, San Carlos Club (the Cuban stronghold), and the Spanish Club. One afternoon General Wood was placidly writing letters in his office in the Palace when a wild-eyed sentry burst in upon him with the news that a mob of five hundred or more Cubans was attacking the Spanish Club with sticks and stones. The General calmly picked up his customary weapon — a riding whip — and strode across the square, followed by the soldier. Placing himself in the Spanish Club doorway he faced the raging mob and said to the sentry:

"Shoot the first man who sets foot upon this step."

Within an hour the rioters had vanished.

No matter how busy the General may have been he was always ready to listen to complaints from native residents, chat with an officer or private over a proposed ball game to break the ennui of camp life, or discuss questions of city government with Santiago citizens, great or small. His office door was permitted to swing at the touch of all classes of people.

A writer in McClure's Magazine about this time makes an estimate of what was accomplished in Santiago during just four months of the Leonard Wood régime. The entire popu-

lation had been rescued from starvation; one of the foulest cities in the world had been transformed into one of the cleanest; its daily death-rate had been reduced from two hundred to ten; much progress had been made toward paving the city; radical reforms had taken place in the custom house service; municipal expenses had been greatly reduced; the mismanagement of jails, hospitals, schools, and courts had been corrected; business confidence had been restored.

Wood was appointed military governor of Cuba December 12, 1899, and served in that capacity until the formation of the Cuban Republic in 1902.

After his advancement to the rank of Major-General in 1903 came an offer of forty thousand dollars a year from a private concern and, at the same time, an appointment from President McKinley to head of the Department of Mindanao in the Philippines. On the one hand was rest and affluence; on the other, danger and moderate pay. General Wood went to the Philippines.

Journeying to his post of duty by way of India, Ceylon, Java, and the Straits Settlements he took occasion to study colonial conditions at each stop, collecting cases of statistics for assistance on the job. He talked with British and Dutch officials, and investigated conditions among the natives. How thoroughly he prepared for his new work is shown by an anecdote told by Robert H. Murray.[3]

"A visitor, sitting with him in his library in Manila, glanced at the bookshelves which covered three walls of the room. Most of the volumes were on military and colonial subjects.

" 'I have gathered them together since I came out here,' remarked the General.

" 'It's a fine collection. When do you expect to find time to read them?'

" 'Read them,' replied Wood, 'I've already read every line in every one of them. They've helped me a lot.' "

General Wood reached Manila in July, 1903. He held a conference with Governor Taft regarding the civil aspect of

[3] *World's Work*, October, 1908.

the situation, and with his predecessor, General Davis, regarding the military side of it, then rolled up his sleeves.

The Moro province of Mindanao and the provinces next to it are at the extreme southern limit of the archipelago. As far as bringing the light of civilization into these spots of darkness was concerned, the Spaniards might as well have planted colonies in Iceland. The Americans had to begin practically at the bottom in their Philippine work. The twenty tribes in Mindanao were united by no other bond than hatred of white men. Slavery and polygamy flourished. As to religious sects there were, beside pagans, Mohammedans, Chinese Confucians, and a few Christians in the towns. Inter-tribal feuds and lawless cavortings of power-bloated datus were a few of the annoyances that went with the Mindanao job. The main problem was to force the tribes to a recognition of the white man's government. For bringing this about General Wood was endowed not alone with the power behind the throne: he was the throne itself — as every sultan, rajah, maharajah and datu ruler on the island were made to realize before the end of the first month.

General Wood resolved upon a personal tour of inspection, and with a detachment of men he plunged into the wilds at Zamboanga and introduced himself to the astonished savages. Some came cringing to his camp expecting favoritism. He knew the byword: "You can trust a native as far as you can see him; in the jungle you can probably see him two feet before you" — and he treated all alike. He impressed upon their uncouth minds that they must deal openly with the Americans. Some wouldn't learn the lesson. That was unfortunate for them and troublesome for him, for later he had to shoot them.

Months on end he and his men floundered through the jungle, paddled canoes over the streams, preached the power of white men to head-hunters, and humbled haughty dignitaries. At Jolo the sultan was off on a spree. The Moros in Jolo were robbing and killing all over the island, and Rajah Mudah — the sultan's acting regent — refused to discuss the situation with General Wood, saying he had a boil. General

Wood ordered Colonel Scott to take a few men and make a sympathetic call. The rajah repulsed all friendly advances and refused to let Colonel Scott see his boil. Captain Howland put his company into line with a snap, and the Moros came running from all sides to see what was up. The rajah decided to accept the company as a guard of honor while he called on General Wood, saying that he thought the open air walk might soothe his complaint.

Upon reaching camp he was greeted cordially by General Wood, and showed about the camp, being allowed especially to see a few pieces of artillery mow down a grove of trees. After this visit Rajah Mudah became enthusiastically friendly.

No plan of governing the entire province had ever been worked upon. The system of tribal monarchies prevailed. General Wood divided the entire province into districts ruled by district governors, and the districts into wards where the native datus were made rulers with the sub-chiefs under them. By incorporating many fragments of tribal law into the new government and giving the native chiefs practically the same power except that they were to be responsible to the central government, General Wood got around the snag of rebellion that he might have struck had he placed one chief above another arbitrarily. He gave every petty chief a share in the government and took none of the legitimate powers away from the tribal officers. In short, he brought unity out of chaos — not, however, without bloodshed.

Datu Ali and his tribe refused to give up their slaves and fortified themselves against attack. The Americans routed them from their fort and killed the datu. A similar fate overtook the fanatical Tarracas, who had never been conquered, and believed their position at a crater's edge impregnable. They were practically annihilated.

In keeping up the spirits of the soldiers during the dismal round of garrison life Wood proved himself almost a wizard. He took time from his plans of civil and military action to arrange baseball games and all sorts of contests between the different regiments during the dry season; and during the wet season prepared other diversions. There still remained

among the officers — especially the West Pointers — a trace of resentment over Wood's rapid advancement, but his thorough fitness for the high honors given him and the unassuming way in which he bore them took the sting from the thought. A young officer in the Philippine service is quoted by Robert H. Murray as follows:[4]

"'When Wood came out in 1903, the army in the Philippines didn't know him. There were plenty of officers who reviled him as a favorite of the White House and "cussed him out" for it. The worst were the old fellows whom he had jumped, and the youngsters took their cue from them. He was a doctor, he wasn't a soldier, they said. But that didn't last long after Wood started in down at Mindanao. Pretty soon part of the army began to realize that he was a hustler; that he knew a good deal about the soldier's game; that he did things and did them right; that, when he sent troops into the field, he went along with them; that, when they had to eat hard-tack and bacon, he did it, too; that, when there were swamps to plod through, he was right along with them; that, when the reveillé sounded before day-break, he was usually up and dressed before us; that, when a man was down and out and he happened to be near, he'd get off his horse and see what the matter was and fix the fellow up if he could; that he had a pleasant word for all hands, from the Colonel down to the teamster or packer; that when he gave an order it was a sensible one, and he didn't change it after it went out; and that he remembered a man who did a good piece of work, and showed his appreciation at every chance.

"'Well, the youngsters began to swear by Wood, and the old chaps followed; so that from "cussing him out" they began to respect him, then to admire and love him. That's the word — love. It's the easiest thing in the world now to pick a fight out there by saying something against Wood. It is always the same when men come in contact with him. I don't honestly believe there is a man in the department now who wouldn't go to hell and back for Leonard Wood. He draws men to him, they feel that he is a big man. Take the older

[4] *World's Work*, October, 1908.

officers, the chaps who were soldiering when he was a "kid." They all feel that, while they know their business, he knows it a lot better than they do, and that he knows it by instinct, backed up by learning.' "

When in 1905 General Wood had to return to the States for a surgical operation the Moros were working together in peace and unison for the first time in their history. Upon his return to the Islands Pail in 1906 he was made Commander of the Philippine Division, and set about bringing all the Philippinos into harmony with the same vigor and dispatch that marked his Mindanao labors.

General Wood was called from the Philippines in 1908 to head the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, near New York City. The same spirit of democracy and fairness which opened his office door to all classes of men during the other incumbencies followed him here, and the humblest peanut merchant gained as careful an audience as would any civil or military official.

Returning from a special embassadorial mission to the Argentine Republic in July, 1910, General Wood found waiting for him the highest office in the army it is possible for a man to fill — that of Chief of Staff. He is now military adviser to the President and representative of the Secretary of War in formulating and carrying on the military policy of the government. This year, by natural rotation, this office will pass on to some one else, and General Wood will probably resume duties in the Department of the East.

Now at the age of fifty-four, with years of usefulness ahead, Leonard Wood can look back placidly on his quarter of a century of action and pride himself on a career of the most remarkable development — a doctor's scalpel grown to a General's sword; leaving the paths of peace he has mounted over trained soldiers and over monstrous obstacles to the loftiest pinnacle of military attainment. Some narrow-minded men squeak: "White House favoritism," "Pull." But in every instance of advance, merit has shown itself unquestionably, and General Wood earned every honor before it came to his door. Those who look into his indomitable grey eyes say

he owes his present position rather to inborn and overpowering democracy and doggedness!

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Orville Wright

ORVILLE WRIGHT

By Samuel Raymond Dunham

ORVILLE WRIGHT was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1871. His father was a poor and respected clergyman with scientific tastes, who had invented a typewriter but never perfected it. His denomination recognized his abilities by making him bishop. Mrs. Wright was a college-bred woman, the best mathematician in her class, who delighted to encourage her children in studious habits. One of the older boys put on the market, as his own invention, an improved hay-press. The daughter, Miss Catherine Wright, is a classical graduate of Oberlin college and teaches Latin in the Dayton schools.

Orville inherited the scientific and inventive mind. When he was eight years old, his father brought home a little toy which left a permanent impression on his mind. It was a light frame of cork and bamboo covered with paper, which formed two propellers or screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion. The scientific name was hélicoptère, but he called it the "bat" because when thrown into the air it would ascend and strike the ceiling, where it would flutter awhile before falling to the floor. The boys began making hélicoptères of increasing sizes until, thinking themselves too old for such toys, they turned to kite-making and kite-flying, at which Orville was an expert.

When fifteen years of age, he and a friend issued a four-page paper called *The Midget* and three years later they published a larger weekly, *The West Side News*, of which they were editors, typesetters, pressmen, and delivery boys. The press, which was of their own make, was good and attracted the attention of a large printing-press house.

Like many another boy, Orville was enthusiastic on the subject of bicycles. He and his brother made their own with home-made tools. They created considerable amusement by appearing on a tandem which they had made out of two old-

fashioned high wheels connected by a fifteen foot gas pipe. Orville was a good amateur bicycle racer, being especially successful when riding with a close competitor.

It is necessary here to mention his relations with his brother, Wilbur, who died in 1912, and who was his co-worker in the invention of the aeroplane. Wilbur was the older and more reserved of the two — a bit phlegmatic as contrasted with Orville's enthusiastic frankness. The combination was a happy one, for each mind checked or stimulated the other in practically every undertaking in which either was interested. Neither claimed the preëminence in the great achievement for which they are justly famous.

The boys were fond of reading, and eagerly devoured every book which treated of scientific and mechanical devices. The home library of more than two thousand volumes contained many works of this class and the parents heartily encouraged both the reading and the experimenting. The mental atmosphere was stimulating and conducive to original work. The early interest of the boys, aroused by the hélicoptère toy, was revived by their reading of the experiments of Otto Lilienthal, a German inventor, who had made some successful flights in a gliding machine. Even the news of his death — by falling eighteen yards from his machine — did not check their ardor. They eagerly sought all that had been written on the subject of aeronautics by Chanute, Langley, Sir Henry Maxim, and others. They did not have a fortune to waste in experimenting. They made and repaired bicycles for a living. They had no wealthy patrons to back them and no scientific association was interested in helping them to the goal. Their rivals in the field of aeronautics had personal fortunes, scientific coöperation, and governmental encouragement. With little more than pluck, persistence, and confidence in their own ability, without college or technical traïning, they have gone ahead of many who with wealth, training, and encouragement have been experimenting for many years.

The impression has gone forth that the Wrights were simply skilful mechanics who studied the problem of flying as a mere mechanical problem, but the truth is to the contrary.

They approached the subject and carried on their studies and experiments in a scientific way. Their discovery can well be called one of the most scientific of the world's achievements. They worked out the formula with great care and precision. While they owe much to the enthusiasm of Moullard and Lilienthal, they obtained a good understanding of the problem of flying from Chanute's *Progress in Flying Machines*, Langley's *Experiments in Aerodynamics*, the *Aeronautical Annals* of 1905, 1906, and 1907, as well as several pamphlets published by the Smithsonian Institution.

Gliding flights enlisted their attention at the first, chiefly because of the greater expense necessary for experimenting with power machines. At the very outset they met the greatest problem of aviation — that of equilibrium. They discovered that one who has not actually navigated the air cannot appreciate the difficulty. They learned how false is the common belief that the atmosphere runs in comparatively regular currents, called winds. Whoever attempted a gliding flight under such a theory would find himself thrown about, rising or falling ten, twenty, or even thirty feet in a few seconds. The air along the surface of the earth is continually churning. It is thrown upward from every irregularity, like sea breakers on a coast line; every hill and tree and building sends up a wave of slanting current. The currents move, not directly back and forth, but in whirling rotary masses rising in some instances to hundreds of yards. In a fairly strong wind the air near the earth is more strongly disturbed than the whirlpools of Niagara.

Their opinion was that, to work intelligently, one needed to know the effects of the multitude of variations that could be incorporated in the surfaces of flying-machines. The pressures on squares are different from those on rectangles, circles, triangles, or ellipses; arched surfaces differ from planes, and vary among themselves according to the depth of curvature; true arcs differ from parabolas, and the latter differ among themselves; thick surfaces differ from thin, and surfaces thicker in one place than another vary in pressure when the positions of maximum thickness are different; some sur-

faces are most efficient at one angle, others at other angles. The shape of the edge also makes a difference, so that thousands of combinations are possible in so simple a thing as a wing.

They studied the flights of birds. Many hours of many afternoons they spent lying flat on their backs watching the birds wheel, circle, and soar, unconscious of the spying eyes which were slowly catching their secrets and would one day successfully claim the supremacy of the air. Their results are told by Orville Wright himself. A bird is really an aeroplane. The portions of its wings near the body are used as planes of support, while the more flexible parts outside, when flapped, act as propellers. Some of the soaring birds are little more than animated sailing machines and few can rise from the ground without a running start. Everyone who has been outdoors has seen a buzzard or a hawk soaring; or everyone at sea has seen the gulls sailing after a steamship for miles with scarcely a movement of the wings. All these birds are doing the same thing — they are balancing on rising currents of air. The buzzards and hawks find the currents blowing upward off the land; the gulls that follow the steamers from New York to Florida are merely sliding downhill a thousand miles on rising currents in the wake of the steamer, and on the hot air rising from her smoke-stacks. On clear, warm days the buzzards find the high, rotary, rising currents of air, and go sailing around and around in them. On damp, windy days they hang above the edge of a steep hill on the air which comes rising up its slope. From their position in the air they can glide down at will.

The brothers studied the various principles of balancing, and pored over the best data obtainable, but again and again their experiments failed. Finally they cast aside as little more than guesswork the existing tables and began experimenting for a new law of aerodynamics. Small sheets of steel of different sizes and shapes were delicately balanced in a long tube through which steady currents of air were blown. Then by changing the angles and speeds of air they noted down carefully the results. By studying the mass of figures

obtained, they perfected their apparatus until it gave them identical results as often as they repeated the experiment, and by comparing figures they learned how to plot the shape of a surface so that it would do what they wanted it to do. They hit upon a fundamentally different principle from any which they found already set forth. They made the machine as inert as possible to the effects of change of direction or speed, and thus reduced the effects of windgusts to the minimum. They did this in the fore-and-aft stability by giving the aeroplanes a peculiar shape; and in the lateral balance by arching the surfaces from tip to tip: just the reverse of what their predecessors had done. Then they sought some suitable contrivance, actuated by the operator, which would regulate the balance. The method of balancing the machine by shifting the weight of the operator's body was deemed impracticable for use under large conditions. By means of their tests they learned the angles to which the wings would need to be warped or turned in order to maintain equilibrium. Then they made the wings capable of being warped by the operator, who also adjusted the supplementary surfaces or rudders. A device was discovered whereby the apparently rigid system of superposed surfaces, invented by Wenham, and improved by Stringfellow and Chanute, could be warped in a most unexpected way, so that the aeroplanes could be presented on the right and left sides at different angles to the wind. This, with an adjustable, horizontal front rudder, formed the main feature of the first glider.

The gliding experiments were begun in October of 1900, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The place was extremely difficult of access, but they were told by the weather bureau that there the winds were the strongest and steadiest of any part of the United States. They made no great mystery of their work but invited the members of the life-saving crew, and others who lived near, to watch the flights. Only when spies or photographers were known to be near did they cease their activities. They calculated by Lilienthal's tables that the glider, which had a surface of 165 square feet, should be sustained by a wind of twenty miles an hour. Instead of hours

of gliding, as they had hoped, they had only two minutes of actual sailing that year. Nevertheless they came to some very satisfactory conclusions. The new method of steering and balancing by shifting surfaces instead of weights worked well and promised to work as well in larger machines. In 1901 they were again at Kitty Hawk with a machine, this time nearly twice as large as had been counted safe before. It had a surface of 308 square feet, measured twenty-two feet from tip to tip, and weighed with the operator about 250 pounds. Its trial flights were so successful that in 1902 they constructed another glider on advanced lines. Some seven hundred to a thousand glides were made that year, the longest of which was 622 feet. In addition, they established definitely many corrections in the tables of calculations for aërial flight. These experiments were not mere slides down an inclined plane in the air, for often the machine would be lifted above the point of starting and held soaring in one place for as long as half a minute.

Thus far they had been experimenting purely for sport, but one day an eminent engineer and authority in flying, Dr. Octave Chanute of Chicago, appeared on the ground, carefully observed their flights, and studied their calculations. He startled them into seriousness by saying that they had gone ahead of all others in the conquest of the air. With a dawning and overwhelming appreciation of the value of these encouraging words, they began to give more thought to the subject and to spend more time away from their Dayton bicycle shop.

Having now accurate data for making calculations and a system of balance effective for winds as well as calm, they built their first power machine. The first designs provided for a total weight of 750 pounds. The screw-propellers which they intended to use were not easily designed although they were simply wings traveling in a spiral course. They found that the theories of the marine engineers were unreliable and once more the Wrights wrestled with an unsolved problem. When at last they arrived at a clear understanding of the diffi-

culty, they designed suitable propellers, with proper diameter, pitch, and area of blade. High efficiency in a screw-propeller is not dependent upon any particular or peculiar shape, and there is no such thing as a "best" screw. Every propeller must be designed to meet the particular conditions of the machine to which it is to be applied. This use of the screw-propeller appears to some aeronautical authorities to be the greatest weakness of the Wright designs because of the great difficulty of getting two wooden blades of the same resistance and power. The severest injury which Orville Wright has sustained was caused by a fall from his machine when a propeller-blade snapped.

The first flights with the power machine were made on December 17, 1903. Five persons besides the inventors witnessed the four flights. The first attempt lasted only twelve seconds, but in the last the machine sustained itself in the air for fifty-nine seconds and covered eight hundred and fifty-two feet of ground against a twenty-mile wind. In 1904, they made another machine with which they made the successful flights of 1904 and 1905 — over one hundred and fifty in all, averaging one mile each.

They had not been flying long in 1904 before they found that the problem of equilibrium had not been fully solved. Sometimes, in making a circle, the machine would turn over sidewise in spite of anything the operator could do. When the causes of these troubles were finally overcome late the next year, the flights rapidly increased in length until the experiments were discontinued on account of the number of people attracted to the field. In May, 1907, experiments were resumed at Kitty Hawk. These flights were made to test the machine's ability to meet the requirements of the United States government which asked for a flyer capable of carrying two men and sufficient supplies for a flight of one hundred and twenty-five miles, with a speed of forty miles an hour. The machine used in these tests was the same one with which the flights were made near Dayton in 1905, though several changes had been made to meet present requirements. The

operator assumed a sitting position, instead of lying prone, and a seat was added for another passenger. A larger motor replaced those previously used.

Mr. Augustus Post, secretary of the Aero Club of America, gives an account of the final test made at Ft. Meyer, Va. The test was to be made over a measured course of five miles from Ft. Meyer to Alexandria, Va., and return, making a total of ten miles over trees, railroads, and rough and unbroken country — a feat never before attempted and much more difficult than crossing the English Channel. The difficulty of maintaining a level course, when the valleys and gullies sometimes drop one hundred and more feet, can hardly be realized. The price to be paid for the machine depended upon its speed, which was calculated at forty miles an hour. The government had agreed to pay $25,000 for the machine, and for every mile above this speed they were to pay a bonus of $2,500; and for every mile per hour less, to the minimum of thirty-six miles an hour, they would deduct the same amount. If the flyer should get very low and have to climb higher it would retard the speed, just as an automobile would go slower uphill; and the danger of landing among the trees if the motor should stop added one more serious element to be taken into consideration. A vast number of people were assembled. At least five hundred automobiles were parked back of the President's enclosure, and trolley cars and wagons stood on the Arlington side. The whole government was represented: senators, congressmen, officers of the army, chiefs of bureaus, and many of the clerks were there.

Orville Wright calmly adjusted his goggles, which are fitted with shades to protect his eyes from the sun, changed his coat, put on a cap, which he pulled down over his eyes, and took his seat in the aeroplane. Lieutenant Benjamin D. Foulois, who had been chosen to accompany the aviator upon the speed test, took his place. Everything being ready, the machine was released, and they rose steadily and slowly, circling the field twice to get up speed and to attain sufficient elevation. They turned sharply by the starting tower and passed between the flags which marked the starting line. Amid the

cheering of the spectators and the tooting of automobile horns the machine sped away toward the two captive balloons which marked the course and gave some idea of the proper altitude to maintain. It grew smaller and smaller in the distance, and it could be seen that the wind was carrying it slightly out of its course toward the east, but it turned and made for the balloon marking the turning point, where representatives of the United States Signal Corps were stationed. They took the official time of the turn, and the machine started back. There was a moment of suspense when it disappeared from view. The strong downward currents of wind bore the aeroplane lower and lower until it was hidden by the trees. Soon it came into sight again and rapidly grew more distinct until it swept over the finishing line, almost over the heads of the cheering crowds, and with a graceful circle landed near the aeroplane shed. The greatest aeronautical event in history was finished. The time was fourteen minutes and forty-two seconds, which meant a speed of a little more than forty-two miles an hour.

Just before he left for Europe, Orville Wright stated that the machine could fly for a period of twenty-five hours; and if it maintained a speed of forty miles an hour, this would mean covering about a thousand miles, which, in the light of present developments, does not seem too much to expect. He is not over-sanguine about the aeroplane's revolutionizing the transportation of the future. It will scarcely displace the railroad or the steamboat; its expenditure of fuel is necessarily too great. The airship, he thinks, will have its chief value for warfare, and for reaching inaccessible places: it may also be used for service like carrying mail. The eventual speed of the aeroplane will be easily sixty miles an hour with a probability of its being forced up to a hundred miles an hour.

Orville Wright objects that many writers have characterized the brothers as mechanics, and have taken it for granted that their invention has come from mechanical skill. "We are not mechanics," he said, including his brother, "we are scientists."

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Ella Flagg Young

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

By John T. McManis

THE public schools of the second city of America are administered by a woman. In this great cosmopolitan city of many interests and many tongues, the superintendent of schools determines the welfare of three or four hundred thousand children, of six and a half thousand teachers and employés and the annual expenditure of seventeen or eighteen millions of dollars. To handle adequately so vast a problem requires courage, insight, patience, unselfishness, and loyalty — in fact, all of those strong traits of character and mind which we usually attribute to great men, but which in this case we find embodied in an unassuming woman, Ella Flagg Young.

To talk to Mrs. Young about herself or her qualifications for the position she holds is not an easy task. She is ready and anxious to discuss the education of children, or the training and comfort of teachers, but meagre in her information about her own achievements. She will tell you that she is doing nothing that many another person might not do far more successfully than she. Allegiance to the welfare of her adopted city is the strongest trait of her character and in a quiet, direct way she gives her heart to bettering opportunities for Chicago's future citizens. Behind her quiet exterior there is an indomitable will. Courage marks every step she takes. No matter how difficult the task, nor how uncertain the outcome, she sticks to it until results are obtained. Stalwart in her own honesty, she hates sham. She demands honesty in others and is able to inspire them with some measure of her own spirit of loyalty. Her judgment is quick and unerring. No one can work with her long without feeling her keen, fine sympathy, her quick, subtle sense of humor, and her whole-hearted devotion to the cause of education and the care of the young people of the city.

Every admirer of success in human life will ask how a woman like Mrs. Young came to occupy this place of leader-

ship among men and women of her time. By what steps has she raised herself to the head of a great system of schools and to an international reputation as an educator? Was she "born great," was "greatness thrust upon her," or has she won greatness by devotion and application to her profession? The story of her life reads like that of many another American who has struggled with the forces of life and has succeeded in molding them to a definite purpose; it thrills with such work and service as should stir us to our highest endeavor. From it may be constructed the real answer to these questions, and that answer will not attribute her success to chance or to accident.

Asked what secret lies concealed in her rise to her present position, Mrs. Young replies with characteristic brusqueness and pointedness, "systematic work." The key to her life is this word *systematic.* One of the plans formulated by her when she first began to teach was for the disposition of her time outside of school. On three evenings of each week she studied; Sunday evenings she reserved for church; and the three other evenings she devoted to amusement and social pleasure. Her first task on each evening for work was an oral review, made to herself, of the reading or study of the previous night. This plan, to which she has adhered throughout her life, has made her efficient in a very high degree. She works with a minimum expenditure of energy because she has acquired the habit of dealing with problems in a systematic way. At the same time, as will be noticed, the plan includes association with people outside of her school work. This has added to her breadth of view of men and affairs.

Ella Flagg was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1845. Her parents were of Scotch descent. She is proud to tell that her mother came of the Highland clan of Cameron. She grew up and had her earliest training in an atmosphere of Scotch Calvinism. Because of delicate health during her early years most of her associations were with adults, which deprived her of the sturdy play activities of childhood, and her education was obtained mainly outside of schools. This fact probably accounts in part for her serious-minded attitude as a child and

for much of her early reading. She learned to read after she was eight years of age and refused to learn to write until she was nearly fourteen. Before she was ten she had committed to memory the Westminster Catechism and most of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, the Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Psalms. *The Call to the Unconverted*, by the Scotch Covenanter, Baxter, fell into her childish hands, and she read this until her mother found her out and replaced it with books more appropriate for her age.

She tells with tenderness how her mother rescued her from the laughter of certain ladies calling at the house when she had expressed her own youthful notions gleaned from these strange books. "She took me seriously," says Mrs. Young, and this grateful recollection may be one reason for the serious consideration and respect which she herself shows to children. Her father was a man of keen insight, much interested in science, a taste which sometimes set him at issue with some of the orthodox dogmas of the church such as Predestination. He always took great interest in his daughter's education and accustomed her to discuss with him in the evening her studies of the day, questioning her keenly, and encouraging her to express with freedom her own impressions and judgments and to test their soundness in daily life. From this atmosphere of religious and moral alertness and intellectual freedom, the keen, sensitive child gained habits of reflection and respect for the finer qualities of human life, and her mind was given a philosophical and scientific turn which later showed itself in the work she took up and the methods she used.

Her professional preparation for teaching was made in the old Normal School of Chicago, whither her people had come to live. Her mother's fear lest she had been too much separated from children in her own childhood to be able to come into sympathy with them and so to become an acceptable teacher no doubt sharpened her determination to attain the proper equipment. At that time there was no school in which students in training to become teachers could practice teaching; "practice schools" were unknown. Mrs. Young delights to tell how she made her own practice school. After normal

school hours she began seeking out some elementary school at a distance where she could sit and observe children and teacher. By and by she found a schoolroom where teacher and children seemed in perfect accord, like a happy family. She visited again and was then asked to take charge of a class. This became a regular part of her program. It was here that she got the insight into child nature and inspiration which her mother had said she lacked. In making her own practice school she was unconsciously preparing herself for her early promotion to the headship of the first practice school established in the city. The working out into new lines in this case was characteristic of her constant preparation for progress from one position to another.

When in 1862 she began teaching in Chicago, she was only seventeen years of age. She started at once, as has already been pointed out, into a systematic study of the problems of education, and gave all her strength and mind to the work she had selected. An interesting story is told of her first year in school, when, having been put into one of the higher grades, she had pupils larger and older than herself. It was her custom to work at school until late in the day; and one evening a big, overgrown, troublesome boy remained to remonstrate with her for staying so long at school and going out alone on the streets in the dark. We have, however, no record that the youthful schoolmistress heeded this suggestion. After one year in this position she became head assistant in one of the large schools. In 1865, with the children of this school she marched across the city to the public funeral of Lincoln.

At the age of twenty she became the first head of the practice school for teachers. Here again, as in her work at the Normal School, she was beforehand in her preparation for the position that she was to fill. In the Normal School of Oswego, New York, the so-called object-method of teaching was in vogue at the time and Ella Flagg went there to study this system before she took up the work in the practice school. One of the earliest attempts at practical application of art work in the Chicago Public Schools was begun by her when she got the students to decorate tastefully the practice school

rooms. The girls "turned out" from the classes of this old school have remained life-long friends of their teacher and tell to-day of her sympathy for them and for the children under her charge. In 1869 she was married, but went on with her school work. Later she became teacher of a high school class and in 1874 went back to the Normal School as instructor in mathematics.

In 1876 she became principal of an elementary school and in this work spent eleven years. This position gave her an opportunity for broader work and study and was an important step in her training for supervision and management of schools. One of her pupils gives an interesting picture of Mrs. Young at this time: "When I was a little girl about ten years of age I went to the old Scammon School on Monroe street. Our principal, Ella Flagg Young, gave me a tortoise-shell-handled penknife as a present for making two grades in one year. I prized the knife greatly and kept it until I had grown up. I always call her 'our principal' in speaking of my school days, for I loved her dearly then, and still love her. I wish you could see her as she stands before me in my mind's eye: a little bit of a woman about five feet tall, all vim, push, and go-ahead. My, how she would make those boys fly. She always dressed in black, very plainly. And her eyes — eyes that looked you through and through! When she was transferred to the Skinner School I asked her if she would allow me to go there too, but she told me she could not without a permit from the board of education. As my mother was always too busy to get the permit and I was not old enough to go for myself, I consequently lost all interest in the school when we lost our beloved principal, and I quit going. I lost my beautiful little knife, too, the only thing I had to remember our principal by, except her picture, which will last forever engraved in my heart."

The measure of Mrs. Young's service in the positions she has held cannot be told by saying that hers has been a complete devotion to duty. She has gone beyond that point and has given more than the job required. While principal of schools she organized her teachers into a study class. The

first work taken up was English grammar, but later on the club took up Shakespeare and the Greek dramas, and still later, philosophical and ethical works. Once or twice a year this club gave formal readings of plays, usually before invited guests at the home of Mrs. Young. It was as a principal of schools that she first took her stand against the corporal punishment of children, which she abolished in her own school and has since seen abolished in city and state.

From principal Mrs. Young was promoted to the position of assistant superintendent in 1887, which position she held until 1899. In this office she devoted her time to working into practice the latest and best methods and ideas in the educational world. She delivered each year a lecture on the progress of the schools. This lecture was always largely attended. Because of her own devotion to duty, her own sincerity of purpose and dislike for shirking, she was uncompromising towards superficiality and lack of consecration in teachers. In this way during her service as assistant superintendent, she acquired among some of the teachers the reputation of being a cold and hard master. She was, therefore, feared by many and her visits to the schoolrooms were dreaded. She tells with a twinkle of humor in her eye how on one occasion she discovered the secret signal by which her presence in a school was made known from one to another when she saw a small boy leaving the room with an eraser which was to be carried to another room and then to be sent from room to room. But even the people who thought her hardest in her attitude always say that she never criticized negatively the work of teacher or pupil, but always pointed out lines along which improvement might be made. Wherever she found sincere effort and interest in the work she gave help and encouragement. She left the office of assistant superintendent when it was reduced to a mere clerical job, for she refused to give up her own independence of mind for the sake of holding the position. This action shows an attitude toward her work which is characteristic of her, as has been often illustrated.

As soon as she left the public schools she was offered a position as professor of Education in the University of Chicago. But she refused promotion until after she had taken an advanced degree. While she was assistant superintendent she attended late Monday afternoons Professor John Dewey's seminars in logic and philosophy at the University of Chicago. She read before the Education Club of the University a paper which, at Professor Dewey's suggestion, she expanded later for her thesis when she came up for the degree of doctor of philosophy, which was awarded after a year of graduate work in the University, following three years' attendance on the seminars. While in the University she wrote a number of papers on Education and Ethics. In 1904 she resigned her professorship, following her principle of leaving a position that did not give her a chance to put her best self into her work. She went abroad at that time, spending a year studying the schools of the great European cities. Upon her return the next year she was elected to the principalship of the Chicago Normal School and held this place until 1909, when she became superintendent of the city schools.

Since she became superintendent, the schools of Chicago have made unthought-of advances towards freedom and efficiency. Only a few years ago if boys and girls wished training along any special lines to fit them for life, they were compelled to get such training outside of the schools. The only instruction to be found in the schools was in academic subjects, in subjects leading to leisure and a so-called cultured life. Mrs. Young has made many changes in all this scheme. To-day every class of children, from crippled and sickly children to restless and overactive boys, have been provided for in the city schools. Education is no longer a grind along narrow, set lines of dry-as-dust subjects which every boy and girl hates, but has become an interesting way of living and of learning how others live. Pets are kept by children in the lower grades; shops and kitchens and laboratories are found in all the higher grades. Schools have playgrounds, gymnasiums, swimming pools, and gardens. Centers have been opened for various amusements under right conditions. Penny lunches have been established. And not only have all sorts

of arrangements been made for promoting the health, growth, and happiness of school children, but improvements have been made in directing them into the most desirable kinds of occupations and in fitting them to fill these places. Pre-vocational courses have been established in the elementary grades, where children may get their first direct contact with the tools and occupations of life. In the high schools vocational courses have been provided so that now boys and girls may carry on work in any line and gain a high degree of skill in it. Education in Chicago has come to mean the direct preparation of young people for their life work. We are no longer contented with giving a general smattering in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and then allowing boys and girls to drift anywhere on the sea of economic inefficiency. This change in the schools has been due mainly to the leadership of the present superintendent.

Mrs. Young realizes more clearly than most of her contemporaries the vastness of the city and the numbers of its children. She realizes the difficulty the city has in providing safe opportunities for the young to grow in the midst of noise and confusion and vice and greed. She is attempting to bring the schools into such a position that they will form a bridge for children from their eager inexperienced youth to the world of trained citizenship and intelligent and efficient industry. All the wonderful changes in Chicago schools during the past five years mark an advance towards a true democracy and give each child and each teacher more chance to grow and work freely along lines best adapted to his or her particular capacity. The latest course of study for the elementary schools gives teachers the right to select one of the studies to be taught by them in their own grades, studies which they are best fitted to teach. Such an innovation was previously unheard of except in higher institutions where for a long time teachers have been allowed to specialize in their work.

Mrs. Young has had to fight for every improvement she has secured in the education of children in Chicago. Many of the most vital improvements in the schools have been killed by being dubbed "fads." Such a cry has been set up in Chicago again and again and the superintendent has had to meet it

with patience as best she could. But the hardest fights which she has had to go through have been those waged by "special interests" intrenched in the politics of the city. The fact that the superintendent is a woman was sufficient grounds for opposition to her continuance by political spoilsmen. When the women of Illinois were granted the franchise, Mrs. Young's position became more secure, but it did not relieve her from the attacks which politicians are adepts in devising. On two separate occasions during the past year it seemed that the forces of opposition were too strong for any one individual, however powerful, to stem, that these forces would "get her," to use the phrase current at the time. Never before, however, had this woman's wonderful resourcefulness and strength been shown as on these occasions. When she found that single-handed she could no longer protect the interests of the schools against special interests, she stepped out of office and by doing so gave the fight over to the city itself.

With one voice the great daily papers and intelligent public opinion protested against the acts of the school board and demanded that she be put back into office. The dramatic uprising of Chicago parents and their stirring demands for her return to the headship of the schools is unique in American city government. By editorials, by sermons, and by public mass meetings, politicians were condemned, and called upon to undo what they had done. One daily paper stated it thus: "Chicago never before gave such a testimonial to any citizen as the meeting at the Auditorium Saturday in behalf of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. The vast hall was jammed, not with people to see a show, but with solid citizens, bent on showing their confidence in the city's foremost educator, and on righting the wrongs done by politics to the city's schools. A native son who had been elected president of the United States might feel flattered at such a demonstration. The gathering of Saturday, and the universal outcry from all parts of the city show that a democracy is not ungrateful for services rendered its children." Another paper said: "The sort of seismic disturbance that shook Chicago's educational system Wednesday night ought to be impossible. The practical ousting of the

most efficient superintendent the schools of the city have ever had, in the middle of the school year, without cause assigned or cause assignable — that will bear investigation — is an outrage to public decency and a grave wrong to the people." Still another said: "Chicago does Mrs. Young no favor in wanting her for the place. The whole country realizes the unique advantage Chicago enjoyed with her at the head of its schools. The word of her retirement had hardly been telegraphed when back over the wires came offers from other cities asking Ella Flagg Young to take charge of their schools. The one thing that might induce Mrs. Young to forget the slight delivered by a few petty politicians and take her old position is her tremendous sense of duty; the consciousness of a better citizenship than we usually associate with public office."

What she could not do alone, Mrs. Young succeeded in having the people of the city do. There was nothing for the school board to do but to return her to office and free her hands in the management of the schools. But neither her withdrawal nor her return to the office of superintendent was a personal matter. If it had been, she might better have chosen one of the editorial positions offered her by two great dailies of the city at a larger salary and for very much less work and responsibility. In resigning, her plan was a part of the educational policy she had at heart for teaching her beloved city its responsibility for the welfare of its young people. That she succeeded must be apparent to every one. Never have the people of a large city been quickened to the needs of popular education as the people of Chicago were by the action of Mrs. Young. The biggest piece of constructive education this woman has ever done has been to teach a great city democratic principles in the management of the education of children. Mrs. Young has done more by her management of the school situation in Chicago to demonstrate the justice of the claim to political and economic equality of men and women and to merit the appellation of "educational statesman" than any other American woman.

Mrs. Young's educational interests have not been limited by Chicago nor by the state of Illinois. Her influence has been felt throughout the country and her name is quoted abroad.

In 1910, the National Education Association met in Boston. It had been the custom of that organization to elect annually a man as president. A custom had grown up of having a committee make all nominations for offices, and so firmly had this practice become established, that no one thought of disregarding the committee's recommendations. But at the Boston meeting the unexpected happened. The nominating committee reported as usual, but some intrepid woman moved from the floor of the convention to substitute the name of Mrs. Young for that offered by the committee for president. Pandemonium reigned; a woman was breaking the revered custom of generations and leading an attack on a time-honored oligarchy. For the first time, the teachers, the individual members composing the body, were taking a hand in the proceedings and were selecting someone representing their interests. Mrs. Young was elected by a large majority of the votes present and the cause of democracy triumphed once more. Nothing has happened to the National Education Association in recent years of more importance for general education than this election. Since that time it has been conducted in the interests of the country as a whole and not of a special set of institutions. The outcome of the fight has been due mainly to the power, foresight, and democratic principles of the woman elected president of the Association. A teacher always, Mrs. Young has given the very best of herself to the education of boys and girls and her name has gone out to the ends of the educational world as a great leader and teacher.

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